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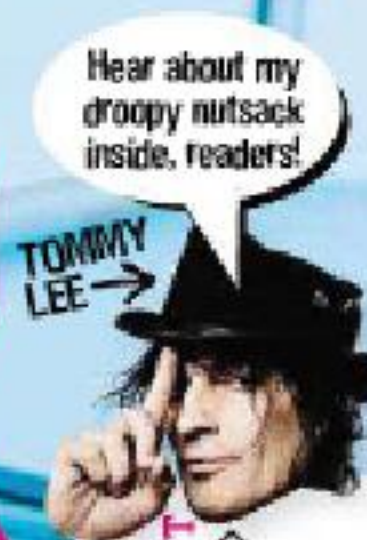
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droopy nutsack
inside, readers!

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**WOOF
WOOF!**

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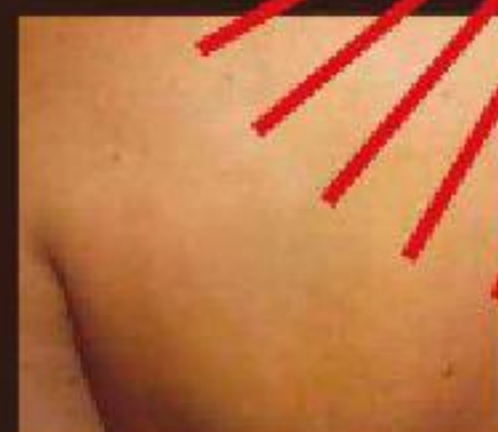
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ELOXY THE SHE-DEMON

Job: Production Editor
and Front Section Editor

Favourite word: "Die!"

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EL NOIR "Argh, we're conjoined! And evil! I'm going to lick you with my forked tongue, then Foxy will stab you with her pointy horns, and we'll use our putrid green wings to flap off and leave you in a dying heap. Oops, did I say that out loud?"

This picture of me and Foxy was drawn by Gavin Pollock, and you can see more of his art on **p50**. He wins a *Bizarre* Box Of Crap!

FOXY "It's Foxy here, butting in! To enter the *Bizarre* Staff Portrait Competition and win your own Box Of Crap from the *Bizarre* office, head to Tinyurl.com/bizteampics to see photos of the demented douchebags who craft this rag, draw one of us, and send in your psychotic work!"

And if the sight of me and El Noir in a corset has got your pulse racing, then head to UltraVixens.net to see more saucy sirens. There'll also be hot flesh a-plenty at the next **Bizarre Ball** on **21 May** at The Scala in London's Kings Cross. Get your tickets now at Bizarremag.com! If you can't wait until then, come along to our free film night, **CUT!** Full details are on **p125**. Yowzers!"

ELOXY

BIZARRE READER OF THE MONTH

This month's winner of a Box Of Crap* from the *Bizarre* office is Kirei, 33, from Burton-on-Trent, who says:

"I hate clowns and needles - clowns with needles would be my ultimate nightmare. And I can't stand bees and wasps."

WANT TO WIN?

Then sign up to YourBizarre (YourBizarre.com). We'll choose our favourite pic to appear here each month.



what the hell is... BIZARRE?

1 The planet's #1 alternative mag!

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3 The greatest parties on earth!

See *Bizarre* come to life at our amazing parties! The next **Bizarre Ball** is on **21 May 2011**, and we're working on other parties and shows to bring the *Bizarre* experience to every corner of the UK.



LOOK!

And don't forget about our **FREE** film club, **CUT!** Find out more on **p125**

TURN OVER TO SEE WHAT WEIRDNESS WE HAVE IN STORE THIS MONTH...

JUST CHILLIN' In this issue...

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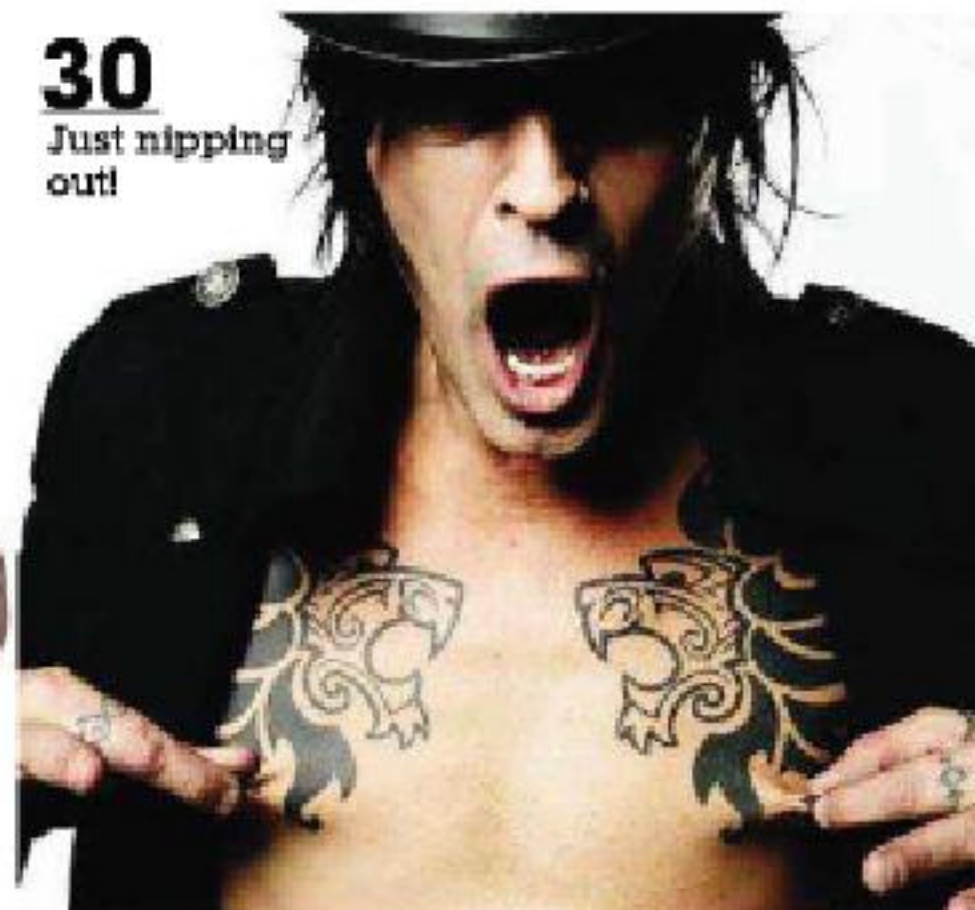
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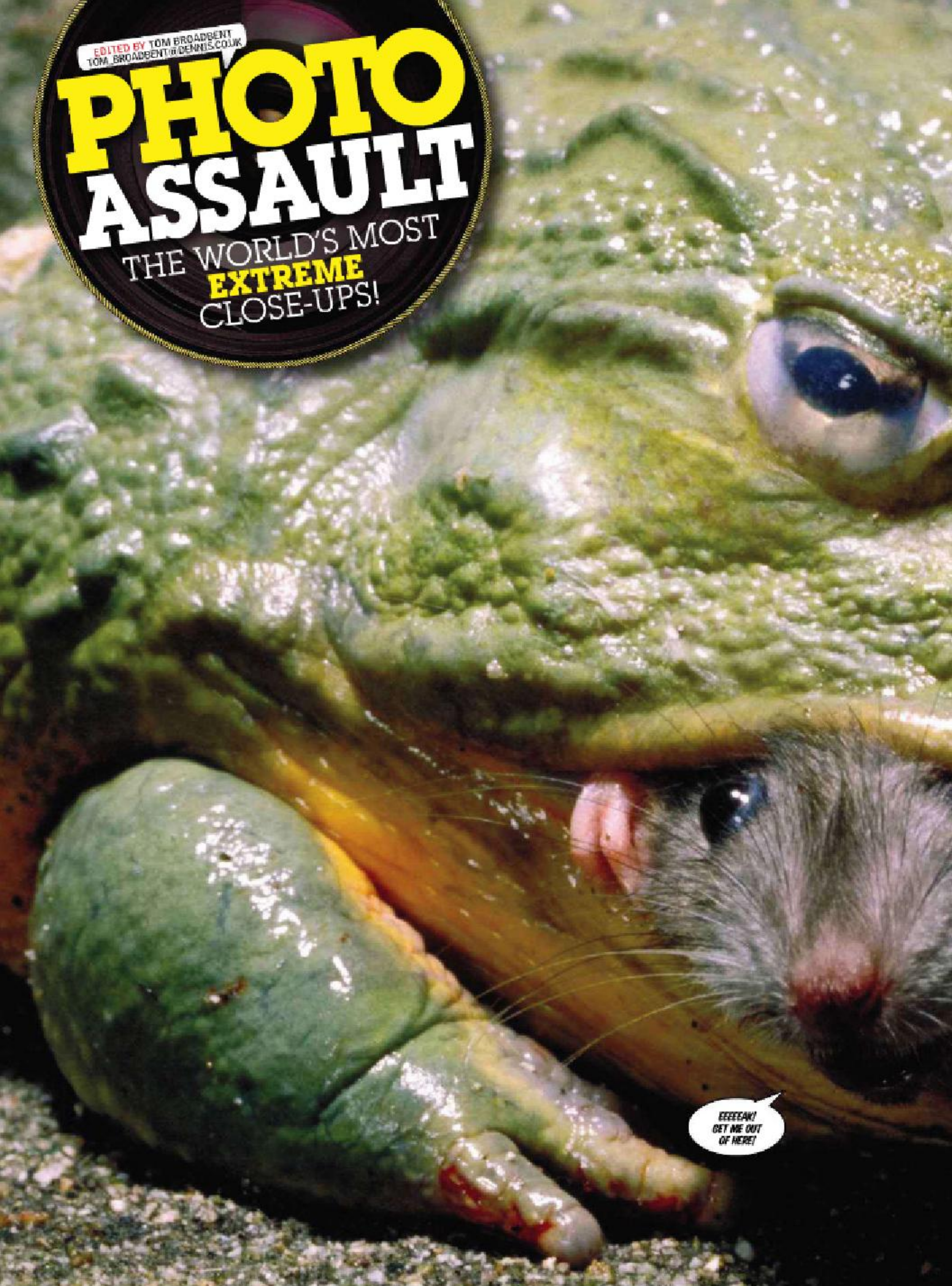
Bare-faced cheek!



EDITED BY TOM BROADBENT
TOM_BROADBENT@DENNIS.CO.UK

PHOTO ASSAULT

THE WORLD'S MOST
EXTREME
CLOSE-UPS!



EEEEAAW!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!

CRAZY FROG

AFRICA A hungry African bullfrog lunches on a frightened mouse. These aggressive amphibians lie in wait for prey and pounce on anything that crosses their path, and like nothing more than a juicy rodent snack. As well as being violent, the clammy carnivores can jump up to 3.5m and have tooth-like projections called odontoids, which feel like shards of broken glass. Against these minding methods, mice don't stand a chance of making it. Like a mutant version of Kermit, an African bullfrog weighs around 2kg, and is only outclassed by the *Rana goliath* of West Africa.

PHOTO: TOMMIE LUCH/SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY
BARDOFT MEDIA

**WANT SOMETHING
A LITTLE HARDER?**

Then check out *Bizarre Extreme*, a photo ezine showcasing the images too gory, sick and disturbing to feature in the magazine.

See it for **FREE** at BIZARREMAG.COM

**BIZARRE
EXTREME**
VOLUME #1



WHY IS HE
CRYING TEARS
OF BLOOD?

PHOTO ASSAULT

THE WORLD'S MOST
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CLOSE-UPS!

RIGHT HOOK

CHINA Teenager Xiao Lin cheated death, after a hook he fell on narrowly missed his brain. The 13-year-old from Tongyu County, Jilin Province, slipped on a patch of ice at school, which had been caused by an overnight water leak from a faulty heater. He fell on to a hook in the wall, which was holding up the heater. The school handyman sawed the hook from the wall, leaving 5cm of metal protruding from Xiao's eye. The boy was rushed to hospital, where doctors discovered it'd missed his brain by 2mm. Surgeon Yan Shijun says: "He's lost his right eye, but he's lucky to be alive."

PICTURES: PA PHOTOS; REX FEATURES

An X-ray of the hook
lodged in Xiao's eye





WHERE'S THIS
PILE OF MEAT?

TREE OF DEATH

PICTURE: MARCO DI LAURO FOR LANCET REPORTAGE BY
GETTY IMAGES

NIGER Entrails of animals hang from the trees in Gadabedji nature reserve. During the last two weeks of June 2010, 4,000 animals died due to a severe drought. Crops also failed, leading to a food crisis that affected 8m people – half of Niger's population. Meat traders bought the corpses for a fraction of the usual price, cooked them on the spot, and sent them to neighbouring Nigeria. One man had to sell his animals, normally worth 400,000 CFA (€500), for 70,000 CFA (€90), while his children were left malnourished. Floods came in August, killing more crops and animals, and washing away homes.





WHO'S THIS
CURIOUS CAT?

THE

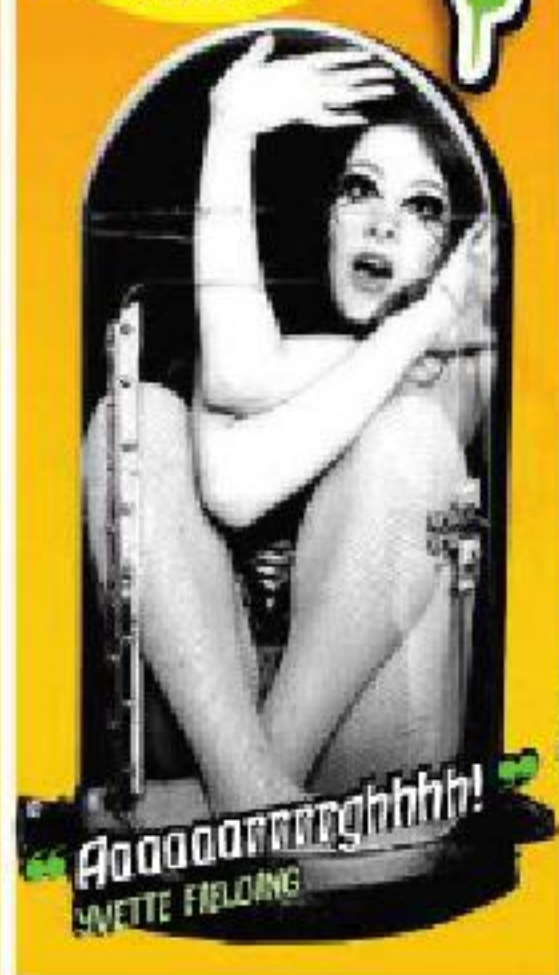
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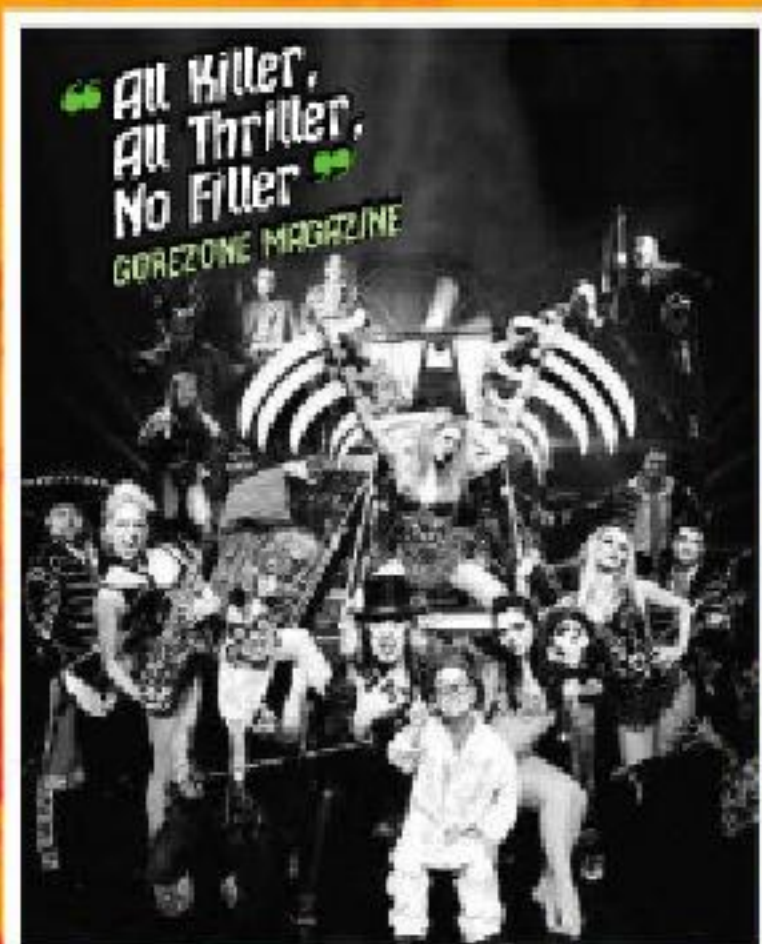


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01553764864	www.kingslynncomexchange.co.uk
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Andover, The Lights	Sat 14 MAY
01264 368368	www.thelights.org.uk
Brighton, Festival Fringe	Sun 15 MAY
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Bridport, Electric Palace	Mon 16 MAY
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BIZARRE ROCK HAMMER with Deep Le Maître



WARNING: The Circus of Horrors contains some nudity & language of an adult nature, it is not suitable for children, sissies or chavs. This show contains nuts!

PHOTO ASSAULT

THE WORLD'S MOST
EXTREME
CLOSE-UPS!



SAND CAT-STLE

AUSTRALIA Meow! The Cheshire Cat shows off a grin made from grains of sand, as a caterpillar creeps over his shoulder. While people in the UK were battling bad weather and fighting flu in December, a group of artists were showing off their insect-inspired work in the sun at the *Creepy Crawlies Sand Sculpting Exhibition* on Melbourne's Frankston Waterfront. The Lewis Carroll-inspired artwork 'Alice And The Caterpillar' was carved by Christina Mija, while the Tim Burton-themed 'A Closer Look' (below) was created by Jino van Bruinessen. The exhibition is open until April.

PICTURES: GEMMA REMOND/GETTY IMAGES



WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
THIS FOOT?

**PHOTO
ASSAULT**
THE WORLD'S MOST
EXTREME
CLOSE-UPS!

TUMOUR TRAGEDY

CHINA Lin Guangzhi's leg tumour accounts for 70 per cent of her body weight. The 17-year-old, from Shandong Province, has a rare type of lipoma – a benign growth of fatty tissue – that weighs 75kg. Lin's leg developed normally until she was six years old, when a small bump grew on her left foot and continued to swell. At age 10, she had surgery to remove the excess tissue, but her tumour kept growing and Lin's parents couldn't afford more treatment. She's now at the Jinan Military General Hospital where she'll have another operation to remove tissue. It'll cost around ¥300,000 (£30,000).

PICTURE: COURTESY CHINA NEWS/REX FEATURES



WHAT'S THIS
MAN DOING?



STRIP CLUB

CHINA These young men look as though they're taking part in a new dance craze or indulging in a strange fetish, but they're actually in a medical exam for the People's Liberation Army (PLA). The would-be recruits in Suining, Sichuan Province, are checked for tattoos, scar tissue, haemorrhoids, joint diseases, and body odour. The PLA runs annual recruitment campaigns and uses these tests to make sure its recruits are in peak physical condition. It's the military organisation for all land, sea, strategic missile and air forces of China, and the largest army in the world.

PICTURE: REUTERS



WHAT'S THIS
DOG DOING?



BARKING MAD

USA This German Shepherd found himself in tight spot when he got his head stuck through a hole in a wall. Animal Services Officers in California spent half an hour pushing and pulling 8-month-old Rebel, and luckily managed to free him without injury. The ruff day could've ended furry badly for the dippy dog, but luckily it was a sad tail with a happy ending. If they'd had to cut the crazy canine out of the wall, he could've been a Rebel without a paws. Let's hope the potty pet doesn't lose his head in future.



WANT SOMETHING A LITTLE HARDER?

To see pics too foul to feature in the mag, check out our Bizarre Extreme online.

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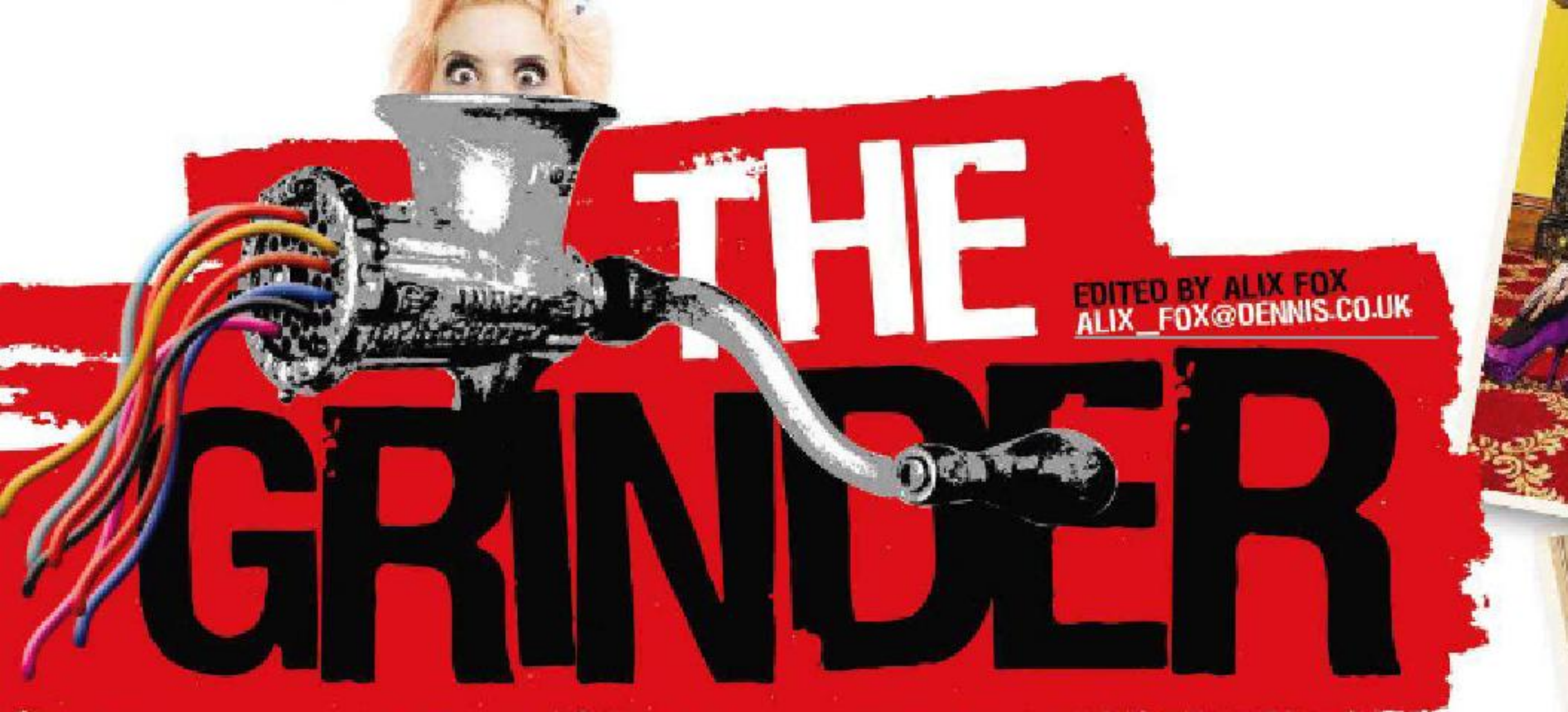
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EDITED BY ALIX FOX
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Your monthly mash-up of NEWS, VIEWS, OOZE and OOHS!

HOUNDS OF LOVE OR MUCKY PUPS?

Charity calendar picturing a model 'breastfeeding a dog' causes outrage

A CHARITY CALENDAR FULL OF PIN-UP pictures of girls with dogs has provoked mutterings of disgust, because it includes a photo of a model apparently breast-feeding a puppy. All profits from sales of the *Puppy Love* calendar go to the Animal Sanctuary Hubasha (ASH) charity in Ireland, but the well-meaning people behind the project, model Melissa Hayward and photographer Adelheid Walsh, have been sent hate-mail and even death threats over the shot, which appears on the page for the month of March.

"Our intentions were good," Melissa tells *Bizarre*. "We just wanted to raise some cash for ASH – the stray dogs' home where I adopted my beloved pet Chicho from."

But the calendar was slammed by the *Daily Mail*, slated by celebrity vet Pete Wedderburn on *The Telegraph's* website, and criticised by other international publications. "Since the negative press, people have emailed me to say that March's photo 'promotes bestiality' and 'abuses a tiny puppy for sexual enjoyment', and that I've 'used a poor, defenceless puppy for sick pleasure' to 'market a product designed for perverts and sickos'," Melissa explains. "I've also had people quoting the Bible at me, and saying I should die for what I've done. I've been contacted by

folk who are worried that feeding human breast milk to dogs could be bad for them. But no suckling occurred! The model, Agata Dembiecka, is not pregnant or a mother, so could not have lactated for the photo. And the pup – a rescue animal borrowed from the ASH centre – was asleep when the snap was taken. The image is supposed to represent the idea of nurture, and to show that abandoned puppies are as defenceless, vulnerable and in need of care as babies. It's got nothing to do with sex or bestiality."

DOG-GONE SHAME

The photo in question was taken by Dublin-based photographer Karol Liver.

She tells us, "I didn't want people to think 'OK, so here's a beautiful model and a cute puppy next to her. Done.' Instead, I wanted to engage the viewer, to make people think about the content. I combined classical portraiture with high-fashion and 1940s styling. It might have shocked a few people, but it also engaged a lot of others, and inspired them to get behind the calendar and its noble cause."

"I'd definitely do the same again."

Sadly, the controversy caused by Karol's image has meant that two of the project's twelve sponsors have removed their support, and several of the veterinary

clinics who had agreed to sell the calendar have now stated that they are no longer willing to stock it in their practices.

Yet a spokeswoman for ASH, Helena Le Mahieu, continues to defend the fundraising idea. She tells *Bizarre*, "People have mistakenly assumed that cruelty took place, but that puppy was happy, asleep in the model's arms. I'm sure many lads would be jealous of it! I believe that people have lost their perspective, their sense of art, and their sense of humour. It's obviously just a cheeky, thought-provoking image within the context of the calendar. I'd seen sample images before the whole thing went to print and thought they were great. Admittedly, I hadn't previewed the March picture, and when I first saw it, I did think 'Oooh, it's a bit daring!', but I never imagined it'd cause this outcry."

Helena's disappointed there isn't the same level of public disgust about the fact that, in 2009, over 10,500 stray dogs were killed in government pounds in Ireland. "I find that far more worrying than an attractive model pulling a risqué pose to draw attention to a good cause," she says.

Readers, what do you think? Should the calendar have received ruff reviews, or do you give thumbs up to the 'puppies, plus sweater-puppies' combo? Enter the debate on the forums at YourBizarre.com.

Alix Fox

Buy the calendar at Puppylove.ie, see more of Karol's work at Karol-liver.com, and find out more about ASH at Ashanimalrescue.com.

PICTURES: KAROL LIVER, STEPHEN WALSH, ANGELO HAUPIN, USA, JUDGE, OMASIA.COM

January: Taking the lead

"SUCKLE, HONEY, SUCKLE!"

Meet the women who really have breast-fed beasts



A woman in Burma breastfeeds the family pigs to keep them alive after they lost their mother in Cyclone Nargis, 2008, which was the worst recorded natural disaster in the country's history.



This photo in the CD booklet for Tori Amos' 1996 album *Boys For Pele* shows Tori suckling a piglet. "There were moments when it was painful, but mostly I was struck by feelings of wanting to be a mum," she says.



London-based artist Samantha Sweeting has breastfed lambs and also invited human strangers to suck on her tit teat as part of her performance pieces. Check out her work at Samanthasweeting.com

Mother March

CRAP CRAFTS

DOA DIY FOR SALE ONLINE



JESUS JEANS

Do they develop stigmata as you wear them out?

SCULPTURE OF A FISH WITH THE HEAD OF SEVERUS SNAPE FROM HARRY POTTER

AKA Salmon Rickman.



STEPHEN KING NESTING DOLLS

"Allow your child to explore sorting and size relationships." Carry-on screwing up your kids, folks. Coming soon: Stephen King bras, to support your Tommyknockers, and Tommy typewriters with no letter 'n'.

HANDLESS GLOVES

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For more, see Regreetsy.com

The tied is high

Give Boykitten an inch of rope, and he'll take a mile... then use it to hang himself off the ceiling by one ankle

WAY BACK IN *BIZARRE 144*, WE TOLD you about Adrian Dalton: a gay guy who was born in a woman's body, had surgery to turn him into a bloke by building a penis using flesh from his leg and arm, and who now does pole dancing in drag. Phew! Adrian's currently putting the finishing touches to his novel, which he hopes will be published this year, but he took time out from his frantic typing to introduce us to his friend, Boykitten.

Cambridge-based Boykitten performs aerial bondage shows, both as part of the 'Rope Sluts' duo – formed with his partner and "dominant slave Master", Rod – and on his own. "I've learned the art of solo shibari, so I can tie myself up in ropes without help, winch myself into the air, perform tricks, and then untie my knots, until I dramatically drop down and swing from one ankle!" he enthuses.

Like Adrian, Boykitten is also a transman. He's on hormone treatment and wants to get

his boobs removed, but the NHS has only offered him a bilateral mastectomy, where they'd remove his breasts by making horizontal incisions beneath them, leaving big scars. "I'd prefer a more discreet peri-areolar, or 'keyhole' mastectomy, where the surgeon cuts around the nipples," Boykitten explains.

Boykitten's not sure he'll ever change his genitalia, though. "My labia are pierced eight times!" he smiles. "I'm open about my transition from female to male, and I'm hugely into the BDSM scene."

If *Bizarre* readers have any questions, or see me at fetish events, I'd love for them to come and say hi!"

Don't forget to take a ball of string for the kitten to play with...

[Go to Boykitten.co.uk](http://GoToBoykitten.co.uk)



Adrian's behind the pun-ty boykitten



Boykitten gets fruity. Meow!

Gene Simmons
minus a razor:
Spill Festival's
Hammer
Judge

Golly gosh, how very posh!

Get your glad rags on, love! Some reet swanky places are holding freakish events this spring...



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE GETS LEWD!

ANNA NICOLE
17 FEB – 4 MARCH

Have you ever thought opera was just a bunch of fat Italians, taking seventeen verses to portray how gutted they are they've lost their favourite silken neckerchiefs? The Royal Opera House is about to change your mind. It's staging the first performance of a new opera telling the story of Anna Nicole Smith, the doomed Playmate, who married a chap 63 years her senior, was filmed pushing a doll around in a pram while high on drugs and covered in clown make-up, and tragically died of an overdose. The show's lyrics are written by Richard Thomas, who also composed *Jerry Springer: The Opera*.

[Rohorouk](#)



LONDON'S BARBICAN ARTS CENTRE AND NATIONAL THEATRE TURN CRUDE!

SPILL FESTIVAL OF PERFORMANCE
APRIL 18-23

Once they've kicked out the London Symphony Orchestra and a lah-di-da production of *Hamlet*, these venues are being hijacked by the wondrously weird SPILL festival. The line-up includes a show inspired by Norwegian black metal and occultist Aleister Crowley, written by off-the-wall artist Haminder Judge. SPILL also features late-night screenings of cult 1950s sci-fi movies *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* and *The Blob*.

[Spillfestival.com](#)



ER... LOCAL SWIMMING BATHS GO MAD

WET SOUNDS
UNTIL 26 MARCH

OK, not so posh, but still cool, Wet Sounds events transform public swimming pools into eerie 'underwater sound galleries'. DJs perform both by the pool and beneath the water, using scuba gear, so that swimmers hear different electronic music according to whether they're floating or submerged. Run by the same geniuses behind Scrap Club warehouse parties – where you can to vent your anger by smashing up old fridges and computers – Wet Sounds events also have light shows, surreal video projections, and performance art from oddballs such as *Bizarre* favourite Ryan Styles. Jump in at the deep end in Glasgow, London, Brighton, and Brum. [Wetsounds.co.uk](#)

TIME OF THE MONTH



ONGOING: MONDAYS & WEDNESDAYS PIN-UP BODY WORKOUTS

Hour-long classes teaching hilarious-yet-effective vintage exercises, followed by 1940s hair and make-up workshops.

15 FEB REDUCED HEART-SHAPED CHOCOCY-SCOFFING DAY

Didn't get a card yesterday? No flowers? No nauseating bear holding a heart that says 'I Love You'? So it. Go to Tesco with your mates, buy all the discounted 'romantic' chocolate, and fill your fligly faces.



19 FEB MANOR HOTEL SEANCE WITH FREDDIE VALENTINE

Let Freddie, a 'glam rock Derek Acorn', and his assistant Woodini, teach you how to move pendulums with the power of your minnelt, and tell your fortune using human jawbones.



25 FEB FEELING GLOOMY MANCHESTER

Well-established in London, and now carrying on north, this tongue-in-cheek club night specialises in playing miserable music and raffling off meat pies.

UPCOMING STUFF THAT YOU SHOULD GET DOWN TO

11-12 MARCH BEDLAM BREAKOUT #11 PSYCHOBILLY RETARDS WEEKENDER

Featuring the Epileptic Hailies, Frankie Vornin, Bang Bang Bazooka, and other bands worth seeing just for their names, even if you're a dickwad.



12 MARCH CLUB LASH

Hosted by well-loved lesbian vampire bitch Rosie Lugosi, this long-running fetish night is now taking place on the second Saturday of every month. The theme this time is 'Pervy Postcards'. We're going as The Black Eyed Peas.



15 MARCH BIZARRE 174 IS OUT!

Can you smell what us cades are cooking? This issue's gonna be a spicy one, trust us.

INKFORHEROES

TATTOO CONVENTION

SOME OF THE BEST ARTISTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD
BODY MODIFICATIONS/ PIERCING BY DOCTOR EVIL
MICKY SHARPZ TATTOO SUPPLIES

TRADE STANDS - CLOTHING AND SHOE STALLS

GLOBAL TATTOO SUPPLIES

BALLOON MAKING CLOWNS

FACE PAINTERS

TATTOO COMPETITIONS

KIDS CORNER WITH DESIGN A TATTOO COMPETITION & PRIZES

AMAZING VENUE

GREAT MUSIC

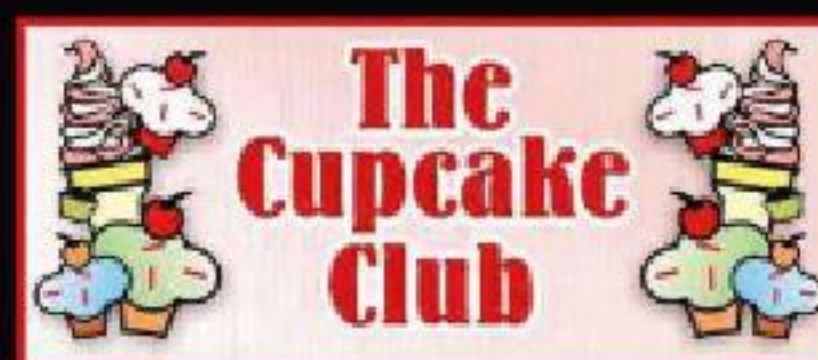
NO LIVE BANDS UNTIL AFTER 6PM

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Will be offering free tattoos to any injured soldiers. Anyone wishing to book an appointment should contact them direct.

UNDER 16S FREE ADMISSION, NOBODY UNDER THE AGE OF 18 WITHOUT AN ADULT
£10.00 A DAY TICKET - £15.00 FOR THE WEEKEND

SATURDAY 10AM TILL 10PM - SUNDAY 10AM TILL 8PM

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ANYONE WISHING TO PURCHASE TRADE SUPPLIES AT THIS EVENT MUST BRING WITH THEM A COPY OF THEIR HEALTH CERTIFICATE



THE GRINDER

Real-life zombie shoot-out!

Our Foxy guns down the undead, and so can you!

DRESSED IN CAMO GEAR, AND ARMED with night-vision goggles and enormous, fuck-off laser tag guns, our Foxy and pals were sent into woodland in the middle of the night, to pick off brain-hungry zombies lumbering towards them (well, actors cunningly disguised as the undead)...

It was all to celebrate the DVD release of action flick *Resident Evil: Afterlife*, based on the ridiculously successful videogames series, and Foxy kicked almost as much rotten ass as Milla Jovovich, the weapon-wielding hottie

in the movie who slays hordes of people who've been transformed into zombies by a heinous virus of doom.

If your trigger finger's itchy, you can get a piece of the action at the following places:

- Foxy's undead shoot 'em up was run by Spy Games in Milton Keynes, which employs ex-SAS soldiers to ensure its fight scenarios are ultra-realistic and intensely atmospheric. It even hires amputees to cover their stumps in minced meat and fake blood, then pose as injured zombies. Hardcore. Spy-games.com

- SAS Paintball in Wolverhampton runs night-time outdoor sessions. Go and pretend to be PJ when you should be in your PJs. "Whay-eye man, my eyesssss!" Saspaintball.co.uk

- Delta Force Paintball in Maidenhead has a three-storey, outdoor 'Zombies' Crypt' building set in a forest, surrounded by coffins and gravestones. Paintballgames.co.uk
Resident Evil: Afterlife is out on DVD now



Cadaver great time!



Zombie amputees go stomp in the night



Foxy, bottom right: "Do, zombie scum!"

OUR FOXY'S WONDERINGS, WANDERINGS & WITTERINGS CONTACT FOXY: ALIX_FOX@DENNIS.CO.UK

stage. "Tofu Boy is extremely malnourished and can't even beat the first level of the game due to his severe iron deficiency," they tell me.

Supermeatboy.com
Tinyurl.com/tofupeta

WHINE AND DINE

Gorgeously grotesque, baldy, aerial freakazoid Chrisalys is about to appear on the Channel 4 cookery/n/bitchery show, *Come Dine With Me*.

He was hired to entertain guests during a meal.

The Bizarre Ball 2010 star says, "Look out for me sticking a six-inch knife up my nose, and making diners retch by guzzling down a glass of milk through long tubes that I stuff up my nostrils and feed down into my stomach." Do you live in Dublin and want to feast your eyes on Chrisalys' all-you-can-eat buffet of circus gore? He'll be touring there in April. Bon appetit! Chrisalys-circus.com

EGG ON MY FACE...

... along with mashed potato, custard and flour, all finished off with a spot of baguette fencing. On guard! I recently took part in a top-of-the-slops charity food fight, organised to raise money for Age UK, a charity that does helpful things for the elderly. The team behind the banqueting battle will be touring the country this

year in a milk float kitted out with a mahoosive soundsystem, and are also setting up a 'Moaning Café', where you can go to grumble like a grumpy old fogie, while enjoying a cuppa. Theoldmilkfloat.co.uk

FRUGAL FOXY ECONOMIC CRISIS TIP!

Are you staying in a Travelodge when you come to the Bizarre Ball on 21 May? Nick all the shitty shower caps from the bathrooms to protect your hair from flying rice pudding when you're next fighting with foodstuffs!

YUM! BUNKAKE CUSTARD WITH EXTRA LUMPS!



THE FOX HOLE



"I KNOW TOFU!"
In *Bizarre 170*, I told you about

Super Meat Boy, an indie, retro-style, multi-platform videogame, which is quickly becoming more of a cult hit than a woollen vagina is a cunt knit.

It's now so big that animal rights group PETA have got wind of it and are offended that the protagonist appears to be made from a hunk of

dead cow. In fact, he's a little boy, without skin, who just looks like a cube of raw beef. But to counter the slight against animals, PETA has created a parody flash game called *Super Tofu Boy*, which encourages players to turn vegan.

Not to be outdone, the *Super Meat Boy* creators have added a special hidden Tofu Boy character to their original game, which can be unlocked by typing in 'PETAPHILE' at the character select



"Come squeal with me"

SPUNK & DISORDERLY

THE JACK-OFF SNACK-OFF

Satiate your sexual appetite by choosing porn according to your eating habits!

YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR: BURGERS, OF BOTH THE 'BEEF' AND 'FUR' VARIETIES
WHACK OFF TO: JUNGLE BURGER

Animated, retro smut flick *Jungle Burger* (1975), has just been re-released on DVD. Highlights include the voice of Bill 'Ghostbusters' Murray and a bald woman with 14 breasts, although the film hasn't aged well and it's full of sexual and racial stereotypes.

Superhero sex cartoon *The Big Bang* (1987, right) is out again, too – it's also offensive, but funnier.



YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR: AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET FROM THE LUCKY DRAG-ON TAKEAWAY
WHACK OFF TO: ARTCORE

This is the latest grot offering from *Bizarre* BBW cover star, April 'Sweetest Lady Ever Vigorously Rogered With A Giant Glass Dildo On Camera' Flores. Typically off-the-wall and over-the-top, this flick, directed by April's hubby, Carlos Batts, sees the wonderful wench don the least convincing 'gender-bending' disguise ever: a drawn-on

mustache (left). It's going to take more than that to convince us you're a fella when you've got those enormous, juicy jug-honkers up front, Fatty D!

[Fattyd.com](#)



YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR: AMERICAN-STYLE WHOREBERRY MILK(ER)SHAKES
WHACK OFF TO: GIRLS GONE WILD UK

Hugely famous in the USA for persuading drunk young girls at beach bars and 'Spring Break' parties to flash their tits and snog each other in return for branded T-shirts and caps, *Girls Gone Wild* has now launched in the UK, on Sky Box Office Channel 933, and will be touring Blighty in a bus this summer. Their press office told *Bizarre* that GGW shows "real, carefree college students and twenty-somethings celebrating fun, freedom and youthful expression."

Getting their norks out, then.



Freeze a jolly good fellow

Man sets new world record for being encased in ice. Give him a cold medal!



THESE TWO CHINESE CHAPS ARE addicted to chilling out in the most extreme ways. Chen Kecal, 52, and Jin Songhao, 54, went head-to-head last month to see who could set a new world record for spending the longest time encased in ice.

The men – both from Heilongjiang Province, where temperatures can drop to -40°C in winter – stripped down to their tighty-whities and stood in transparent boxes filled with ice cubes. Chen managed to shiver his way through 118 minutes of nipple-numbing, scrotum-shrinking torture, before medics pulled him out, concerned about his condition.

Steadfast Jin held out for 120 minutes, setting a new Guinness World Record and stealing the title from Dutchman Wim Hof, who'd tolerated 110 minutes of the same agony just five days before.

Chen Jin chills out.

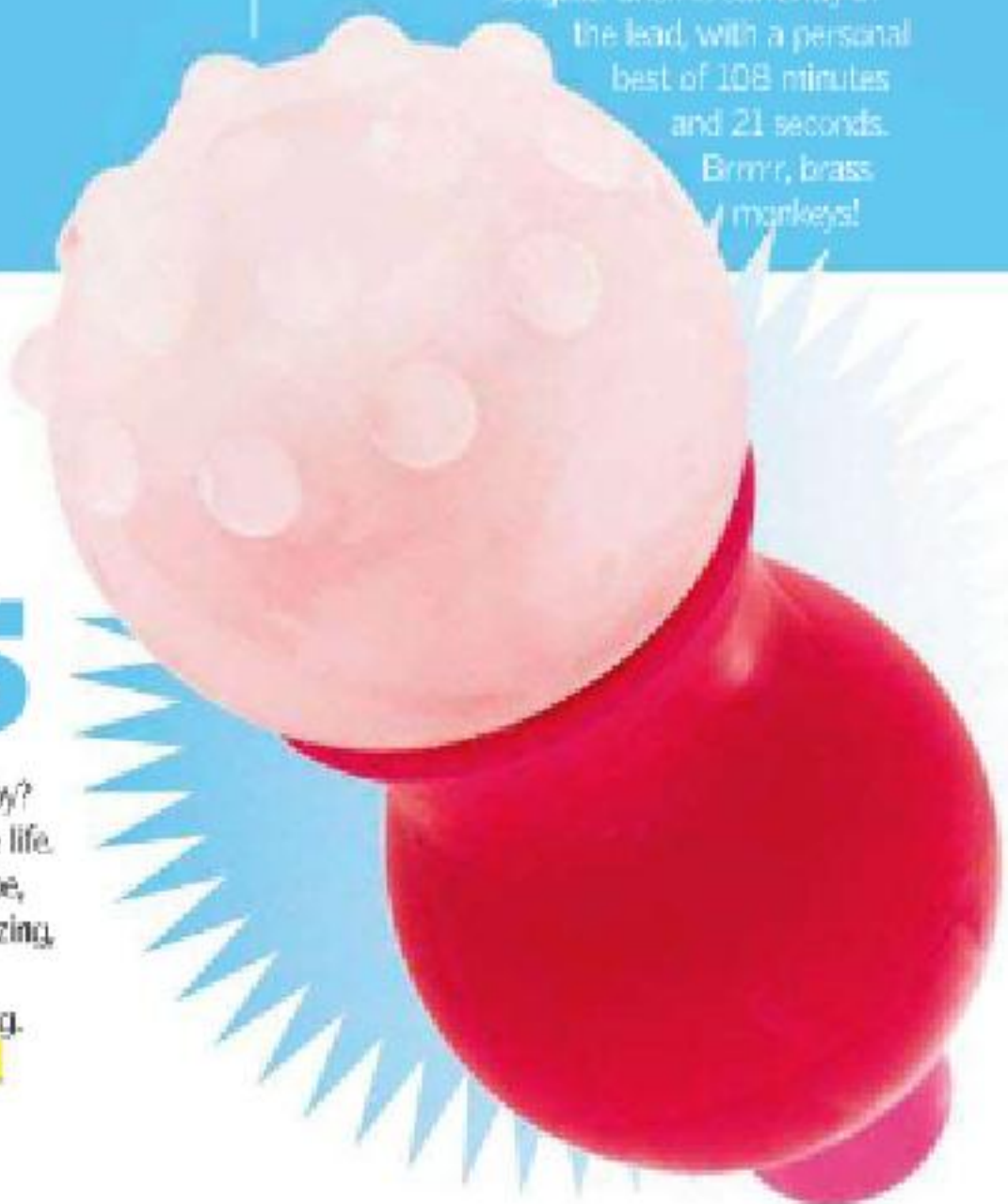


This isn't the first time that Chen and Jin have given each other the competitive cold shoulder. In the past, they've both fought to see who can bathe in a tank of icy water the longest. Chen is currently in the lead, with a personal best of 108 minutes and 21 seconds. Brmm, brass monkeys!

RED HOT CHILLY PECKERS

Are you turned on by temperature play and ice, ice, baby? Then invite this not-so-vanilla ice vibrator into your love life. Fill the mould with H₂O, insert the waterproof bullet vibe, bung it in the freezer for a few hours, and voila – a buzzing, frozen frig-off toy that'll have your nips standing to attention, and your squelchy parts shivering/shuddering.

Toy Joy Freezer Pleaser Ice Vibrator, £22.99, [Lowhoney.co.uk](#)



WHO THE FUCK IS?

MARNIE SCARLET

She ain't no rubber chicken when it comes to scary latex

READY TO SEE RUBBER THAT'LL MAKE YOU

blubber? Outfits that'll cause an outcry? Corsets that'll give you cause for concern? And full-face latex masks that'll make you wonder whether the person inside is 'all good in the hood', or just a bit bloody frightening? Then meet Marnie Scarlet. She describes herself as an "avant-garde fetish and burlesque entertainer". Her stage shows and walkabout performances tend to involve the usual glitter-filled balloon-pops, fan dances, and artful-wafting-of-bits-of-diaphanous-material-on-sticks, all of which are certainly entertaining, but not ground-breaking. Marnie presents the odd grisly moment when she shoots staples into her skin and wields fake blood, but she stands out because of the incredible ensembles she wears, most of which she designs and makes herself.

While many other burly girls aim to look cute in 'safe' pin-up pasties and frou-frou frilly knickers, Marnie isn't afraid to push the boundaries, concocting costumes that venture into the outer limits of hardcore fetish and sometimes look downright scary.

Born in the aptly-named municipality of Monster, in Holland, Marnie now lives in London, where by day she works as a designer for latex firm Libidex, producing saucy skirts, leotards and catsuits. By night, her more outrageous creations come out to play. "For one of my acts, called *Room 101*, I've made myself a pair of ginormous inflatable boobs and two rubber, liquid-filled cocksorry bags," she grins. "I also have a huge, curly red pubic wig, which I wore in front of a zillion roaring rock fans while performing at Download last year. Almost all of my acts start with an idea about how I want to look – the clothes, the hair, the make-up and the outlandish accessories. I'm inspired by the inevitability of death, getting pissed-off at how fast time flies... oh, and tits, tits, and more tits!"

So what fashion tips does Marnie have for *Bizarre* readers? "Check out Libidex for excellent rubber (obviously), Prong Jewellery for well-made posture collars, Compulsive Behaviour for lace hoods, and Ziad Ghanem if you want to splash some serious cash on mind-blowing couture – I appeared in a film he made for last year's London Fashion Week. Most importantly, remember that bad taste is always better than bland taste." **Alex Fox**

See Marnie's bouncy latex designs at Libidex.com

THE GRINDER



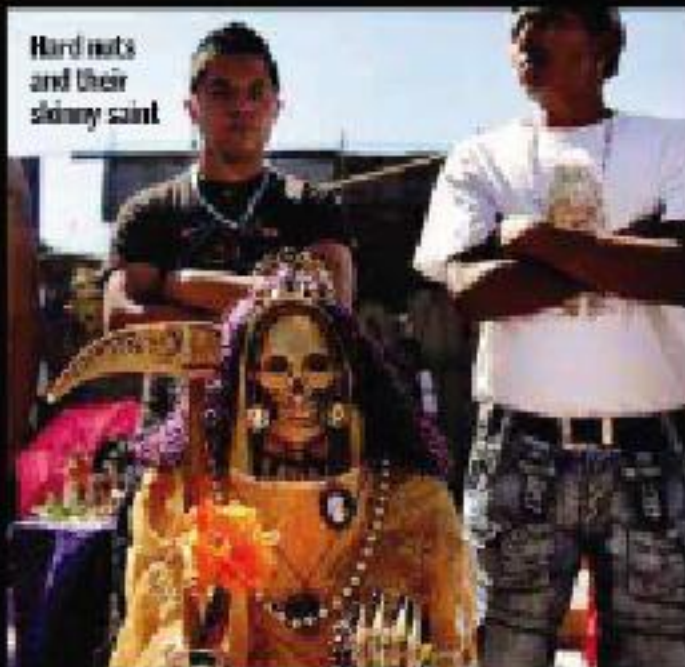
THE GRINDER

A ceremony near Mexico City: Offering prayer and thanks to Santa Muerte

'Archbishop' of Saint Death cult arrested

Self-styled leader of the Mexican Santa Muerte movement alleged to be part of kidnapping ring

SANTA MUERTE, OR 'SAINT DEATH', is a skeletal, scythe-carrying female deity with roots in Catholicism and ancient Aztec culture, which we reported on in *Bizarre 171*. The goddess is increasingly worshipped by members of Mexico's underworld, who believe that she can protect them and their families from harm. Last month, David Romo, the self-styled 'archbishop of the church of Santa Muerte' was arrested, along with eight other suspects, accused of being part of a kidnapping and money-laundering ring named El Aztlán – a reference to the mythical homeland of the Aztecs.



Hard nuts and their skinny saint

In a news conference, Romo, 42, claimed the government had falsely arrested him for political reasons, saying, "In this pre-election time they are moving (against) a lot of innocent people to fill their quotas," and stated that he had been "severely tortured" with electric shocks and beatings. A spokesperson for the Mexico City prosecutor's office, Esperanza Velarde, replied that Romo "knows he is lying".

Romo has called upon worshippers of Santa Muerte to protest against his treatment, while investigations continue.

THE SCYTHE'S THE LIMIT

No ifs, no butts!

The Circus Of Horrors' cigarette stunts banned!

LONG-TIME FREAKY FRIENDS OF *Bizarre*, The Circus Of Horrors, are currently on a nationwide tour with their *Four Chapters Of Hell* show, which celebrates the fact that the bonkers bunch have been spearing, stretching, scorching, torturing and electrocuting themselves in the name of entertainment for an eye-watering 15 years. For fuck's sake, you'd have thought dwarf Demon Dan would've upgraded to a Dyson by now, instead of continuing to suck his shredded penis up that ancient Henry Hoover. If he's had it since the 1990s, there's probably a dead Tamagotchi and a Babylon Zoo CD festering in the dustbag. Anyway...

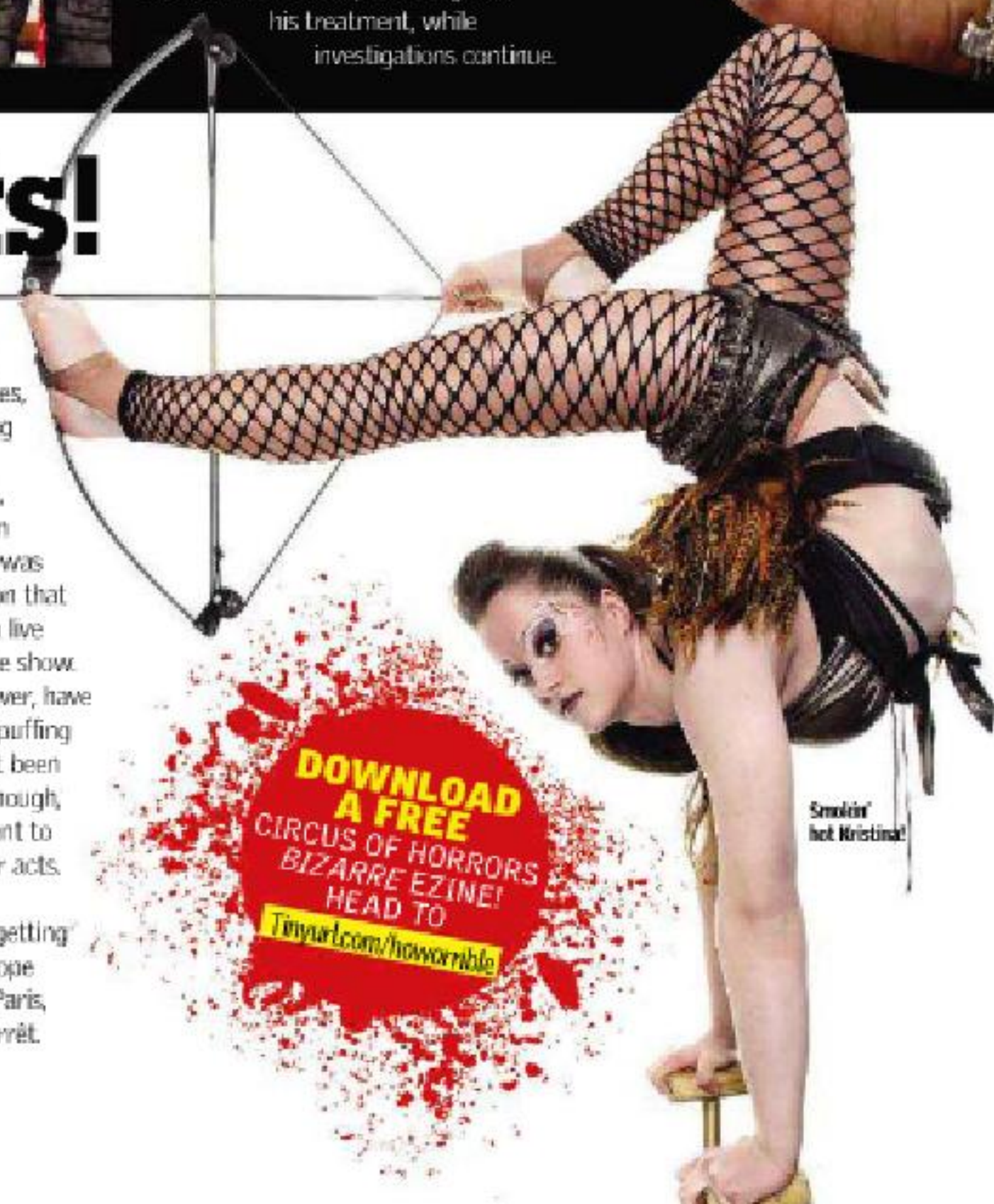
The tour includes an appearance at Kings Lynn Corn Exchange on 24 March, but the Borough Council there has seen (Marlboro) red over any stunts that involve performers smoking on stage. It's banned. The Circus Of Horrors from lighting up, despite having no problem with the troupe

swallowing electric drills, pumping 300,000 volts through a their bodies, or stuntwoman Kristina (right) firing a bow and arrow with her feet!

The Circus' ringmaster, Dr Haze, explains that when the smoking ban was introduced in July 2007, there was a condition included in the legislation that said smoking would be allowed in a live performance if it was integral to the show. "Kings Lynn Borough Council, however, have overruled this and banned us from puffing fags on stage," he says. "We haven't been shot down in a ball of flames yet, though, as we've submitted a risk assessment to the council regarding the cigs in our acts. Maybe they'll change their minds."

Now authorities in Norfolk are getting the hump over COH's Camels, we hope The Circus doesn't take its tour to Paris, where it'd certainly be told to cig-arêt.

Circusofhorrors.co.uk



Smokin' hot Kristina!

DOWNLOAD A FREE CIRCUS OF HORRORS BIZARRE E-ZINE! HEAD TO Tinyurl.com/howorrible



"MMM"
BACON

MINDGAMES + VIDEOGAMES

New videogame *Dinner Date* allows you to play as the subconscious of a character called Julian Lumburg. You control his thoughts, fears and preoccupations while he waits for a mystery girl to show up for a romantic meal. The object isn't to kill monsters or collect coins. It's just to explore his secret musings and 'get to know' a virtual human being.

[Tinyurl.com/Mindsgame](http://tinyurl.com/Mindsgame)

RAYBIN MANAGEMENT'S EBAY STORE

This shop sells genuine props and wardrobe items from blockbuster horror films. We've been bidding on a severed finger, a spit-flecked gag, some barbed wire, a 'bloodied chunk of flesh' and a puppet's shoe, all from the last *Saw* movie.

PIKACHU LIPSTICK

It's one up from drawing anime eyes on your eyelids.



MINCE MEATER

WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S ROT THIS MONTH

MCWEDDINGS

These Hong Kong branches of McDonald's are now offering marriage ceremonies, complete with wedding cakes made from deep-fried apple pies. In place of the regional tradition of couples sharing a single cheery, they share a chip.

MICHEL HAILLARD FURNITURE

This French animator-turned-furniture-maker's chairs look thrilling, but customers have to supply at least one piece of the real fur, skin, fangs and tusks used in their construction. Antiques are OK, but Hallard's a fan of big game hunting, and prefers his clients to have killed the crocodiles, ostriches and buffalo they'll sit upon.



CINEMA STABBING

Los Angeles nudge Larry Bourdard didn't enjoy *Shutter Island*. He's serving a lifetime prison sentence after stabbing a fellow cinephile in the neck with a meat thermometer during a screening.



"UGH!"
OFFAL!



He's not feline so good...

Mog-icide investigation launched after family cat is found cut in two

THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE FRONT HALF of tabby cat Milo, a family pet who was discovered sliced in half, with disturbing, surgical precision... And creepier still, only the front part of his body has been found. Owner William McCubbin, 46, says "A vet has told us that there's no way this could've been caused by a car accident or another animal." RSPCA investigators believe the kitty may have been chopped up by mindless



thugs, but the charity's inspector, Keith Ellis, admits, "We have no idea what, or who is responsible for these injuries." This isn't the first time a cat - or part of a cat - has been found in this state. A spate of feline killings, where the cats were bisected in a similar manner, were reported in Canada last year, and at least 18 half-cats have been brought to the attention of the authorities since July. In addition to the suggestion that these killings are carried out by people seeking cruel, sick kicks, comparisons have been drawn with voodoo rituals and cattle mutilations.



13 QUESTIONS

As drummer for glam metal band Mötley Crüe, spandex-clad Tommy Lee was at the centre of the sex, drugs and rock'n'roll excesses of the 1980s. He was married to actress Heather Locklear, divorced her after seven years, and then hurriedly got hitched to Pamela Anderson just four days after they met. The pair's private honeymoon sex tapes were leaked on to the internet and became one of the most famous examples of viral pornography in history. Briefly splitting from the Crüe, Tommy formed nu-metal outfit Methods Of Mayhem with rapper Lil' Lo, before rejoining his old band. He's also collaborated with electro-house DJ Deadmau5. We caught up with Tommy to chat about celery, Marilyn Manson, and ladies sliding Moët bottles up their muffs.

TOMMY LEE

1 What did you learn from attending the University Of Nebraska as part of your reality TV show, *Tommy Lee Goes To College*?

I learned I'm really fucking glad that I went on tour with Mötley Crüe in my teens instead of going to college for four years, since it seems most people are at school just to fucking party and get laid, anyway! There isn't a whole lot of studying going on, which is a little crazy. The TV network set out strict guidelines, saying I wasn't allowed to get up to sexual antics on campus, so in between filming I hired hotel rooms rather than staying in halls with my roommates. A man's got to get laid, right? Never mind the female students – my tutor was the hottest chick there, and let's just say we had a lot of fun... 'studying'.

2 You were notorious for almost permanently pulling moonies during the early Crüe days...

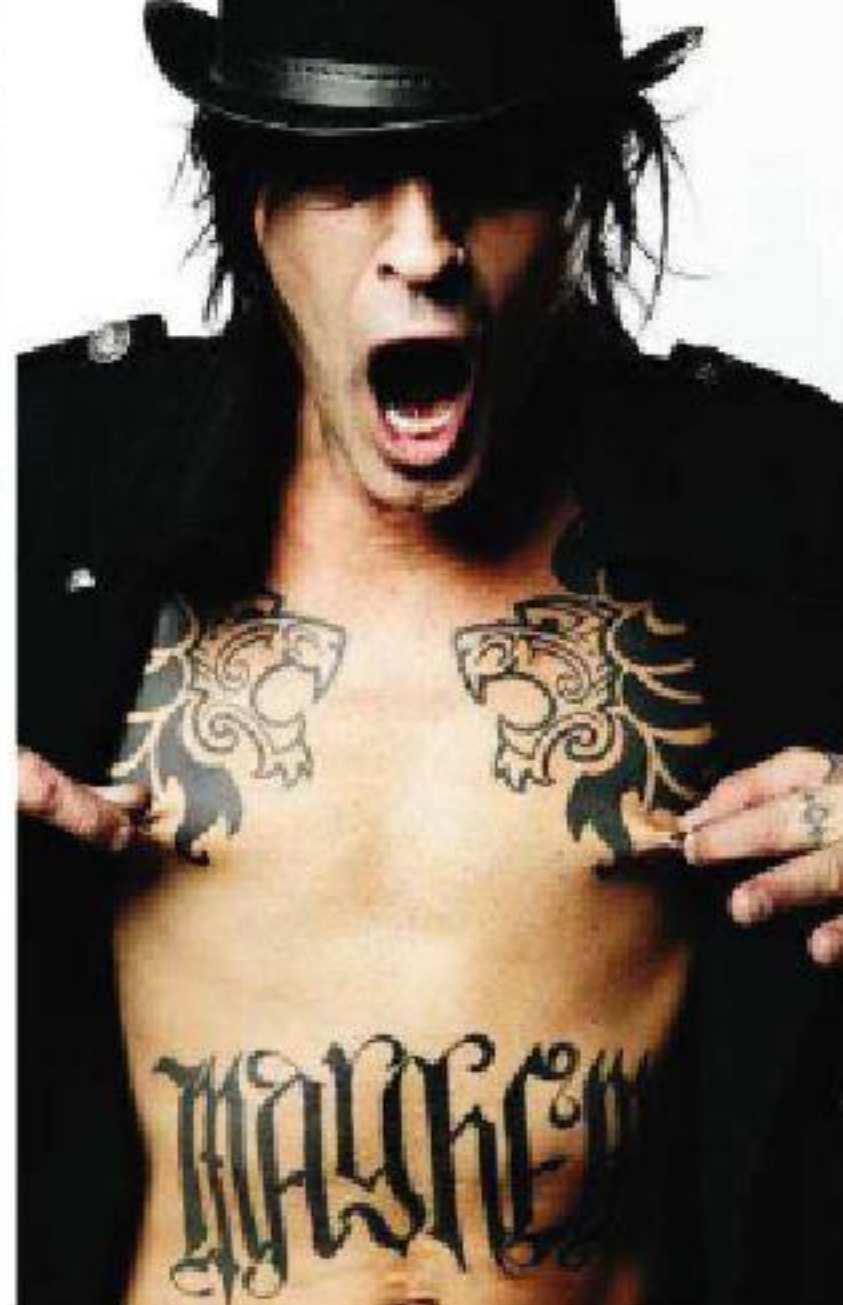
Yes, and when I see pictures of me with my ass out, I always think, "My God, I have a fucking long nutsack!" It's freakishly long. Hold on, my girlfriend's looking at me... she says, "Your nuts are bizarre." Ha!

3 What's the weirdest sex act you've performed with a groupie?

A girl came into the Crüe dressing room and said she wanted to fuck the whole band. I happened to spot an empty bottle of champagne on the table, so I set it on the floor and said, "Sure – I'll go get the other guys for some fun, but only if you strip nude, then sit on this." Straight away, she gets naked, fucking straddles the bottle, and jams the thing up herself, right to the fat part of the glass. I went, "Oh my God, I gotta go and get the boys to see this shit. But if you get off that bottle, the orgy's not going to happen." She goes, "I swear to God, I won't move." I must have left for about 20 minutes, and when I came back, sure enough, she was still sitting on the damn bottle. Everybody was too freaked out to fuck her, but she sucked the dick of each and every one of us.

4 Both *Methods Of Mayhem* and Marilyn Manson have tracks called 'Fight Song'. Who'd win in a fight between you and the glaucoma-esque-contact-lensed Casper-skinned rocker?

Marilyn and I are friends, so I hope we wouldn't fight. My girlfriend's chipping in here, saying he'd probably try to put me in a microwave and eat me, or something. He might win. But then again, every time I see him he's so fucked up that I'd probably take him because he wouldn't be able to get his shit together.



5 You wore some outrageous threads in the 1980s. What was your biggest fashion mistake?

I had a pretty gay jacket covered in tiny pink, purple and white bows, and I still have a couple of pairs of seven-inch-heeled boots and a codpiece kicking around my house. Oh, and a really cool pair of leather shorts with suspenders attached! I keep them hidden because I'm afraid my kids are going to find them one day and say, "Dad, what the hell is this?"

6 During your low points, you've spent various periods in jail for kicking Pamela Anderson and attacking a security guard at a gig. What's it like inside?

I was in solitary confinement during one spell in prison, in a section called K10, nicknamed 'Keepaway' because it was where high-profile inmates were kept away from the general jailhouse population. I started complaining to the wardens, "Guys, I need to see daylight or I'll freak out." The actor Robert Downey Jr was imprisoned around the same time, and they said, "Well, we took him up on the roof for some air, and he fucking got his ass kicked." And I was like, "Fuck, I don't care. Fuck, I wanna go up there." So they took me outside, and within five minutes I was like, "I'm cool, I'm ready to go back." I could feel the tension, and see people starting to come over, whispering and talking, and I thought, "Fuck that, I'm out of here." I was scared for my life. It was not cool.

7 Can you give us any more info on the rumours that a movie based on *The Dirt*, the biography of Mötley Crüe, is about to be made?

Yes, it looks like it's going to happen sometime this year. We've been going back and forth because we can't decide whether to use known or unknown actors. I'd be in fucking heaven if Johnny Depp played me. If I keep putting it out there, maybe it'll manifest and become reality. Johnny Depp, Johnny Depp, Johnny Depp, Johnny Depp. Put it in big fucking capitals for me, will you, *Bizarre*?

8 JOHNNY DEPP: Can you tell us about your love for midgets?

I really want my own midget. I don't know what's wrong with me, but every time I see a little person, I want to pick them up and take them home with me. Everyone tells me, "You can't just have one, Tommy, they're people." And I'm like, "I know they are, but I just want one. I want a midget buddy that goes with me everywhere." I'm fucked up. I've met a couple

of midgets, but I don't have the nerve to ask if they'd come with me. Pamela hired a bunch of them for my 30th birthday party as a treat while we were married. We had a fucking awesome football game. I played on my knees, wearing knee pads.

9 Is it true that you once had a girlfriend nicknamed 'Bullwinkle', who could squirt her cum across the room?

She was my third sexual experience. I was only 16, and she was two years older than me. One day we were going at it and she fucking squirted all over the place. I was like, "Holy fuck, what is that?" At that age, I'd never seen or heard anything about female ejaculation or gushing. I asked my friends, "Is she getting so excited that she's peeing on me?" Because if that's the case, that's kind of fucked up." And they said, "No, some girls can cum full-on like that." And I was like, "Whoa, that's crazy." I'd just got my driver's license when Bullwinkle and I started dating. I'd finally made enough money to buy my first Chevy van, and we were constantly fucking in the back of it. I remember my mum saying, "The van smells, Tommy, what is that stench?" I didn't realise it ponged, because I was used to it, but I guess it reeked of a mixture of urine and cum.

10 How far can you squirt your cum?

Not as far as another girl I had a really good time with – a porn star who holds the record for gushing distance, like 12ft! She's a freak show! I've learned a trick, though. Ages ago, I watched a porno starring a guy called Peter North, who shot cum really far. I met him a while later, and asked, "Dude, how do you do it?" He said, "Tommy, the day before I shoot a porno, I eat an entire head of celery. The high levels of fibre and liquid turn your spunk into a real show." It's hard to eat a whole head of celery, so I juice it in a blender. It fucking works!

11 What's your favourite sex toy?

All *Bizarre* readers should get a Chinese Basket – a hammock-type love swing that hangs from the ceiling. They're awesome. Get your chick to sit in it, lay yourself on the floor, lower your lady onto your cock from above, and spin her pussy around your dick while you fuck. You can swing her back and forth while you're having sex too. It's really fun.

12 What about the hottest place to shag?

I've always been a fan of fucking in forbidden places. I fucked this girl in a church one time, and to me that was scary and amazing in the same breath. I was thinking, "God's going to strike me with lightning for this." If I'm staying at a girl's parents' house, I like to make sure her folks can hear us having sex. Your natural instinct is to keep quiet, so you have to force yourself to be noisy, and that's the fun part!

UNLUCKY

13 Is it true you had a swastika tattoo?

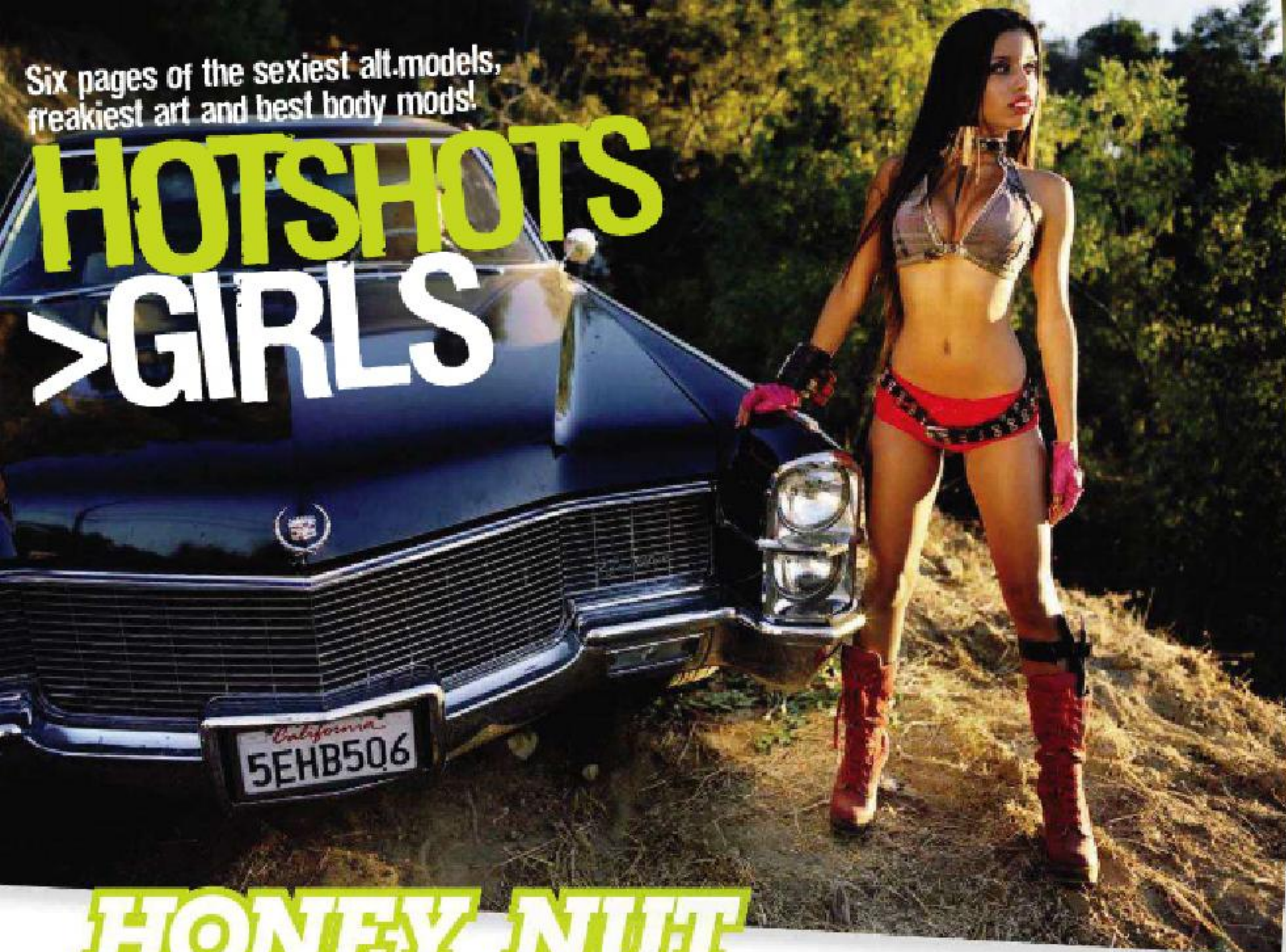
Yes, for about two seconds. I was running around with some really fucked-up friends for a while. I got drunk with one of them, got it tattooed, then I thought, "Oh my God, what the fuck have I done?" It wasn't about trying to reclaim the symbol or anything – it was just stupid. I had it removed shortly afterwards and covered up with Japanese work that I love, including some Koi fish, instead of that negativity. We'll make our mistakes. I'd like to leave readers with a little quote: 'May all your ups and downs be in bed'. Eleanor Goodman



Methods Of Mayhem's album *A Public Disservice Announcement* is out now. TommyLee.com

Six pages of the sexiest alt.models,
freakiest art and best body mods!

HOTSHOTS >GIRLS



HONEY NUT LUPE

The pint-sized porn star who's crazy about sex and pizza!

What do you get if you cross a Spanish papa, a Columbian momma, an insatiable sexual appetite, and a "pussy that explodes non-stop"? You get Lupe Fuentes, that's what. This porn superstar's teeny, tiny, 4ft 9in stature and youthful looks have earned her the nickname 'Little Lupe'. In fact, she looks so young in her early vids that one poor chap who bought a DVD was accused of possessing child pornography! Lovely Lupe flew to his trial in Puerto Rico to prove that she was an adult, and that the bloke was innocent. Phew!

But Lupe certainly isn't innocent – she's got one of the most deliciously dirty minds on the block. "If I could get



together with a mad professor and invent a sex toy, I'd develop something small and sleek, but powerful, like me!" she reveals. "It'd be an orgasm gadget that nestled in your pants all day, licking and sucking your pussy."

As girlfriend of Evan 'Biohazard' Seinfeld (who used to be married to Tera Patrick), Lupe also appreciates music. "I like everything from Kanye West to Metallica," she tells us. "At the moment I'm enjoying a lot of fun, poppy hip hop, such as 'Like A G6' by Far East Movement." But she hated the group that appeared at the 2011 AVN porn awards last month, The Speaker Junkies. "People were walking out holding their ears," she grimaces.

January also saw Lupe celebrate her 24th birthday. "My dream birthday cake would be half New York pizza, half amazing ice cream, so I could smear/drizzle it all over my body," she grins. "It'd be delivered to me by one of the flying hamsters from an iPhone game I'm obsessed with, and when I cut it, it'd be full of money! I have the most dripping-wet orgies at my house already, so I wouldn't be interested in a strip-ogram jumping out of my cake, but more cash never hurts!"

Just don't buy her a novel as a gift. "Books are for fat, unpopular people," she says. "Beautiful, hot people are too busy partying to read!" Himmmm. We're sure you could find plenty that'd interest you in Bizarre's vast, 'specialist' library, Lupe...

Check out Dowelupe.org and head to Bizarremag.com for the trailer for Lupe's new video, *Super Pooosy*



HOTSHOTS > DARK ART

Can you
guess who →
these Crap
Portraits are of?
Answers at the bottom
of this page...

Your chance to own original artwork at a knockdown price

SEXTON MING

SELF PORTRAIT

Sexton Ming is no stranger to *Bizarre*. We first featured the British poet and musician's melodies in *Bizarre 90* when he'd just launched his own label specialising in weird outsider tunes, called RIM Records, and we've pretty much reviewed everything he's released ever since. But now it's time for Sexton's paintings to take centre stage – even though they're crap.

Since December 2010, Sexton's been offering handcrafted Crap Portraits via his website, and flogging the wonky works for peanuts. Considering he co-founded mischievous anti-conceptual art group The Stuckists, and has been beavering away on the fringes of the alt.art scene since the late 1970s, it's fantastic that folk can still pick up a Ming original at a bargain price. And he even takes requests.

What a load of crap

Sexton says the idea occurred to him a few years ago when he started splodging out Crap Portraits of his favourite rock'n'rollers, but it was a modern star who recently reignited his painty plans. "What really got the ball rolling was when Lady Gaga turned up somewhere in a dress made from meat," Sexton growls. "I just thought, 'You stupid cow!'; and did a picture of her as a joint of beef. Then I did a picture of Katie Price, which was just a huge pair of tits, with her eyes peering over the top. The way celebrities behave is just a fucking joke! I see it as my job to lampoon them and wake people up to how crap they are."

Of course, the irony is that Sexton's Crap Portraits aren't crap at all. Spontaneous canvases – brimming with character and



"I don't give a fuck if you
want Myra Hindley
or Ian Brady"

personality – it's the little things that make his pictures brilliant: the wanton look of lust in Freddie Mercury's eyes, the blue and pink drainpipe behind Vivian Stanshall that plays on one of The Bonzo Dog Band's most famous songs, or Pete Burns' melting face and lips that look like bacon. With a few considered brush strokes and clever splashes of colour, Crap Portraits are like a magical filter that allow you to see through Sexton Ming's eyes, and appreciate his skewed take on the world.

Most of the Crap Portraits on these pages were commissioned by *Bizarre*'s roguish writer Dr Blackthorn, who asked Sexton to paint his heroes. And Mr Ming is happy to mercilessly paint pretty much anyone you would like too, so long as you have a smidgen of dough (canvases start from about £32). Just drop him a line via his site.

But is there anyone who Sexton refuses to paint? "Nah, I don't think so," he says. "I don't give a fuck if you want Myra Hindley or Ian Brady – if you want a killer, yeah, sure, I'll do that." **David McComb**

For more on Sexton Ming, check out Sextonming.co.uk. To see the Crap Portraits he currently has for sale, go to the online shop run by his wife, another great artist called Ela Guru, at Elaguru.co.uk/artshop.php.

ANSWERS (1) Freddie Mercury (2) Frank Sinatra (3) Katie Price (4) Vivian Stanshall (5) Pete Burns (6) Albert II (the first monkey in space) (7) Blue Demon Vs El Santo (8) David Lynch (I saw a photo of him the other day, and couldn't believe how fat he's got) (9) Billy Childish (The turned from an immature angry young man into a cantankerous old fart, Sexton sneers)





HOTSHOTS > BODY MODS

Billy gives us his
best porn face

Raising his SITES

After selling his skin to online advertisers, the human billboard flogs his name

Regular *Bizarre* readers may remember Billy 'The Billboard' Gibby from *Bizarre 160*, when we revealed how he'd got his nickname: 19 companies paid him to have their logos and website addresses permanently tattooed upon his body. Billy was the first person in the world to have advertisements for websites inked on his cheeks, and since we last caught up with him, he's added another 10 tats to his collection, giving him a grand total of 29 adverts on his skin. He's also changed his name.

'GATOR FOR PAY

"I'm now legally called Hostgator Dotcom: first name Hostgator, last name Dotcom," Billy/Hostgator grins. "Can you guess who paid me to do that? Yup, it's Hostgator.com, the web hosting firm who'd already given me cash in return for tattooing their details on the back of my neck." And Billy is now looking for someone to buy his middle name. "Just like my tattoos, the legal change lasts for the rest of my life, so it's a great investment for a company to make!" he says.

Billy uses the money gained through his sponsored tattoos and name-changes to support his family and donate to his favourite charities. He was motivated to get his first company tatt – a huge back piece purchased

by online casino Golden Palace – to raise funds to fly from Alaska to California in order to donate a kidney as part of a charitable organ donation scheme. "I know some people think my ink looks stupid, or even scary, but it's for good causes and it helps my family have a decent life," Billy muses. "Some strangers stare at me like I'm a serial killer,

"Some strangers stare at me like I'm a serial killer, but I have no regrets"

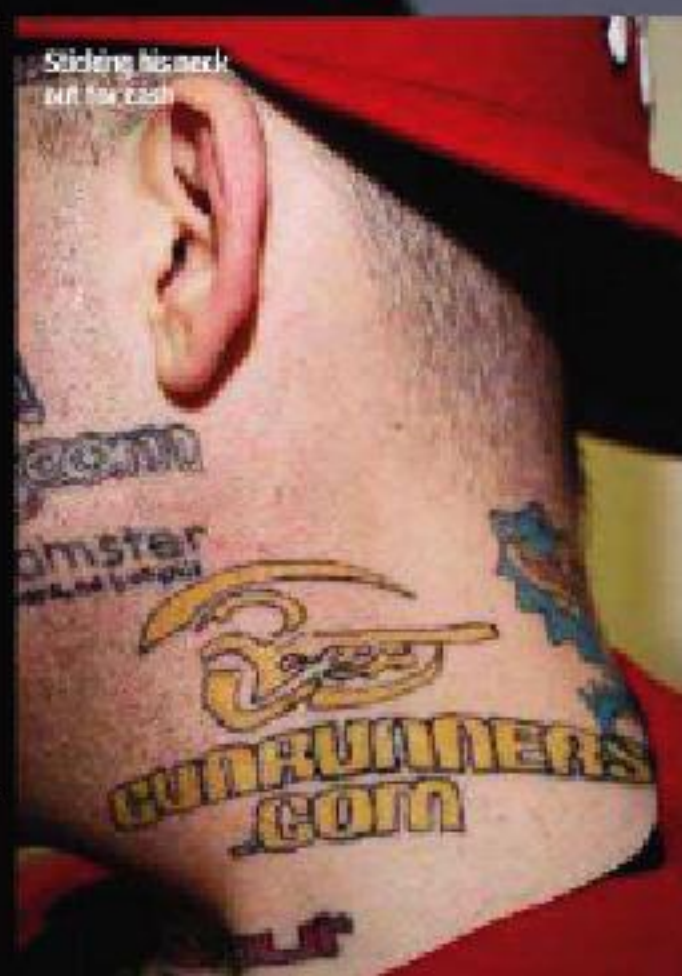
but my relatives and friends think it's cool that I look unique and a little crazy!"

However, Billy wasn't so keen when his fiancé said that she wanted to get into tattoo advertising, too. "She's so beautiful that I'm trying to dissuade her," he says. "But ultimately, I'll support her if she decides it's something she really wants to do. I don't have any regrets about my own body."

SKINNED, NOT SKINT

The latest businesses to pay for space on Billy's epidermis are Gunrunners.com, which trades rifles, shotguns and other weapons, and Xhamster.com, whose slogan is 'Just porn, no bullshit'. It offers smutty videos of pensioners, hairy ladies, and people having threesomes while cleaning toilets! Other tattoo sponsors on Billy's skin include Exoticcolormail.com, which sells contact lenses that can make your irises look like robotic computer screens; DrFreak.com, which produces porn films with titles such as *Rectal Freaks*, *Fat Ghetto Freaks*, *Pregnant Freaks* and *Freaky Midgets*; and Hiphopbling.com, where you can buy huge, crystal-encrusted necklaces in the shape of Jesus or Stevie from *Family Guy*, and Barack Obama belt buckles. Want to advertise your company with a tattoo on Billy?

Email boxingchamps@bt.com



BUY CURIOUS

Shop-a-doodle-do!



Spread heads

Toothpaste, £2.99, Ketchup, £4.99
Find-me-a-gift.co.uk

Turn your Colgate into cat barf and make your ketchup look like a nosebleed with these minging cap covers, which fit on to the top of toothpaste tubes and tomato sauce bottles.

Heal facial scar gel

£33.50, Healgelshop.com

Developed by five plastic surgeons and a biochemist, this gentle-yet-powerful new wondergel is designed to fade and flatten scars, especially on the face. It's reputedly great for acne marks and reducing the scarring left after piercings have been rejected or removed.



Hand job sex machine

£349.99, Lovehoney.co.uk

We've heard amazing reviews of this Japanese work-robot from a chap who had a stroke (for once, no pun intended) and could no longer tug himself off. However, it makes a sound like a sewing machine.



Anti-climatic wrapping paper

£1.80 for two sheets
Rulewrappings.co.uk

Printed with slogans including, "I can't wait to see your face when you open this and try to mask the disappointment," "Don't worry, I've left the receipt inside," and, "The wrapping paper cost more than the present."





Fresh orange organic bumhole spritz

£17.95, TheLatexDrawerShop.co.uk

Do you want to explore and play, but are worried that your brown eye might stink, even after a shower?

This relaxing spray will make your out-hole smell like fresh fruit, instead of an out-house.



Latex crafting starter kit

From \$50 (£33)

ElasticEngineering.com

Everything you need to start making your own rubber outfits, including latex, glue, cutters, seam cleaner, shiner, and instructions. Now, what to call your designer brand? Squelchy & Gabbana? Henry Bellend? Alexander McQueef?

Rubber up, buttercup

Kim and Jim from long-running London fetish night Club RUB have started running workshops on how to make latex clobber. The next classes will be in early March. Check out

ClubRub.com/index.php/workshops The videos and instructions on Latex Kitty's website are really good, too.

Adventures@Latex.com



Bathroom bondage suction handcuffs

£17.95, TheLatexDrawerShop.co.uk

Industrial-strength suction cups with cuffs attached, so you can get tied up in the bath or shower. Alternatively, try using them to root your slave's feet to a tiled kitchen floor, so they can't go anywhere until they've finished scrubbing it clean.

KIM AND CRAFT WITH ME, KNOBLETS!



WIN!

A BOX STUFFED WITH 'BUY CURIOUS' SHITE!

Will you take anything if it's free? Enter our competition to win a load of products from these pages, plus whatever crud we find lying around the office! Fill in this coupon (photocopies are fine) and send it to: Bizarre, Dennis Publishing, 30 Cleveland Street, London W1T 4JD, for your chance to win. Yep, you gotta use old school snail mail!

Name: _____

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Email: _____

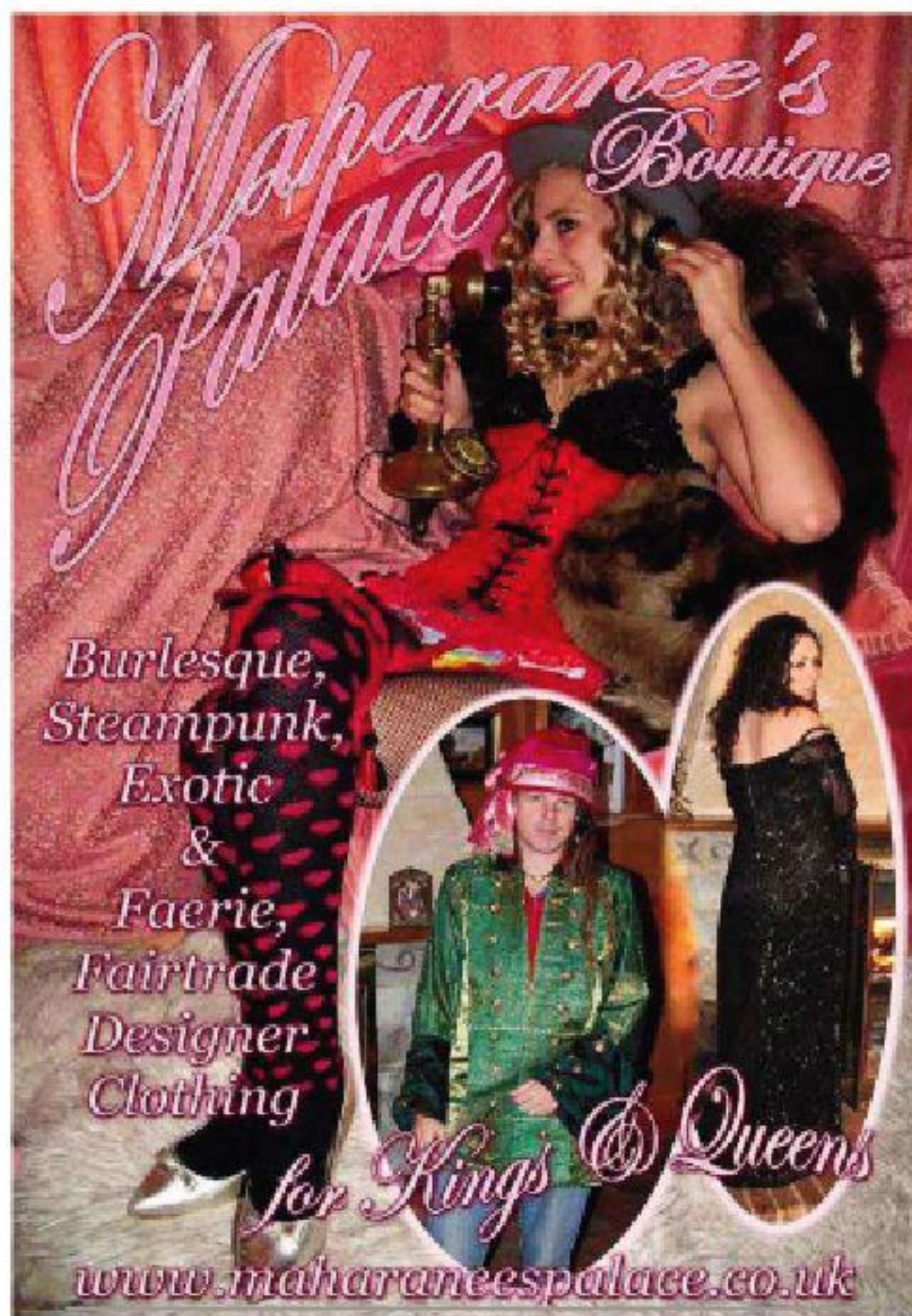
USE THIS SPACE TO DRAW A CRAP PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAVE CELEB. IN THE STYLE OF SEXTON MING (see p34)



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YOUR freaky artwork!

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Vote for **YOUR** favourite Ultra Vixen! Who'll win? You decide!

56 Ultra Vixens Winner 2010

See what happened when **Colette Von Tort** got a Bizarre makeover!



Ultra Vixens



Readers' Art



Your Body Art

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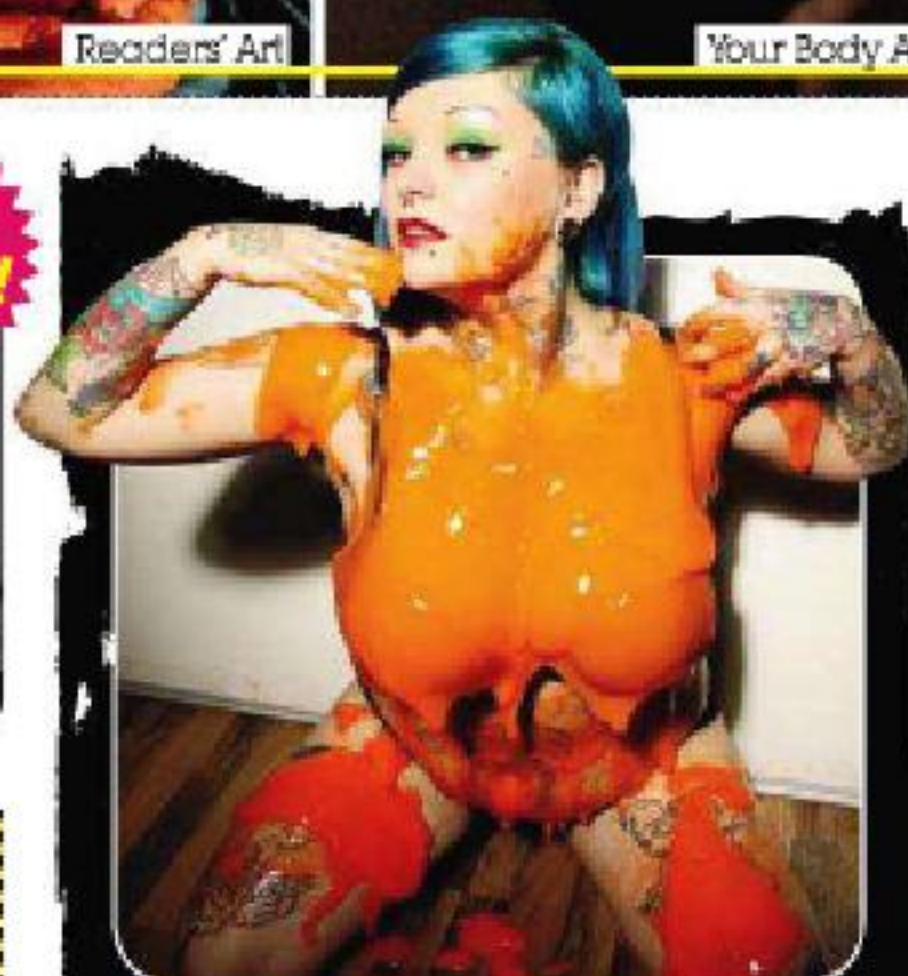
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BIZARRE Junk mail

EDITED BY AUNTIE DEN
AUNTIEDEN@DENNIS.CO.UK

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Every month, the writer of our Dumpstar! letter wins a bottle of Sailor Jerry Spiced Rum, which will warm the cockles of the hardest of hearts!

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SKULL'N'CROSS BONER

I might not have won last year's Ultra Vixens competition, but I want to say a big, fat 'thank you' to *Bizarre* and Jane Doe Latex! I won the lovely skull eye patch and pasties from one of the first rounds of the contest, and I promised my voters I'd photograph myself wearing them (below). I keep my promises. Thanks to everyone who voted, and congratulations to winner Collette Von Tora!

Shelly d'Inferno

Auntie Den says: Flick to p56 to see your Ultra Vixens queen, Collette Von Tora, wearing nothing but a minge-singeing neon tube!



Dumpstar!

OFF HIS 'ED

On p3 every issue of *Bizarre* it says, 'If it's strange, challenging, fun or sexy, you'll read about it in *Bizarre* first'. Well, that's true...

You wrote about my webshow *Laugh Or Cry TV* in the 'Extreme Readers' feature in *Bizarre* 167 and, because of the coverage, I now have my own weekly spot on New York cable TV! I was also in *The Sun* in January this year, on Las Vegas radio, and I have a meeting lined up with MTV, all because of my *Bizarre* feature. Cheers guys!

Ed Surname, by email. Catch him at Laughorcrytv.com

Auntie Den says: Ed! You've hit the medium time! *Bizarre* couldn't be happier for you! Just make sure, when you've 'made it', and you're eating diamonds for breakfast, you remember to sling your dear old nan (below) a few quid. That poor woman's suffered enough. Has *Bizarre* ruined or realised your dreams? Write in and tell us about it.



Ed's Nan's the nurturing sort

Ed makes Richard Madeley laugh

EPIC-DERMIS

I just wanted to say 'thanks' for having me in the 'Skin Canvas' feature (*Bizarre* 170, right). It's great to see my artwork on flesh!

Mitch O'Connell, Illinois, USA

Auntie Den says: To be honest, Mitch, it was the naked picture you sent me of yourself lying on a fur rug (no joke, readers), that swung it. You know how to push my well-depressed buttons. See more of Mitch's brilliant designs at MitchOConnell.com.



Mitch, hush. Mosh!



Sean Rigs Global Hypercolour the bird

CABLE GUY

I'm a child of the 1980s and a geek, so the original *Tron* has always been near and dear to my heart. I'm also a big fan of costuming, and like to push the boundaries of working with different materials and technologies.

So, I merged my two passions and made a *Tron* suit. The first one I made was a good effort. I wore it out to clubs, parties, and bars. People loved it! I got bumped to the front of lines, got free drinks from bartenders and girls, and crowd-surfed to the stage at gigs.

Unfortunately, it was a bitch to wash, because I'd used fragile, electroluminescent wire, and I had to pack my cargo pants full of batteries to keep the thing running.

I decided to make a way cooler one, and came up with the idea for the new leather and LED *Tron* suit you see in the photo (above).

I finished it about three hours before the new movie opened in the US. I turned it on and ran out the door – without even looking in the mirror – to grab a few pints before heading over to my local cinema for the opening night.



Munging in reverse

Illustration by [illegible]

It was difficult to find material for the shirt that could withstand the heat of the 190 LEDs I used, and allow the light to diffuse. It's powered by batteries that have the same capacity as the iPad's battery. They're easily concealed and keep me glowing for five hours. My only concern is that the batteries could catch fire, so if you see a guy, dressed as a chap from *Tron*, running down the street with a flaming crotch, help him out. You can see more of my projects at SheetMetalAlchemist.com.

Sean the Sheet Metal Alchemist,
San Francisco, USA

Auntie Den says: Sean, you're a clever bastard, and poncing about in public, wearing your *Tron* suit, proves you don't mind who knows it. By the way, this garment is officially better than the film remake.

CASTLE LAYSKULL

I recently did some modelling for a photographer friend of mine who was shooting a series called *Urban Decay*. I posed for the sex pictures, which basically involved getting shafted by a skeleton (above). Enjoy!

Izzy Maskort, by email



There's a makeshift dildo in there somewhere!

Are you sure this ship isn't a taxidermist?

STEPTOE AND FUN!

My lovely girlfriend took me on holiday to New York, and we wandered into Williamsburg, Brooklyn, where I came across my absolute wet dream: a dusty old junk shop.

There were so many crazy finds inside, I just wanted to build an ark of rotten old sofas, broken TVs, record players, grandfather clocks and discarded baby-doll heads.

The best thing I saw was this weird fireplace (above), complete with



a built-in glass cabinet, holding a model boat puffing out cotton-wool smoke!

Keep on crapping out the good work, you bunch of *Bizarre* slags!

Mangeye, by email

BUY CURIOUS

Everyone's a winner...

... well, not really!

In *Bizarre* 171 we asked you to test our gag reflexes by drawing the symptoms of a fantasy disease. God help anyone who contracts these...

WINNER!

Danny Girty, Manchester rose to the occasion with this ropey old rod complete with maggot invaders. Yuld

CLOSE, BUT NO CIGAR:

Laura Adams, Cheshire, tickled our fancy with this pun-tastic picture, and it was a good effort from **Cassandra Willmson, Lincolnshire**, for a fungus-infected skin-flute. Drag your rotting genitals over to p39 for our next sketch challenge!



Fränge-ula Fever



The Warehouse

By Carl Huber

WAREHOUSECOM

WHAT'S IN A NAME



twitter

Your sweet tweets...

I got the latest *Bizarre* and actually have hope that it's done a U-turn, and is going to once again provide the kind of morbid stuff I love.
@justlostin

Bizarre is quality, but it needs more dubstep and drumnbass. I can help!
@Aemsi

Someone near-civilisation, please send me the new *Bizarre* or I'll be forced to read *Wuthering Heights*.
@Angelfuck11

I'm a finalist for *Bizarre's* Clash Of The Tattoos competition. I've always wanted to visit Brighton, too! Wish me luck!
@Miss_October

I'm just reading the top 50 Greatest Geeks (*Bizarre* 172), and I see that you've taken Clive Sinclair's knighthood away from him. Poor Sir Clive...
@andrewfarron

EYES WIDE SHUT

Here's my attempt to give myself a fun manga face (below)! What else is a girl to do on her day off? Thanks for the great inspiration, nutjobs!

Slam Jones, via YourBizarre



VOTE FOR VIPERS!

I work at a newsagent and *Bizarre* is the only mag I buy for myself. However, something has troubled me, lately. You have Ultra Vixens, but what about the men? I'm not complaining about the Vixens – they all make my day a bit brighter – but what happened to the small Vipers Nest section you used to have in the mag? I'm sure there are readers who'd like to hear from the alternative men of this world. Hell, if you bring it back, I'd happily get myself a pro shoot done and send it in. What do you think, Auntie Den?

Luke Leicester



Auntie Den says: When we've asked men-folk to submit their snaps, they've always been the same: dudes standing in their grubby boxers with a daft prop (left). It ain't sexy. Until I see something decent in my inbox, I'm not wasting the page space. Take a leaf out of the Vixens' book, and go for it!

COPYCAT TATT

I read your interview with Amina Munster with interest and fully agreed with her comments about Heather Mills – a woman I would happily slap until my palm bled. However, her comments about tattoo plagiarism seem a bit hypocritical. She said, "By getting a cheap copy of a design, you're stealing it from the

talented artist who originally drew it."

I don't completely disagree with Amina, but I noticed that she has a Disney-inspired cartoon character inked on her left arm (above). Isn't this a cheap copy of the original artwork designed by a talented artist? The guy who originally drew this worked for Walt Disney on the iconic film, *Cinderella* (1950).

I have no problem with Amina being a copycat, but she should think twice before judging others for doing the same.

Ru, by email

facebook

I think you guys need to get the readers' sick fiction section back... or give me a page every month.
Stacey Silver

My shitty job barely keeps me alive, never mind travelling down to London for CUT! Buggary fuck, is what I say.
Toria Oxytoxin

Can I get a bit of Broadbent's beard?
Scott Logan

I like the smell of plaque built up between teeth. Something about it is rather alluring to me... and petrol.
Alex James Bear Adamson

Live tattoo event in March!
Loveartlondon.com/tattoo-live
Amanda Sutton

I've just done a shoot with Tina K Photography again! I remember the first one I did with her, for *Tattoo*, in 2006. It was my first catalogue shoot, and it was advertised in *Bizarre*.
Ulrich Vex



Bizarre's Proud To Be Different campaign was launched in response to the death of Sophie Lancaster (left), the 21-year-old from Bacup, Lancashire, who was attacked for her alternative appearance in August 2007. Sophie's boyfriend, Robert Maltby, was also attacked, but he survived.

SAMARITANS

HOW CAN YOU HELP?

Samaritans are the charity partner of Proud To Be Different. Samaritans are contacted over five million times a year by people in emotional distress. To maintain a 24-hour service, the charity needs to raise over £10m each year. To make a donation call 08709 00 00 32

**proud
to be
different
BIZARRE**

IS NOW ONLINE

Join debates on our Proud To Be Different forum at Tinyurl.com/proudforum

SHOW YOUR SUPPORT HELP STAMP OUT HATE AND PREJUDICE

The Sophie Lancaster Foundation was set up to ensure a lasting tribute to Sophie, and aims to "Stamp out Prejudice, Hatred and Intolerance Everywhere". The charity has also created educational workshops, which it has introduced in schools, in a bid to challenge the prejudice and intolerance directed at people from alternative subcultures. Help them work towards creating a less violent society, by making a donation at Sophielancasterfoundation.com



It's a fuddy old game

ARSE TO FOOT

I parked next to this van (right) not so long ago, and did a double-take at the company name, 'Our Soles'. Imagine if you were an employee there and had to answer the phone, or tell people where you worked? Awesome!

Marlen James, Southampton

Auntie Den says: My cousin, Miriam, used to work for a scaffolding company called Mammoth Erection. She picked up a lot of extra business on the side...

PERFECT PHYS-GEEK

Wow! I thought *Bizarre* was losing its way, but the geek issue (*Bizarre 172*) got my spectacles steamed up, my vest sweaty, my superman briefs stained and my complex, geeky brain satisfied. Well done!

Your cover girl Von actually looked like my 'perfect girlfriend' sketches. Unfortunately, it's going to take a hell of a long time before my sketches will be a fully-functioning android chick, so I was wondering if you had extra geeky pictures of her to keep me ticking over?

Darren Wright, by email

Auntie Den says: When you say 'ticking' you actually mean 'wanking', right? You can see more of Von, and our other super-hot cover gals, at Bizarremag.com.



NEXT MONTH!

BIZARRE 174
ON SALE 15 MARCH



PICTURE: JILL LICHMAN

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!

AMAZING PICS FROM PAPUA NEW GUINEA, WHERE BODILY FLUIDS ARE DRAINED FROM CORPSES AND SMEARED ALL OVER THE LIVING!



PICTURE: NEVILLE ELLER

FUNNY BUSINESS!

JOIN BIZARRE FOR OUR EXCLUSIVE COUNTDOWN OF THE BEST ALTERNATIVE COMEDIANS IN THE UK!

HOUSE ON THE ROCK!

FOLLOW BIZARRE'S AUNTIE DEN AS SHE POKES AROUND THE WEIRDEST HOUSE IN THE USA!

PLUS!

THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING PHOTOS!
BIZARRE'S HOTTEST READERS!

Here's **Brian** from the USA, keeping the bathroom theme going, but this time swapping the throne for the tub.

WHERE DO YOU READ YOURS?

Most of you enjoy perusing *Bizarre* on the crapper, just like King Karim Jamal (right), but we want to see you reading the world's greatest rag on the highest peaks, in the lowest valleys... and in the weirdest places!



"BRIAN'S UNDERWATER LOVIN' IS GOOD, BUT THE WATER'S NOT FILTHY ENOUGH."

Parties

WORDS DENISE STANBROUGH
PHOTOS JOE PLIMMER

DETAILS

VENUE: South London Pacific, London

DATE: 16 January

WEB: MissAloha.co.uk/jam

HULA BOOGIE 8TH ANNIVERSARY

AS SETTINGS GO, THE TROPICAL backdrop of London's most renowned tiki bar couldn't have been a better place to host the capital's favourite vintage music night, *Hula Boogie*. In fact, this is the regular haunt of all of *Hula Boogie*'s shindigs, and also where they coax out the fancy-footed (and the two left-footed) to learn how to jive, swing, jitterbug, lindy hop, rock and, indeed, roll.

Organiser Miss Aloha also specialises in DJing for crowds hungry for the best vintage music from the 1930s, 40s and 50s, and her vinyl-spinning gigs abroad, resulting in strong ties with Europe's retro scene, have definitely paid off. Foot-stampin' Italian stallions the Ballroom Kings swung it on the bamboo stage, and Parisian DJ Turkey got the dancefloor awash with bouncing gals in booty-hugging pencil skirts, and gyrating guys with hair slicker than a BP oil spill.

Bizarre sipped on a rich rum and coconut 'Miss Aloha' cocktail, although the Zombie and Suffering Bastard concoctions nearly led us astray, while the lady herself handed out chocolate Jive bars to keep boppers topped up with sugar. Hot dog!



Robin had to quash rumours he'd raped Mrs Santa Claus in the car park



Gerard travelled from France to boogie on English soil



Miss Aloha proves she really is the hostess with the mostess



Brisa
"I love seeing people dancing together and having a great time"



WANT US TO PHOTOGRAPH YOUR PARTY?

Email Your.Bizarre@denims.co.uk or text 82189*, allowing your message to BIZ LETTER

Rosie

"This night is for all ages. I go to swing dance lessons where a 70-year-old throws me up in the air!"



Christie and Alex

Christie: "I love getting dressed up for something that's worth the while"



Jana

"At Hula Hoops you can forget the era you're in and be in the era you wish you were in"



Kate and Nisreen

Kate: "There's no sleaziness here like you sometimes get in a modern club"



Jack and Auntie Den

Jack: "I've been into the scene since I was little, listening to my dad's record collection"



Martina and Danny

Danny: "Women, from the era this night celebrates, could look feminine without pandering to men"

* EACH TEXT MESSAGE COSTS 25P PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE. FOR HELP EMAIL MOBILE@DENIMS.CO.UK OR WRITE TO MOBILE DEPARTMENT, DENIMS, 30 CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON W1T 4UD

YOUR Body Art

READER TATTS AND BODY MODS

BIZARRE CLASH OF THE TATTS 2011

NEXT MONTH: FIND OUT WHO WON OUR INK COMPETITION!

That's right! *Bizarre* is packing up its itchy biltzy teeny weeny yellow polka dot bikini (and a fucking big scarf), and taking off to blustery Brighton for its annual tattoo convention, to judge your ink!

For the past three months we've been on the hunt for the most original, weird, and inspiring tattoos in the UK. Joining us at Brighton will be the chosen lucky finalists who caught our

eye with their unique skin art, including one of last year's contestants, Daniel Wheeldon! In 2010 Dan showed off his bonkers tattoo, depicting cows being abducted by aliens, to the Brighton judges, including a perplexed Dan Gold. Sadly, he wasn't victorious. Check out the next issue to see if he succeeds in rendering *London Ink's* Phil Kyle speechless with his new tattoo, in his unwavering bid to win *Bizarre's* CLASH OF THE TATTS 2011!

Dan's entry
for last year's
competition

RIP SHONE

Bizarre learned the sad news that Shone Davis, who was involved with running Magnum Opus Tattoo studio with Phil Kyle, passed away on 28 December.

Phil says, "Shone's legacy will continue through Magnum Opus tattoo, and we kindly ask well-wishers to hold onto the flowers, and instead make a donation to Samaritans.org



PICTURE: ASHLEY

JENN SELBY LONDON



WHO DID IT? Matt Difa at Jolie Rouge Tattoo, London.

WHAT IS IT? Two Pegasus horses on either side of my chest, and a Greek battle scene in the middle.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? I love history and the idea came from the film *300*.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET FROM PEOPLE?

I don't have many tattoos so people don't often say things to me. I keep my chest covered for job interviews, but I get strange looks at my current job. Some people assume I'm gay.

WHAT DO YOUR FAMILY THINK ABOUT IT?

My sister is heavily tattooed and my parents were hippies in the 1960s, so they're not bothered.

GOT ANY MORE PLANNED? I'm going to have a full sleeve of all my favourite prog rock album covers, including Pink Floyd's. I also want a Satanic inverted cross, but I'm not sure where yet.



ELDMER CORNWALL



WHO DID THEM? Cris Bagnall at Aquaries Tattoo Studio, Bude, Cornwall.

WHAT ARE THEY? Thick black outlines of scorpions.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE THEM? I'm a Scorpio, and my son and I were born on the same day, so I got

a pair. I'm a typical Scorpio – I have a sting in my tail.

WHAT KIND OF RESPONSE DO YOU GET?

People seem to like the simplicity of them. They instantly know what they're looking at without having to study them too much.

WHAT DO YOUR FAMILY THINK ABOUT THEM?

My son is five, and he wants two scorpions on his arms, like his dad!

GOT ANY MORE PLANNED? I'm doing an apprenticeship at the tattoo shop where I had these done, so no doubt I'll be used as guinea pig!



SHOW US YOUR BODY MODS!

Send us pics of your tats
via Bizarremag.com or email
AuntieDen@dennis.co.uk

The best ones will
make it into the
magazine!

ARRAN TANSWELL SHREWSBURY

WHO DID IT? Colin Jones at Stained Class Tattoo, Shrewsbury.

WHAT IS IT? A blue tiger.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT?

It's inspired by a back piece by Filip Leu, a tattooist at The Leu Family Iron in Sainte-Croix, Switzerland. It has no personal or spiritual meaning for me; I just think it's a great piece of art.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET

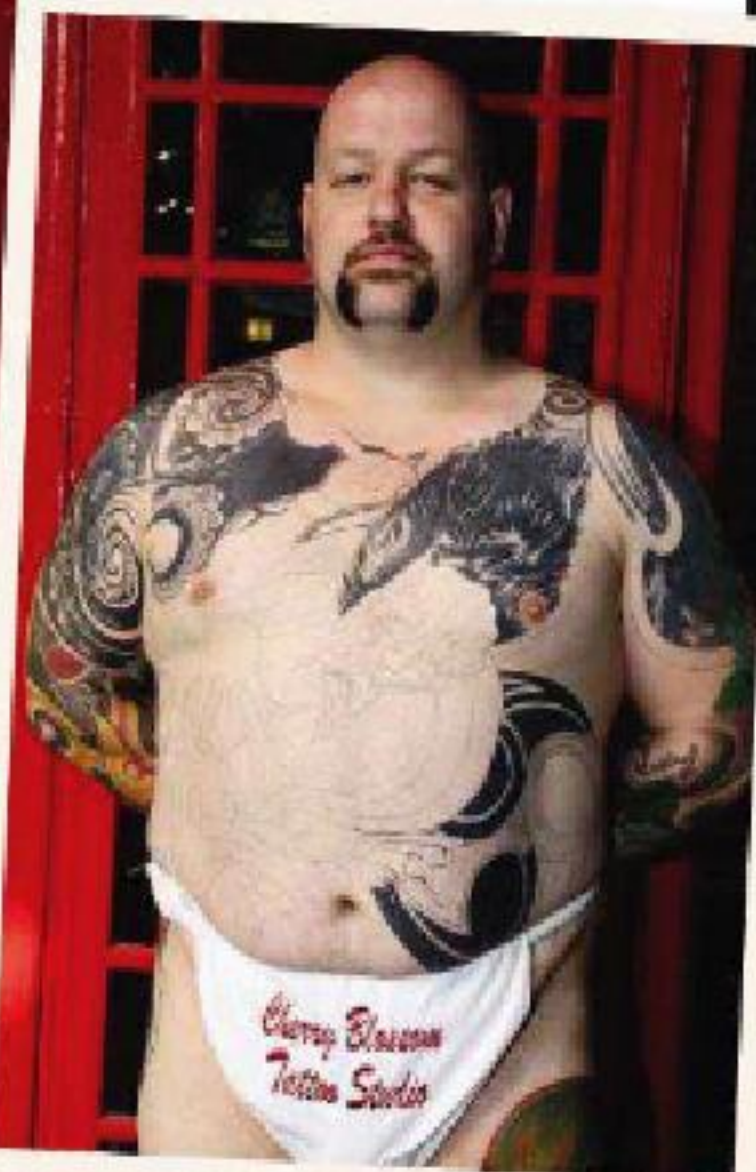
FROM PEOPLE? Usually, awe and appreciation. Even people who don't like tattoos appreciate the skill involved.

WHAT DO YOUR FAMILY THINK

ABOUT IT? I'm fortunate to have a family that supports me in my decisions. They love it as much as I do and can't wait to see what comes next.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT

HAVING TATTOOS? The attention, the way it feels when I'm waiting for the next bit of ink, the friends I've made, the confidence it's given me, and feeling just different enough.



PICTURE: ASHLEY

Readers' Art

YOUR DOODLES AND MASTERPIECES



Jaime Richards

Kent

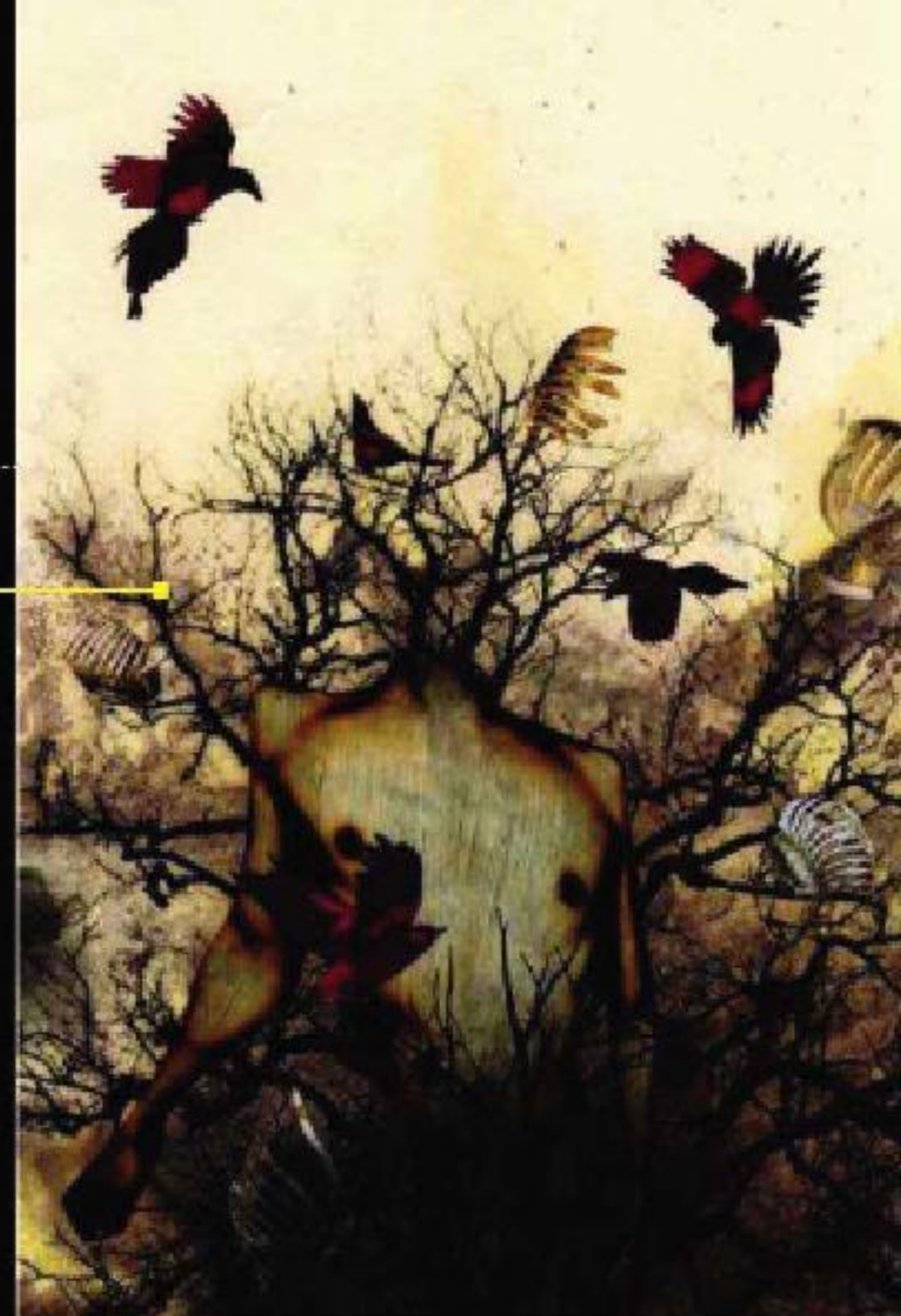
"I'm inspired by sadness, fragility, unusual beauty... and ribcages. This painting is called 'The Voyage', after a poem from Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs Du Mal*."

MySpace.com/jaimerichardsillustration

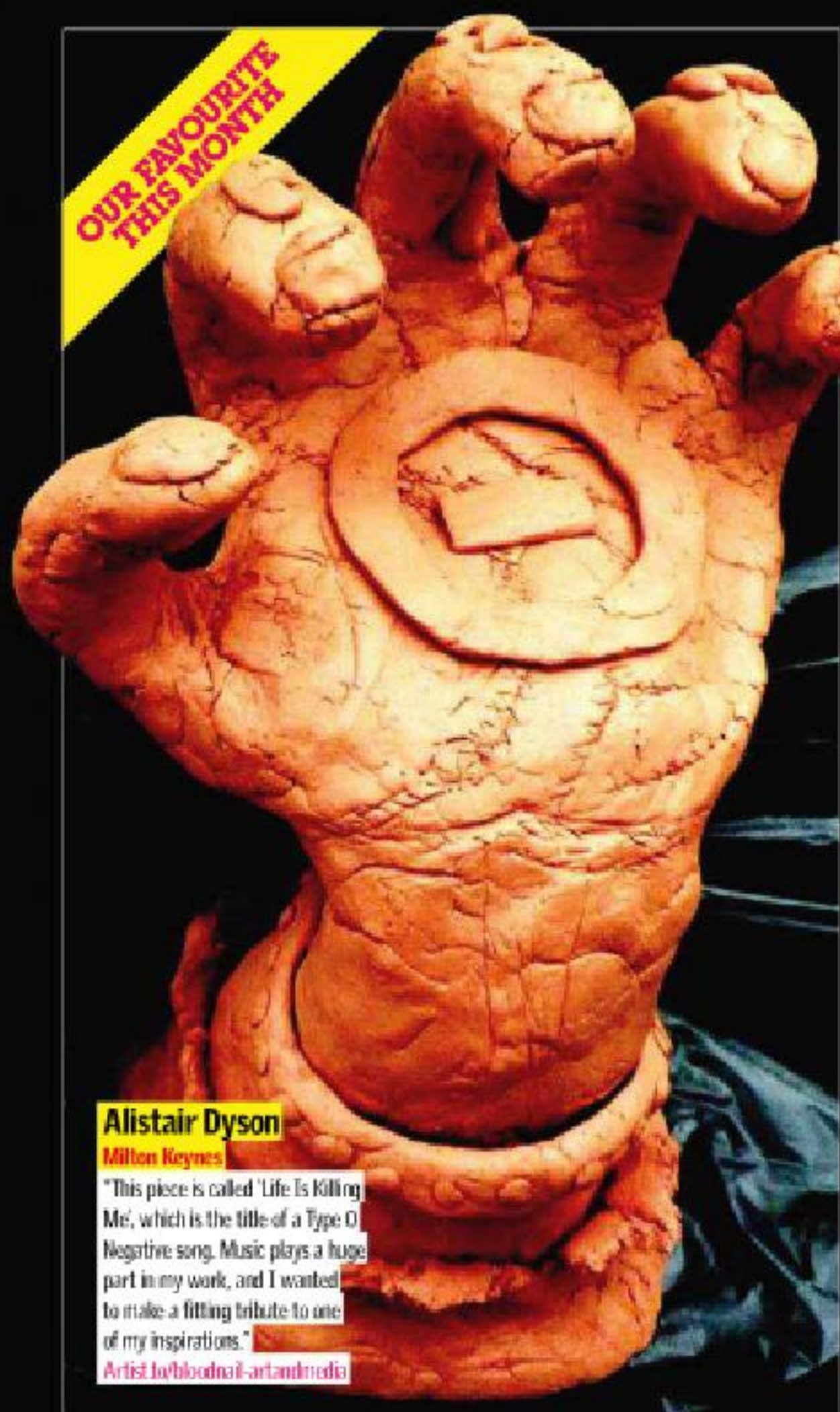
Gavin Pollock

Cumbria

"I named this 'Samurai Zombie Shi'. The word 'shi' means 'four' in Japanese, and also means 'death'."



OUR FAVOURITE
THIS MONTH



Alistair Dyson

Milton Keynes

"This piece is called 'Life Is Killing Me', which is the title of a Type O Negative song. Music plays a huge part in my work, and I wanted to make a fitting tribute to one of my inspirations."

Artist: lu@bloodnail-artandmedia



Lowell Lucas Jr

Colorado, USA

"I always try to show enthusiasm and detail in my work, and what better way to show enthusiasm than with my inspiration: fantasy!"

Next Month

We reveal the winner of Bizarre's 2010 Readers' Art competition!

JOIN US FOR A FEAST OF DECADENT NAUGHTINESS...

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GUESTS AND ACTS TO BE CONFIRMED

FOR MORE INFO AND TICKETS VISIT
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WEGOTTICKETS.COM SEETICKETS.COM

Go to ultravixens.net to see photos, videos and blogs of thousands of girls. The finest new foxes make it on to these pages every issue!

BIZARRE'S Ultra Vixens



Megan Gardner

20, Ohio, USA

"I like skinny, nerdy boys with strange interests. If you don't make me question your sanity on at least one occasion, I'll have no interest in you. Before I snuff it, I want to own at least 100 pairs of heels, and live in a Japanese castle."

To download Megan Gardner's picture to your mobile, text BIZV181 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE

* PICTURE DOWNLOADS COST £1.50 PER PICTURE. STANDARD DATA CHARGES MAY ALSO APPLY. NO SUBSCRIPTION REQUIRED. TO STOP SERVICE TEXT 'STOP' TO 86737. FOR HELP/ENQUIRIES CALL 0944 561 6400 OR WRITE TO: REGISTERED ADDRESS: MESSAGE FACTORY PO BOX 394, CAMPS, CR22 5NL. PROMOTED MESSAGES MAY BE SENT.



Maja
21, Suffolk

"I once had a foursome with three friends outside a police station at night. It was two girls, a guy and me. I'm not quite sure how I got into that situation, and I'm not as promiscuous these days. It was only oral, though..."

To download Maja's picture to your mobile, text BIZV182 to 86737

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BlancheNeige
22, Quebec, Canada

"I'm a kitten with great ambitions and great aspirations. I'm well-anchored in my environment, but I'm possessed by an adventurous spirit and love to travel. I sometimes work as a malicious nurse in Quebec's largest haunted house!"

To download BlancheNeige's picture to your mobile, text BIZV183 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Hxillyx
18, Caithness, Scotland

"I once went to a party dressed as a vampire. When I woke up the next morning, I was flat on my face on the bathroom floor of a farmhouse in the middle of nowhere, wearing a boiler suit."

To download Hxillyx's picture to your mobile, text BIZV184 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Moxie Mantrap
30, Tennessee, USA

"I love lifting weights, and I work out nearly every day. I've had my ass kicked, and did a little ass-kicking myself, in front of 2,000 people, in a pro boxing match. The movie *Eyes Wide Shut* sums up my favourite sexual fantasy."

To download Miss Mischief's picture to your mobile, text BIZV185 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*

Miss Deadly Red

18, Portsmouth

"One of the kindest things I've ever done is dress up in nothing other than cotton wool and some wine, and parade around London for the day - all in the name of cosplay. I'll always be a nerd!"

To download Miss Deadly Red's picture to your mobile, text BIZV188 to 86737

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Dalia Dean

27, California, USA

"My greatest achievement is surviving a drug habit and a stint in prison, which made me sort out my life. I admire 1930s sex symbol Jean Harlow - she was sexy and funny when women weren't supposed to be."

To download Dalia Dean's picture to your mobile, text BIZV187 to 86737

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Miu Midnight

21, Oxford

"I've been told that I'm cute, but evil at the same time. I love anything black and pink, shiny stuff, butterflies, and cupcakes, and own a large number of high heels. I admire Angelspit vocalist, Amelia Arsenio; she's so creative with her style."

To download Miu Midnight's picture to your mobile, text BIZV188 to 86737

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Sign up now at UltraVixens.net

WHAT YOU WIN

The winning Ultra Vixen from each issue gets a latex skull-and-crossbones eyepatch and nipple tassels, designed by Bizarre fave Jane Doe Latex. JanedoeLatex.com



Ultra Vixens winner 2010!

TURN THE PAGE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED WHEN BIZARRE GOT ITS GRUBBY MITTS ON YOUR 2010 ULTRA VIXEN WINNER, THE GORGEOUS COLLETTE VON TORA (LEFT)!



WORDS DEMISE STANBOROUGH
PHOTOS JOE PLIMMER

FOR VICTORY

Ultra Vixens winner **Collette Von Tora** shows us the light, and a whole lot more...

Seeing our Ultra Vixens winner pose so naturally in front of the camera, it's hard to imagine she's been doing anything else with her 31 years on Earth. The minute the shutter starts clicking, her eyes flicker into action, an injection of instant sex appeal shoots into her veins, and she comes alive.

But for all her composure, it's clear that Collette's feeling as giddy as a schoolgirl on a first date. While waiting between lighting and set changes, she grins insanely, and "oohs" and "aahs" over her latex boob-straps and sleek stockings. In short, she's overwhelmed at being *Bizarre*'s Ultra Vixens winner.

"I started reading *Bizarre* when I was at school," says Collette. "The truth is, I sent my pictures into the Ultra Vixens competition on an absolute whim. I thought to myself, 'It'd be awesome to be featured in the magazine, but it's never going to happen,'" she laughs. "I owe a lot to Donna Craddock of Click Click Bang Photography, who took the winning shot."

COLLETTE
VON TORA



Collette also never thought that some of Europe's top latex designers would suddenly develop an interest in her, given that last year many of them were knocking back her requests to model for them.

"I really wanted to model for some of those latex houses, but felt like I was banging my head against a brick wall when they suggested I had the wrong look," she says. "When word got out that I was doing a *Bizarre* shoot, and a subscribers' cover, they completely changed their tune."

Crazy nights

Despite the sexy, grounded, confident woman we see before us, Collette used to be so lost in the moment that she didn't build a future for herself. She's only been serious about modelling for four years, three of which have been peppered with knockbacks, financial losses and creepy men with cameras, and she admits that these experiences would've deterred her before.

"I was completely hedonistic and a right party animal in my twenties," she admits. "I was →

LEADING LIGHT

**"I entered
the Ultra Vixens
competition on
an absolute
whim"**

ASSISTANT: HECTOR
PLIMMER, HAIR AND
MAKE-UP: JOHANNA DALEMO,
COSTUMES AND STYLING:
FLORENCE DRUART AND
THE HOUSE OF HARLOT

HOUSE
OF
Harlot

SHOES: NATACHA MARRO
NECKLACE: PRIMO JEWELLERY

LEADING LIGHT

out drinking all the time, and thought I was the bees knees for no reason. With no direction, I really didn't know what the fuck I was doing."

Collette claims she can provide the names and addresses of people who won't ever talk to her again because of past irresponsible behaviour, and admits she's moved around the UK a lot in the past to shake off her history.

But while Collette's lifestyle continued to spiral out of control, a stark wake-up call was lurking around the corner. "I don't want to talk about specifics, but it eventually all came crashing down like everyone said it would," she recalls. "It was a bad experience that left me a little damaged for

"Bizarre readers have been rooting for me to win this competition"

a while, but it was epic and life-changing. After I stopped being so self-absorbed, I came out the other side a better person."

Acting the part

With thicker skin now, and an endearing gratefulness that suggests hard lessons have been learned, Collette's been pleasantly surprised at how welcoming and supportive the alternative community has been. "A lot of my friends on Facebook are *Bizarre* readers and they've been rooting for me," she says.

Their support has encouraged Collette to keep modelling and revisit her other passion: acting. "I went to drama and dancing school as a kid, but I was told I was too tall or the wrong shape," she explains. "It felt like fight or flight, and luckily I was a fighter so I learnt how to hold my own. My dream is to appear in a big-budget horror!" she says. "I loved *Teen Wolf* and used to have a crush on Michael J Fox, but I'm into zombie films now. I love the *Evil Dead* trilogy and Bruce Campbell is my hero!"

Collette's currently working on the upcoming UK horror, *Slasher House*. She tried out for the lead role in the gore-fest, and sadly lost out to UK's scream queen Eleanor James, but she's still having fun in other roles.

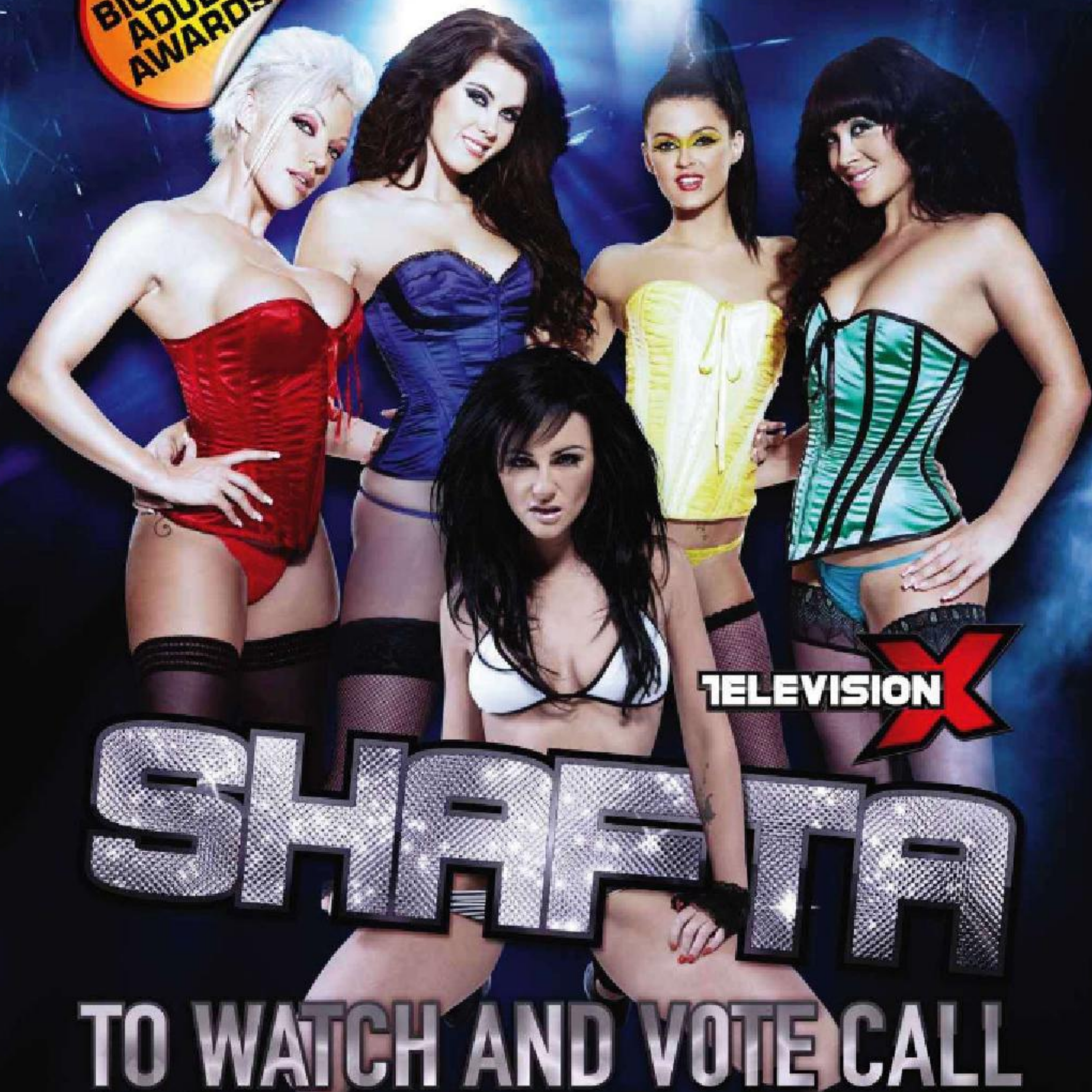
"Of course Eleanor got it," Collette says. "She's quite well-known and who am I? But it was a tough, yet rewarding experience joining the rest of the cast and crew for three weeks of filming at an abandoned prison on the Isle of Man. I've already been dressed as a schoolgirl and decapitated by a massive wrestler wielding a sword. We used a watermelon wearing a wig for that scene, and I'm due to die as another character in future filming."

Once again, Collette's risen to the challenge on *Bizarre*'s sexy shoot. Standing naked, except for a pair of vertigo-inducing heels, with only strategically placed, bright neon tubes covering her modesty, there's no trace of the wayward young girl without direction – just raw ambition and a strong survival instinct. And she's adamant that her Ultra Vixen victory is only the beginning of great things to come. "Resting on my laurels isn't an option," she says, seriously. "I'll enjoy this moment, but from now on, the only way is up."

See more of Collette at BizarreMag.com and UltraVixens.net



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It's your big chance to shine on our cover!

Are you a camera-hungry kinda girl? Do you love nothing more than pulling poses? And do you want to follow in the footsteps of *Bizarre* cover stars such as bendy Mosh, cheeky Alex Sim-Wise or fetish model extraordinaire Masulmi Max? Then enter our competition to find the next top alt.model!

It's the third year of our cover star competition, and we've already seen the stunning Skin race to victory in 2009, followed by the dynamic duo of vivacious Vivi and flame-haired Faye last year. Now we're looking for our next superstar, who must be a hottie with a kick-ass attitude, and a personality that's more bubbly than a glass of champagne. Our star will also need to be up for flashing some flesh – *Bizarre* covers are all about extreme sexiness!

If that sounds like you, then sign up to UltraVixens.net. That's right! This year, our cover star competition is merging with our Ultra Vixens competition. So if you post your pictures to the site, you could be selected to appear on our monthly Ultra Vixens pages. Each month's set of Vixens will still be subject to a reader vote (see p52), where the winner will receive a Jane Doe Latex eyepatch and nipple tassels. But the cover star entries will be collected until Friday 15 July 2011, and judged by our team of experts.

This year's judges are: cover model and latex clothing designer Nina Kate, House Of

Father's Florence Drury, make-up artist Jonanda Dalemio, photographer Bronk Landers, and *Bizarre*'s Art Director, Dave Kelsall. They'll invite their top 10 girls to a casting in London on Friday 26 August 2011, to take part in a professional photoshoot that'll appear in the pages of *Bizarre*. Then one model will be selected for their own special photoshoot, and will grace our cover!

So what are you waiting for? Just create a profile on UltraVixens.net, click on the 'Make Me A Cover Star' button to enter the cover star competition, and upload your snaps for our judges to see. Get entering, and good luck!

How To Enter

- Go to UltraVixens.net and create a profile.
- Click the competition button on your profile to enter, and you'll join a gallery of entrants for our judges to peruse.
- Upload all your best shots so we can see what you look like. Be sure to include snaps of yourself modelling in different styles, so we'll get an idea of how versatile you are.
- Get permission from photographers to upload your images. Amateur snaps are fine, but if a professional has taken your shots, you *must* get their permission to upload them. We'll be printing the best pictures and, by sending them to us, you're giving us permission.
- Fill out all your profile information – whether you like baking or BDSM, we want to hear about your personality!
- Save the date Friday 26 August 2011, in case you've selected for the casting.



Restrictions

- The cover star competition closes on Friday 15 July 2011. You must be at least 18 years old to enter. That means at least 18 now, and at least 18 in the photos you send – unfortunately, coming of age by the closing date isn't sufficient.
- Unfortunately, *Bizarre* can't pay for transport to or from the casting in London on Friday 26 August 2011. Sorry! You'll also be asked to provide your own outfits and do your own styling. There will be a hair and make-up artist on hand to help, but we want to see you rock your individual look!

Got more questions?

See the full list of FAQs at UltraVixens.net



MAKING WAVE



Get wet with rising alt.model **Vanessa Lake**

WORDS **CIARAN MCGRAULEY**
PHOTOS **NICK SAGLIMBENI/ALTERCLUSIVE.COM**

This is truly the year when the alt.community's cup will runneth over with Vanessa Lake. The sultry, super-cute and scantily clothed stunner has only been in the business for two years, but she's made a huge, curvaceous impression on the fetish world. Renowned for hard work and a willingness to try risqué shoots, the rising star in alt.modelling didn't even take a day off for New Year's Eve – while the rest of the world were preparing to celebrate 2011, Vanessa was strutting down Hollywood Boulevard... naked.

"It was such a rush," she giggles. "I was shooting with Gary Breckheimer and he's known for doing nude shoots in public. He's really ballsy and crazy. I was just wearing a big coat and, when the coat was semi-clear, he'd shout, 'Take it off!' And I would. And then people were screaming, 'Oh my God!'"

Even Vanessa's first photoshoot – and break into the industry at age 23 – was an outlandish and brave move for a newbie model. "It was a bondage shoot; I was totally tied up with rope," she reveals. "The guy who did it was a good friend from high school, so I had no problem with it. I was like, 'Sure, if you want to tie me up, go for it!'"

Soon the offers were rolling in and the alt.model's career quickly went stratospheric.

"I'd never really thought about modelling before then," she admits. "I'm only 5ft 6in so I didn't think I could work as an agency model. And, this is embarrassing, but I only got a computer when I was 22. So I didn't know about the world of internet modelling. Thank god for the internet, though!"

Sixties style

Born in Mobile, Alabama – in America's deep south – Vanessa and her parents moved to Palm Springs, California, when she was 12, meaning the beauty retains little of the distinctive Southern twang she grew up with ("although it does come out when I'm drinking," she giggles). Having no real aspirations to be a model, Vanessa became a professional hair and make-up artist in her early twenties. It's a move that's given her a neat fall-back plan, as well as allowing her to perfect her 1960s-inspired glamorous style.

"I love the 1960s the most, and I'm obsessed with the James Bond movies from that time," she explains. "So this has always been my style, and I prefer to control it myself. I've only done three shoots where someone else has done my hair or my make-up."

It doesn't always go to plan though, as the temporarily red-headed Vanessa learned the painful lesson of never to drink and dye. "I'm actually a natural blonde but I wanted to →





colour my hair to strawberry blonde," she recalls. "But I got drunk when I was colouring it, passed out, and it became this deep red. I actually liked the darker colour though, so I just embraced it."

Breast behaviour

Other than her luscious locks, Vanessa is at ease with her obvious physical attributes. "My eyes and my boobs are my favourite body parts," she smiles. "My eyes are just really big and blue and have yellow in them, so they're pretty."

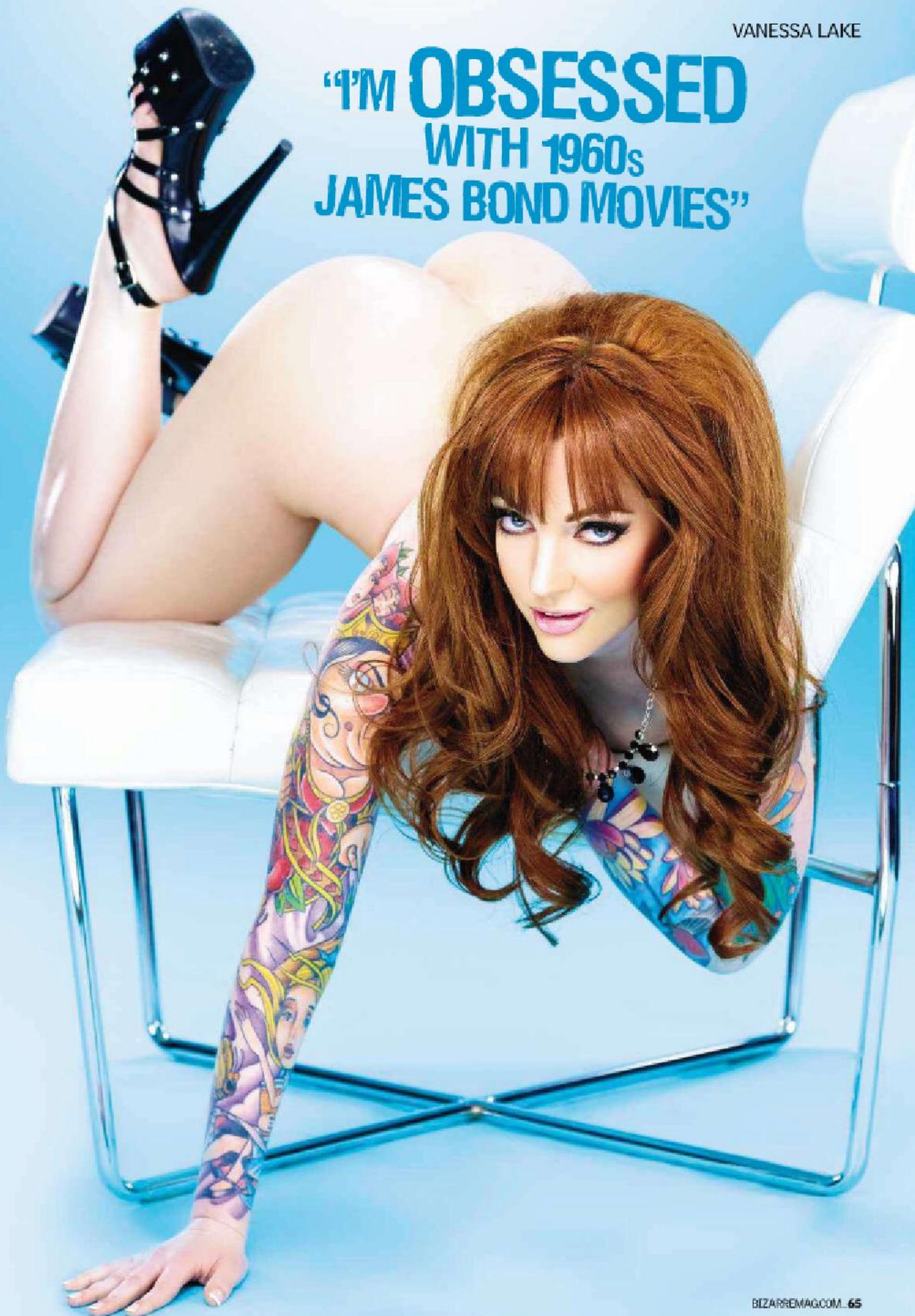
I was voted 'Prettiest Eyes' in high school. There was no prettiest boob contest though, or I would've won that, too..."

Looking at her raunchy pictures, it's obvious Vanessa is no stranger to kink. Along with rope, she lists latex and stockings (she claims she owns hundreds of pairs) among her favourite things. She also enjoys a good tussle with her boyfriend (sorry guys) of two years. "We enjoy spanking – both ways," she offers, coyly. "And we play rough, in general!"

Chest buddies and kink aside, Vanessa is set to make a splash this year. She's hard at work on a paysite (lspgyvanessalake.com), and aims to make it live before the summer. And despite becoming an accidental alt.model sensation, Vanessa is clearly focused on continuing her rise to the top of the industry. "I'm still shocked it's all falling into place," she says. "But I want to keep working hard. I'm not going to lie down, there's plenty more to do. I already know 2011 is going to be a big year for me." 

VANESSA LAKE

"I'M OBSESSED WITH 1960s JAMES BOND MOVIES"



VANESSA LAKE

“I WALKED DOWN
HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
NAKED

—IT WAS SUCH A RUSH!”









VANESSA LAKE

**"I WAS
VOTED
'PRETTIEST
EYES' IN
HIGH SCHOOL.
THERE WAS
NO PRETTIEST
BOOB
CONTEST
THOUGH, OR
I WOULD'VE WON
THAT, TOO..."**

VANESSA
LAKE

BIZARRE

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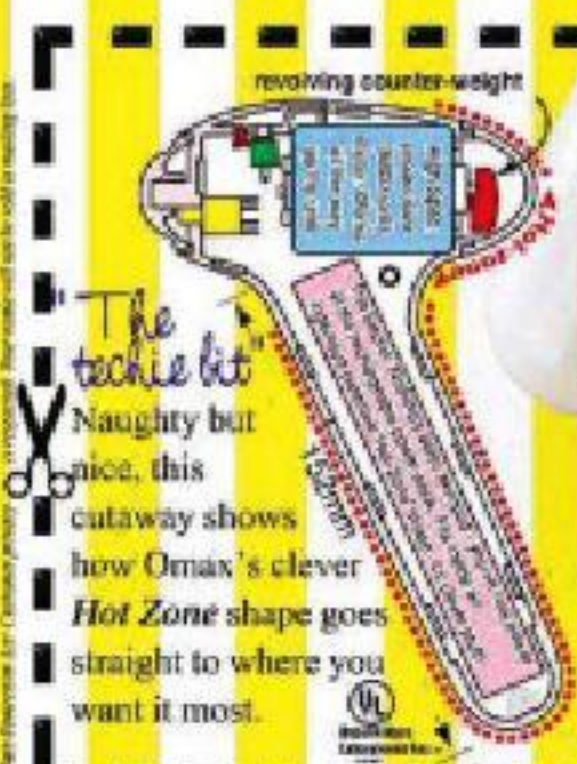
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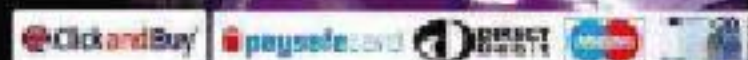
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“My long-lost mum is a

BEARDED LADY!”

Meet the man who discovered his biological mother was a **half-man, half-woman** bearded sideshow star

WORDS MARC HARTZMAN
PHOTOS MARK BERRY

Richard Lorenc doesn't remember anything before age three, when he was taken into foster care. He was later adopted and there was no-one in his life who could fill in the gaps.

He'd always fantasised that his biological mother was Grace Slick from Jefferson Airplane, but he was too busy making a life of his own in Kansas, USA, with a wife and two daughters, to seek the truth. However, when Richard, now 33, injured his back in 2008, he had medical tests that threw up questions about his physiological history, and he started digging.

With help from his adoptive mother, Richard filed a request with the Kansas Department Of Social And Rehabilitation Services, to find out who his biological parents were. Six weeks later, in spring last year, he received a letter from the department stating that his mother was 62-year-old Vivian Wheeler, and that both she and his maternal grandmother had hypertrichosis, also known as werewolf syndrome, and his mother was born with both male and female reproductive organs.

"I was shocked for a second. I didn't know how I was going to present that to people," Richard says.

A giant leap of faith

To find out more about his bearded mum, Richard Googled her name and found photographs of her that seemed to confirm their relationship. "I knew it was her as soon as I saw a picture online," he says. "We have a resemblance." Growing more convinced that Vivian was his mother, Richard stepped up his search and contacted members of the sideshow community and myself, Marc Hartzman. I've been in touch with Vivian on and off for the past seven years since featuring her in my book, *American Sideshow*.

While others were suspicious of Lorenc's claims, I was inclined to believe him. After all, who would make up such a story? →



Vivian, who has lost experience, near her home



Richard got a sideshow surprise when he found out he had a bearded mum



BEARDED MUM

Although I gave him the phone numbers I had for Vivian, none of them were in use anymore, and when I contacted people who knew her, they all said they'd lost touch with her. But Richard managed to find Vivian via the world's tallest sword-swallower, George 'The Giant' McArthur, who lives in Bakersfield, California.

After receiving a letter from Richard, George contacted me to verify that he was genuine, and then agreed to help. George didn't know how to reach Vivian either, but a few weeks later she happened to show up at a park where the 7ft 3in-giant was doing a fire act for a music video shoot. A devout Christian who follows the Seventh Day Adventist Church, Vivian believes the meeting was an act of God. "The Holy Spirit told me to go to the park," she explains. "He told me George had something important to tell me, so I hollered at him from behind. George turned around and told me my son was looking for me."

Her face lit up with the news. "Running into her at the video shoot was off-the-wall," George



recalls. "If you'd seen the expression on her face when I asked her if she had a son you'd know that our meeting was meant to be. Helping someone to find their lost family is the coolest thing in the world."

After chatting with Vivian, George told Richard where he could find his mother. But after 33 years without her, Richard found

it difficult to take the first step and both he, and his wife Jessica, feared that she might've abandoned him. Keen to find out the truth, Jessica took the plunge, dialed the number and put Vivian on speakerphone. "Jessica said she might be married to my son, Richard William Chambers Jr," Vivian explains. "That was the name on his birth certificate."

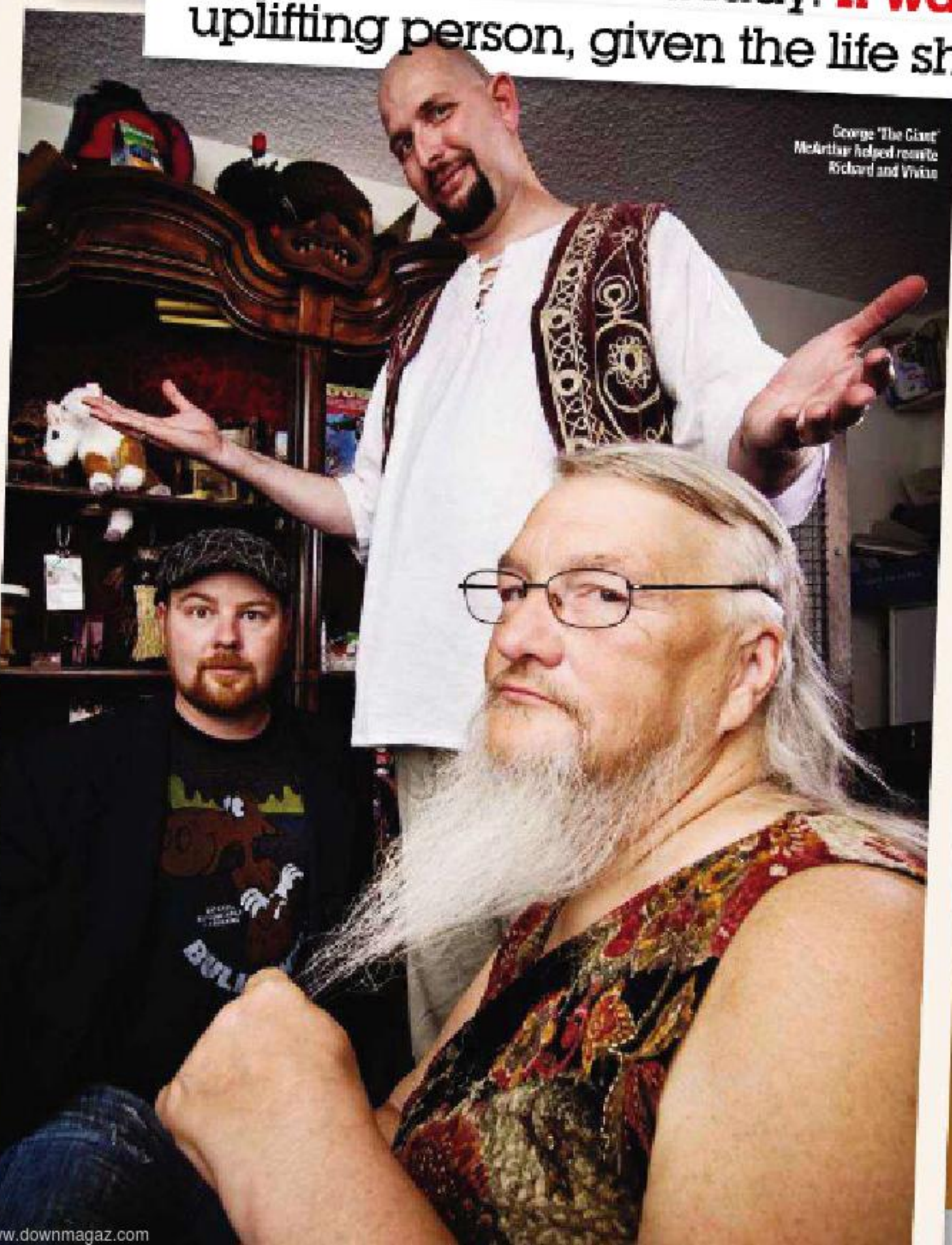
Vivian believes Jessica's call was another divine intervention. "I told Him I wanted to know if I had grandchildren and if my son was alive. Then, like snapping my fingers, his wife called me," she says.

Richard called her the next day and, once they'd spoken, the pair started to believe that they were in fact mother and son.

Body shock

To Vivian, the birth of her son was a miracle. Apart from her beard, she knew that there was something different about her, but her parents had kept her gender identity a secret. It wasn't until Vivian fell pregnant and doctors discovered that her bone structure and hormones were half male that she learned the truth - she'd been born

"My mum was a bearded lady! It was surreal. She's an uplifting person, given the life she's led" Richard



a hermaphrodite. Vivian's mother was desperate for a daughter, after having two sons, so she'd instructed doctors to remove Vivian's penis and testicles, then raised her child as a girl.

Even though Vivian was beautiful in her mother's eyes, her father felt that she'd brought shame on the family and, when she was five, he sent her to work in sideshows. "I don't remember much," Vivian says. "Daddy just sent me away. I never knew where I was going to go next. I just travelled all around the United States."

Working with the Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey circuses, as well as sideshows at state fairs, the bearded child sent almost all of her earnings back home. But despite being exploited by her parents, Vivian doesn't resent them. "My mother and father told me they had to work to take care of their family, so I worked to take care of them, too," she says. "I think they thought what they did was OK."

Between tours, Vivian shaved off her beard. "My dad told me to shave because people wouldn't understand why I had facial hair. He said: 'This is what you'll have to do to fit into society,'" she recalls. "And the Wheeler family didn't want me around having facial hair." Later on, Vivian also shaved for her lovers even though she didn't particularly want to, "because they had low self-esteem".

Vivian has been married twice and had two other common-law relationships. One of those husbands was Richard's father. When Richard and Vivian spoke for the first time in 30 years, he learned that she hadn't abandoned him and she'd never stopped looking for him. His father, Richard William Chambers Sr, had taken him away.



Mother and son of the park where Vivian was born. George

Daddy cruel

Chambers was abusive. After Vivian had spoken to her mother about their deteriorating relationship, she invited him to her parents' house so that they could see how difficult he was to deal with. At the house, Chambers treated Vivian more like a servant than his wife, and when baby Richard cried, Chambers threw him in a playpen. "My mother witnessed all of this and picked up a pistol with six shots in it," Vivian remembers. "I stood between her and Chambers to stop her from shooting him. I told Richard, 'Leave, or mother might take your life.' So he packed his bag and left." That was the last time Vivian saw him.

After becoming a single mum, Vivian put Richard in daycare while she went to work at a sideshow. Unbeknownst to her, Chambers had tracked his son down and, one afternoon, he showed up at the playgroup, showed the staff his ID, and vanished with the boy. There was no way of finding out where they went. "I didn't know where to look," Vivian says. "I just went back to the only thing I knew – the sideshow business."

Vivian spent years searching for Richard but never contacted the authorities. "I wanted to believe he was with his father," she explains. Yet she desperately wanted her son back, and even collapsed on stage with grief during one of her sideshow performances. After that nervous breakdown, she spent months in a hospital and claims doctors told her that if she

didn't stop thinking about him, she'd "lose her mind completely".

But Vivian's hope that her son was living happily with his father was wishful thinking. "All I knew about my life was that I was found in a motel in Atlanta when I was three," Richard explains.

He was taken into an orphanage for several months before his father regained custody of him and the pair headed to Kansas. Teachers noticed bruises on Richard's body and he was immediately placed in foster care for the next few years. Fortunately, he doesn't remember being abused. "Maybe your subconscious puts it away when you're that young," he muses. At seven, Richard was adopted and became Richard Kevin Ryan. He married as a young adult and took his wife's surname, Lorenc.

"My early childhood was terrible, but I turned out to have a great life," Richard smiles. "Any resentment I had towards my father was sort of washed away in time." Vivian has also developed a calmer sense of her own identity. She last shaved in 1990 while in mourning after her mother died,

but her clean look was short-lived. "People around me said I wasn't myself, so I let it grow back, and now I'm much happier," she smiles. "The Man Above doesn't make mistakes."

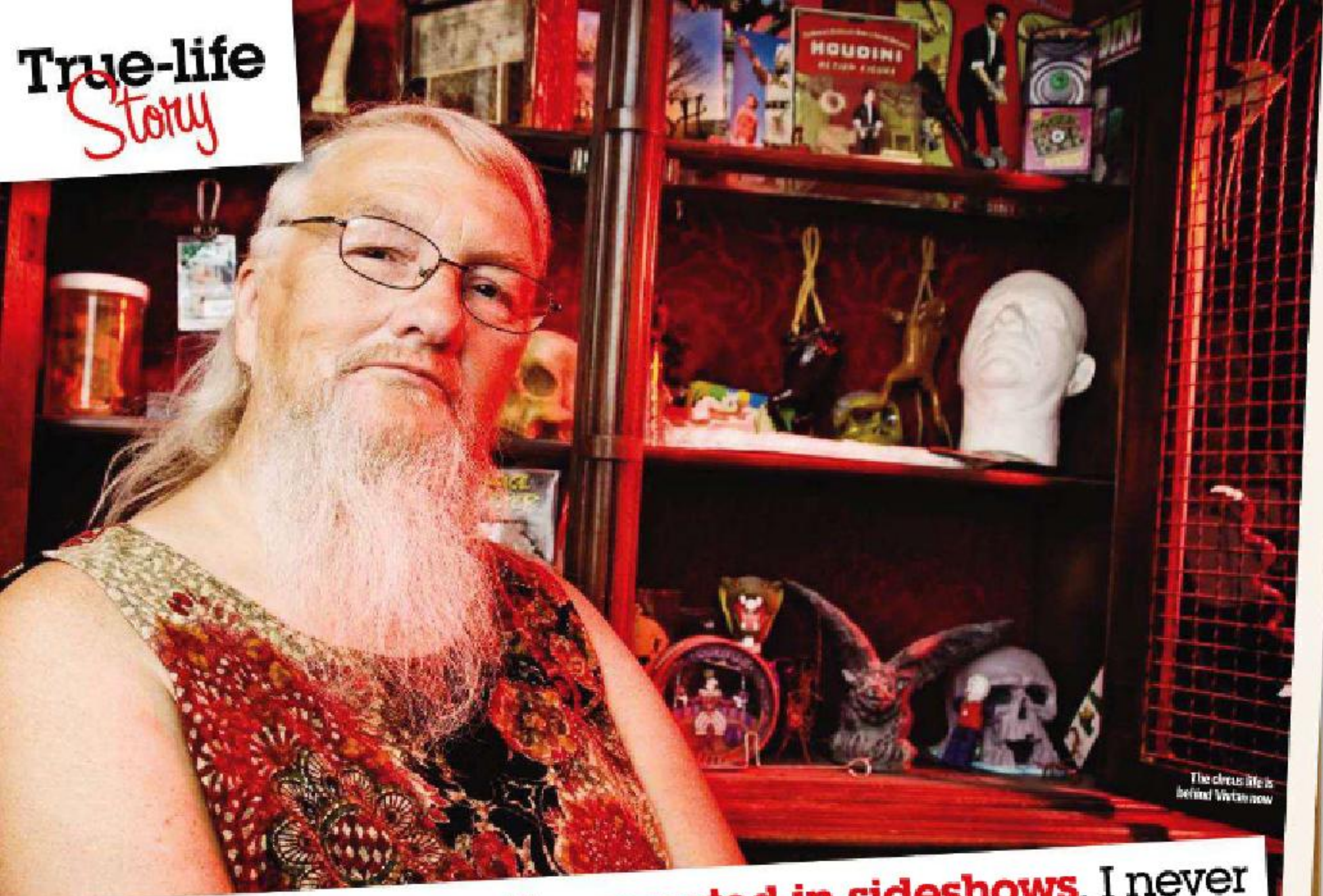
An emotional reunion

Since Vivian tossed her soap and brush, her facial fur has reached 17in at its longest. She picked up a Guinness World Record for sporting the longest female beard in 2001, at 11in. But Guinness doesn't recognise her 17in effort, and the record for the longest female fuzz of all time is still held by the 19th →

"I'm
happier not
shaving"
Vivian

Vivian leads through the book she's featured in: *American Sideshow*





The circus life is behind Vivian now

"I got tired of being disrespected in sideshows. I never knew where I was going to sleep" Vivian

century bearded lady, Madame Jane Devere, who had a 14-inch. However, Vivian's life as a sideshow attraction was coming to an end, and poor pay and atrocious treatment drove her out of the business in 2004. "I only got paid \$200 (£125) a week and I got tired of being disrespected. I never knew where I was going to sleep, never knew anything," she reveals. "Now I have my own place. I have a bed and a bathroom, and I can watch TV if I want."

Philosophical about the past, but looking forward to a possible future of knowing each other, Richard and Vivian decided to meet. In June last year, Richard flew out to Bakersfield, California, and found her living in the industrial part of town at an old motel converted into Section Eight housing for people drawing social security or Supplemental Security Income.

Rather than have their long-awaited reunion in her small room, they met on the other side of town at an apartment belonging to one of Vivian's close friends. As Richard approached the door, he became incredibly nervous. "I didn't know how it was going to go; I didn't know who was on the other side of the door," he says. But with an open mind and no anger at

the past, Richard knocked on the door and entered. "I was so relieved," he smiles. "She was so laidback and cool, and she said, 'Hi Richard'. I hugged her and it felt great."

Vivian had waited 30 years to watch Richard walking through the door. "I was shocked," she gasps. "I was looking at my grown son. He was three when I last saw him, but then when I looked at him - looked at his eyes, heard his voice, saw his smile - everything started coming back. That was my boy."

"I hugged her and it felt great!"
Richard

Talk show test

That afternoon they began the long process of becoming acquainted and discussing their lost time.



Richard and Vivian embrace after 30 years apart

"From the second I sat down I just let her talk; I listened to everything she had to tell me," Richard says. "It felt good that she'd looked for me all those years. It was cool. She was a bearded lady. It was surreal. She's an uplifting person, given the life she's lead, and many of my questions were answered that day."

Vivian has osteoporosis, but doesn't have a good doctor or live in suitable conditions, so Richard now hopes that his newfound mum will move closer to his family in Kansas, meet her grandchildren, and enjoy a better quality of life. "She wasn't given opportunities we take for granted," Richard says. "She wasn't given an education or a healthy environment, and it shows. I feel for her, and I want her to know that there's a place for her near us, where we can give her the things she was never given."

Vivian doesn't want to disrupt Richard's family life, but is considering moving to Oklahoma, near the Kansas border, where her maternal grandparents were born. There, she hopes to learn more about her own past.

Since their meeting, Richard and Vivian have spoken regularly and met in person a few more times, including on the set of Maury Povich's daytime talk show. Both Richard and Vivian instinctively knew that they were mother and son, but Vivian wanted to be sure, so the pair took a DNA test and appeared on Maury to hear the results. "She wanted to do it," explains Richard. "I think she just really loves Maury. I told her we could do the DNA test outside of the public eye, but she said, 'No, I want the whole world to know.'" 



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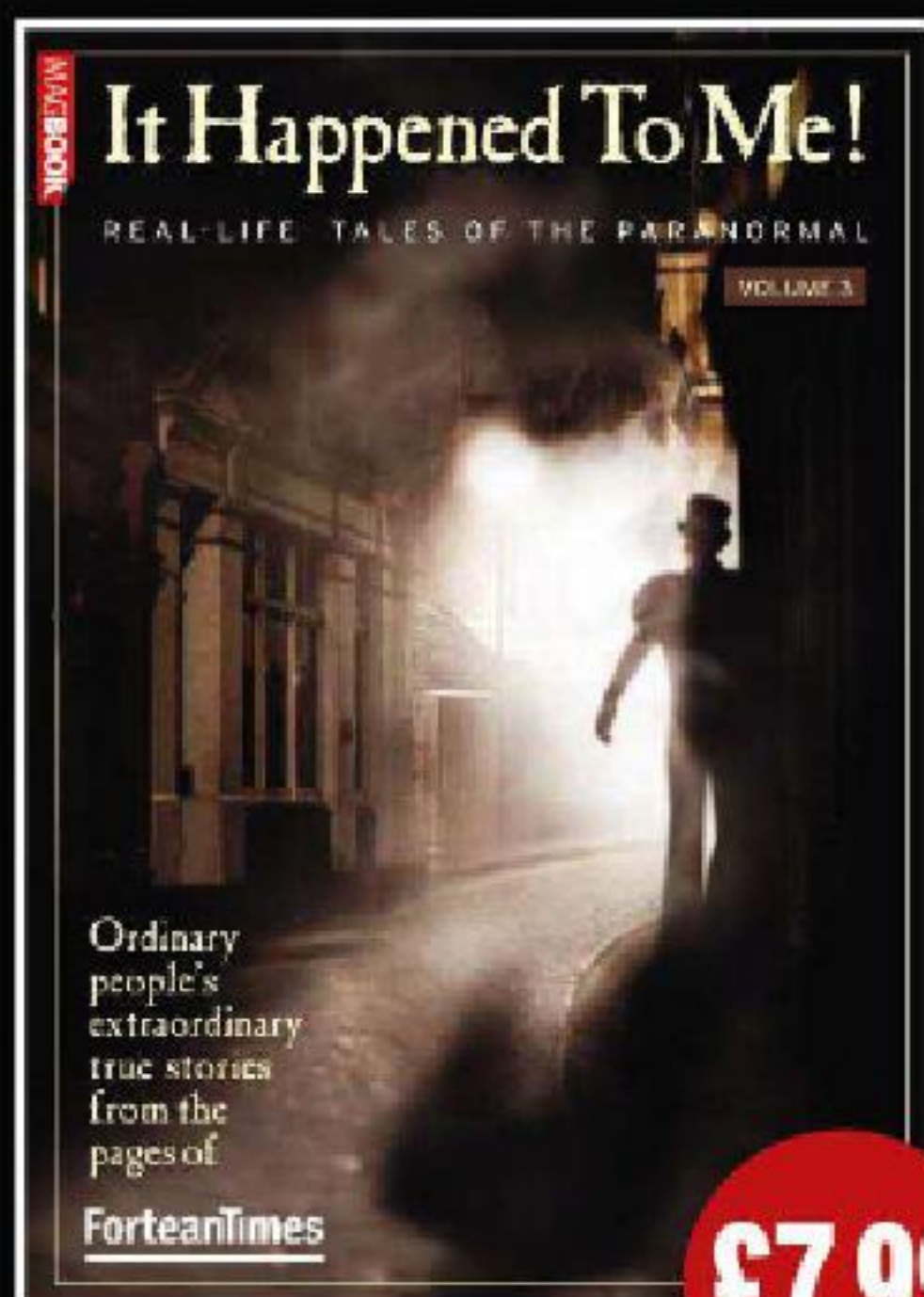


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The hidden meanings behind tattoos found in Soviet slammers →

A

man shooting a gun pops out of a woman's vagina, a naked lady cradles a black panther to her chest, and a wildcat bares its teeth and claws...

These were among the amazing Russian prison tattoos documented by warden Danzig Baldaev. His father was an ethnographer who'd been imprisoned for being an 'enemy of the State', and he and his sister were sent to an orphanage. Danzig fought in WWII and was then ordered to work as a prison guard in Kresty, a Leningrad prison, where he began

sketching the designs adorning the inmates. He died in 2005, leaving his artwork with his widow.

Danzig's drawings were picked up by Damon Murray and Stephen Sorrell at Fuel publishing company. They believe he began the project after showing some early drawings to his dad. "His father said to him, 'My son, you must collect the tattoos of the criminals, or they will be lost forever'," says Damon. "It sounds like folklore, but that's the way Danzig explained it. I think he believed it was wrong that his father had been made an enemy of the people, and maybe he thought he should carry on some of his father's work."

As a prison guard, Danzig couldn't spend hours copying tattoos, so he used a method his father had taught him to make quick sketches. Every night he took the sketches back to his tiny apartment in St Petersburg, where he

HOODED GUNMAN

This is a 'bandit grin' – a 'fuck you' to the authorities – worn by youngsters. The wearer of this tattoo had been convicted of banditry, and first served time in an educational labour colony for juvenile offenders before being sent to Corrective Labour Colony No. 5, where he got this design inked on his hip. The words read: 'President, you have no teeth! We are everywhere! Cede power to us – we will impose order in Russia and the CIS! (The Commonwealth Of Independent States, a bloc comprising most former Soviet countries)'. The word on the figure's chest is 'Mafia'.



FEARSOME FELINE

The cat is one of the oldest symbols of the criminal world, and is inked on thieves to represent their fast actions and ruthless temperaments. The abbreviation 'КОТ' (tomcat) is often found in tattoos and, in the language of thieves, means: *Korennoy Obitatei Tyumny* (native prison inhabitant). In this drawing from the 1950s, the acronym, 'WVDVDO' can only be understood by the initiated, and means, 'Do not touch the thief, he will always make you surrender!'.



This prisoner has many tattoos, each with different meanings. The 'Made in USSR' symbol on her breast was the state quality mark of the USSR, which was applied to high quality consumer goods. The design on the top of her thigh reads, 'This land is empty without you'. The cobweb on her stomach is a symbol of leading a criminal life, and of drug addiction.



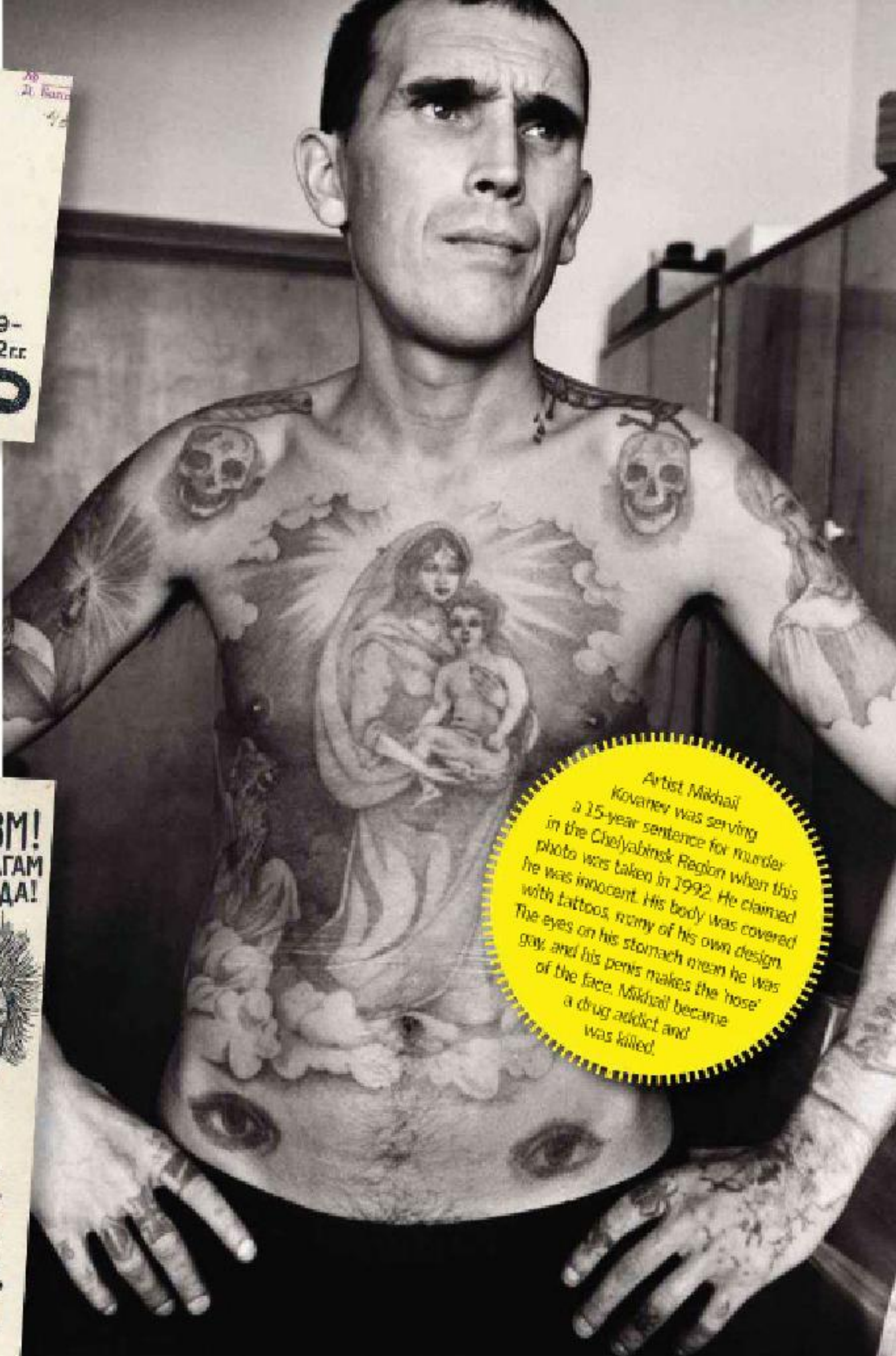
CATWOMAN

This is a 'lyrical tattoo', containing an extract from a criminals' song: 'You stopped waiting for me a long time ago. / There are no roads to reach you, people have only one happiness, only I did not take care of it.' The woman, the black panther and the skulls are symbols of devotion, fearlessness and cruelty. The wearer was twice convicted of theft. The dates 1959-1962 refer to time spent in the Omsk Corrective Labour Colony. It was inked on the left side of the chest, and copied in Isolation Cell Block No. 1, 1982.



VAGINA INVADER

This is a rare tattoo, which was forcibly applied to a convict after he failed to settle gambling debts within a set time. The inmate – who was a former Communist Party (CPSU) member who'd been convicted for 'stealing products from a state enterprise' – had fallen behind twice, which was not tolerated in the camps and prisons. Despite the convict's pleas, the winner of the card game and the 'authorities' of the zone insisted that the tattoo was made before he left the camp. The tattoo artist worked on it every night for a week. The words above the tattoo read: 'Forward to Communism! Death to enemies of the people!', while the text on the left reads, 'Glory to the CPSU!'. The words below read, 'Oh, it's all up, it's all up now. They're fucking women a new way. Arse upwards and cunt downwards. And out pops a Communist!'. It was sketched in 1995, at the Corrective Labour Colony No. 9, Leningrad Region, 1995.



Artist Mikhail Kovanev was serving a 15-year sentence for murder in the Chelyabinsk Region when this photo was taken in 1992. He claimed he was innocent. His body was covered with tattoos, many of his own design. The eyes on his stomach mean he was gay, and his penis makes the 'nose' of the face. Mikhail became a drug addict and was killed.

sat at his kitchen table and drew them in the distinctive style you see on these pages. "All of the drawings have got his hand in them; they have the look of one artist," explains Damon. "If he'd been slavishly copying the tattoos from life, they'd be much more varied."

To bring Danzig's drawings to life, Fuel published them alongside the black and white portraits you see here, which were taken by Sergei Vasiliev, a press photographer – now retired – who shot inked-up criminals inside prisons in the late 1980s and early 1990s. His subjects stare out, their expressions and body language as powerful as their designs.

Smooth criminals

All the symbols used in prison tattoos had a meaning, known only to those inside its system. For example, cats denoted thieves, and the number of domes on a church design represented the number of times a criminal

had been inside, while skulls marked out a criminal authority in the labour camp or jail.

A tattoo had to be earned, and it revealed an inmate's place in the prison hierarchy. Sometimes ink was forcibly applied to those who were perceived to be lower people – called 'untouchables' – such as paedophiles and those who hadn't settled gambling debts. Other inmates weren't even supposed to go near them. "The untouchables were the lowest rung in the prison; they had their own seats and cutlery that had a little hole drilled in it, and no-one else was supposed to touch that cutlery," says Damon. "It was very strict."

Prisoners who were about to be transferred to another jail would sometimes try to cheat the hierarchy by getting a tattoo above their position, which could have disastrous consequences. "The criminals would pretty quickly find out whether the tattoo was legitimate, and if it wasn't it'd be cut off, or they might give him a piece →

of glass or a brick to destroy it," says Damon. "If they had to get rid of it for him, he could be raped or killed."

Grin and bear it

But prisoners didn't just fear each other – they also had to watch out for the authorities. It was illegal to get tattooed in prison and, although many guards couldn't keep track of all the tattoos, they often cut off 'grins', which were obscene tattoos of communist leaders, worn by prisoners who wanted to rail against the system.

Tattooing could also be dangerous for prisoners' health. The black ink was made by burning boot heels, and mixing together soot, urine and blood. In the early days, designs were etched using nails on a piece of wood, but in later years inmates made a *kolchik*, or tattoo

gun, by feeding a sharpened guitar string through an electric razor. "People defended their tattoos, because they'd taken a huge risk to have them, and potentially could've got blood poisoning," explains Damon. "People got infections and died."

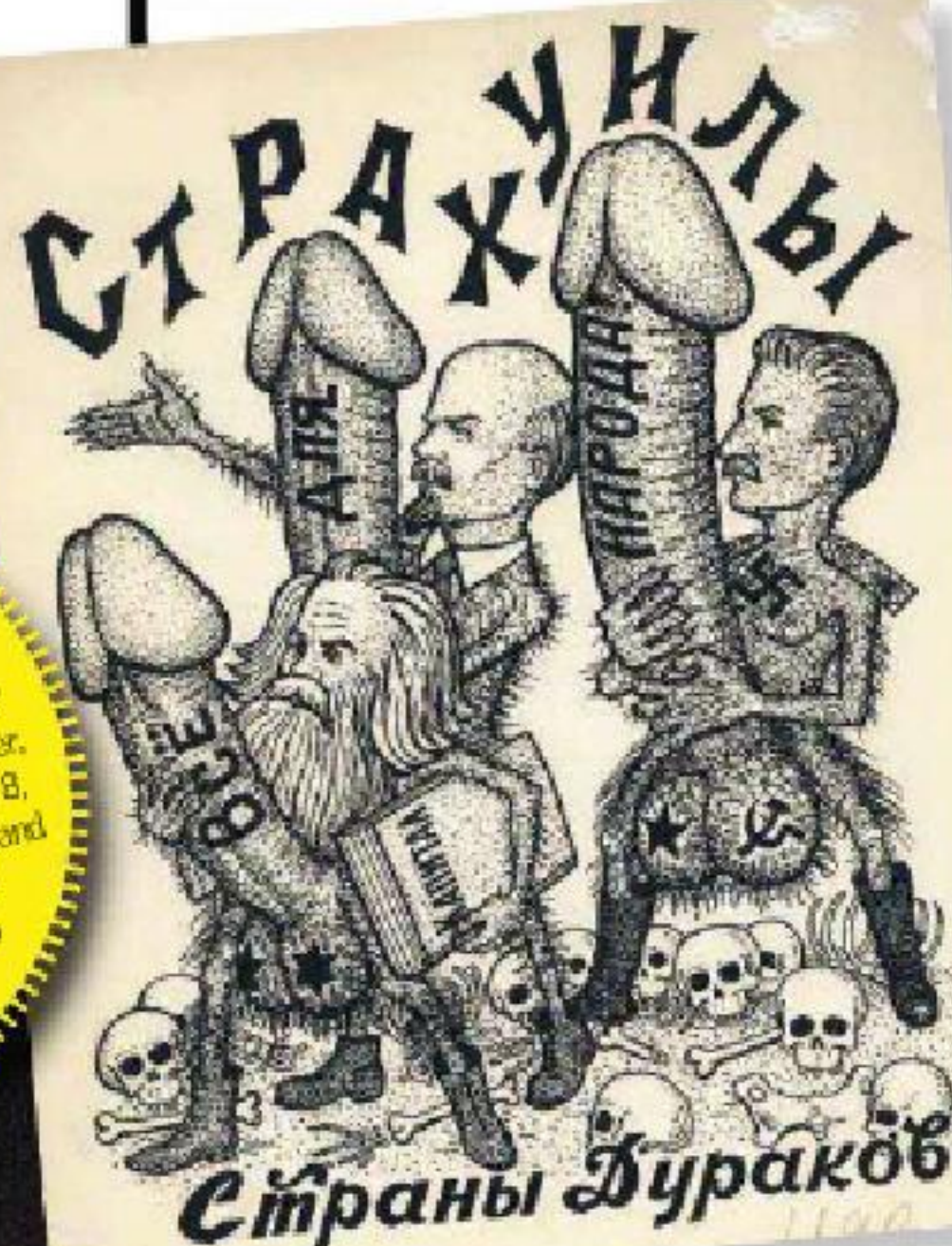
Secret services

At first Danzig's tattoo project was secret, but then someone told the KGB about it, and the national security agency became interested in using his work to build up an encyclopaedic knowledge of the signs and symbols used by the underworld. He travelled across the breadth of Russia to copy tattoos at different types of labour camps, which were classified as ordinary, reinforced, strict, or special regime.

The crucifix and the Madonna and Child on the left of this man's chest are Orthodox icon-style tattoos, which mean 'My conscience is clean before my friends' and 'I will not betray'. The wearer, pictured in 1990 at Labour Colony No. 8, Chelyabinsk Region, kept re-offending, and the Madonna means 'prison is my home'. The domes on the church each signify one of his sentences.

COMMUNIST DICKS

These caricatures are of the Communist bigwigs: Karl Marx on the left, Lenin in the middle, and Stalin on the right. The bearer of this tattoo violated prison regulations at Corrective Prison Camp No. 9, 1989, and refused to work. The words on the top and bottom read, 'The Scary Dicks Of The Land Of Fools', and the text on the penises means, 'Everything For The



TERRIFYING TIGER

This is a 'grin' tattoo, worn by a criminal prepared to die for the 'thieves code'. The caption above this tiger reads, 'Take out bitches, stool-pigeons and traitors!' A 'bitch' was a person who'd ignored the thieves code by fighting during WWII (though they were forced to by the authorities). They were shunned by 'true' crims.



SKELETON STAFF

This 'grim' tattoo was worn by a convict from the Vorkuta Camps – the largest centre of Gulags in western Russia. The words on the tattoo read, 'Greetings from the Vorkuta Camps! In the USSR labour is a matter of honour, prowess and glory!' Underneath are the names of five corrective labour colonies he passed through from 1947 to 1963: Shelyabovsk, Eletsy, Izhma, Kozhma and Khalmer-South. The tattoo was inked in 1962, a year before the prisoner was released.



The dagger on this prisoner's neck shows that he murdered someone while in prison, and he's available to 'hire' for killings. The bells on his feet indicate that he served his time in full, but he'd probably been imprisoned more than once. The 'ring' ink on his fingers show his criminal status when he's dressed, and the 'thieves' stars' on his knees mean 'I will not kneel before the police'. This photo was taken in 1991, at the Strict Regime Corrective Labour Colony No. 40 Kungur, Perm Region.

LADY MUCK

This tattoo was inked on a man's stomach, and reads: 'Men, don't trust whores, they can drown you in their cunt!'. The prisoner, held at Corrective Labour Colony No. 9 in 1981, was convicted of burglary for stealing items from his mistress's home. She became scared of her involvement with him and, together with her mother and sister, betrayed him to the militia.



It's not known whether the trips were part of Danzig's official job, or requested by the secret police.

It's also unclear how Danzig felt about the State or the criminals he met. As well as losing his father – apparently because a village mayor took an 'interest' in his mother – he claimed to have lost 58 relatives to Soviet oppression. However, he worked as a warden from 1948-1981 and was a member of the Communist Party. "I don't think Danzig should be painted as a model citizen, because we need to bear in mind that he was a guard," Damon says. "To do that job for a long time he must've proved himself to the system, and I can't imagine he was

a nice guy all the time. But at the same time, I'm sure he made friends with the criminals. He had to get on with them if he was sketching them."

Now the tattoo hierarchy in prisons is dying out, says Damon. "Tattoos were always about who had the most power in the prison. But now they're about drugs and money. Tattoos have become ubiquitous, less focussed and less policed by criminals than they used to be."



Russian Criminal Tattoo Encyclopedia Volumes I, II and III are published by Fuel, and available from fuel-design.com.

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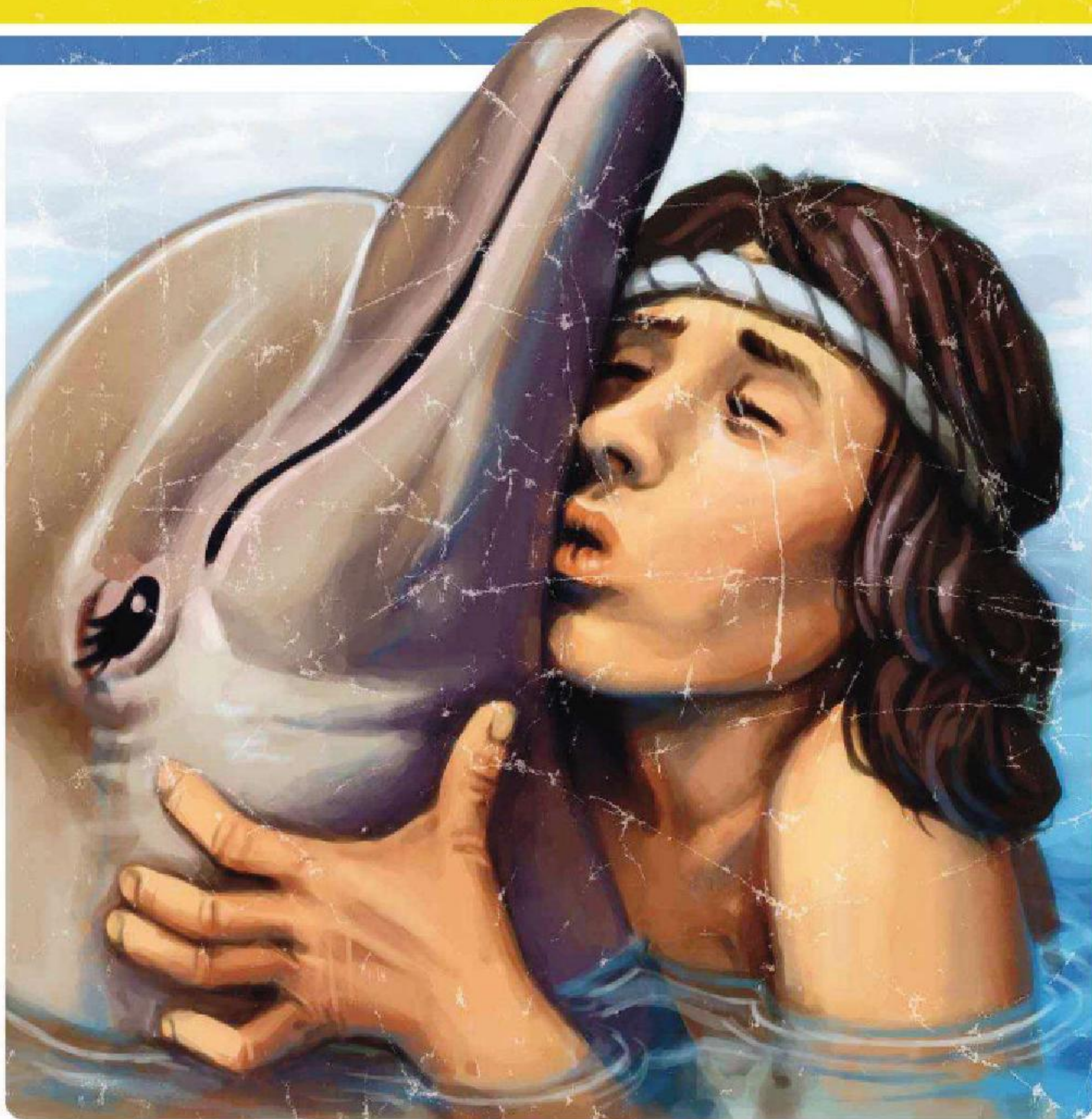
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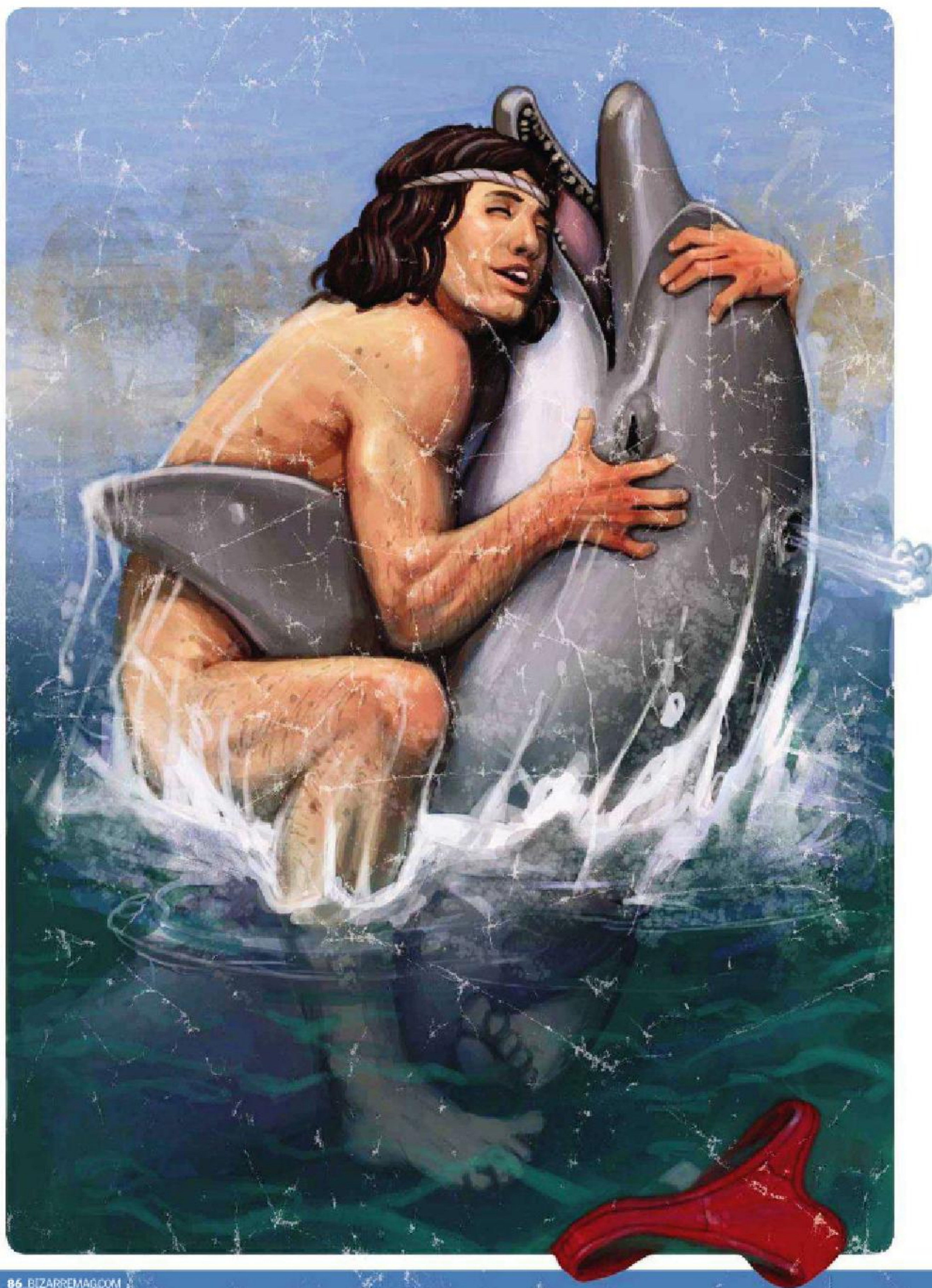
Wet Dreams

Animal lover Malcolm Brenner opens up to *Bizarre* about his romance with a dolphin, which began with salty kisses and ended in a sea of tears →

WORDS ELEANOR GOODMAN
ILLUSTRATIONS BEN NEWMAN



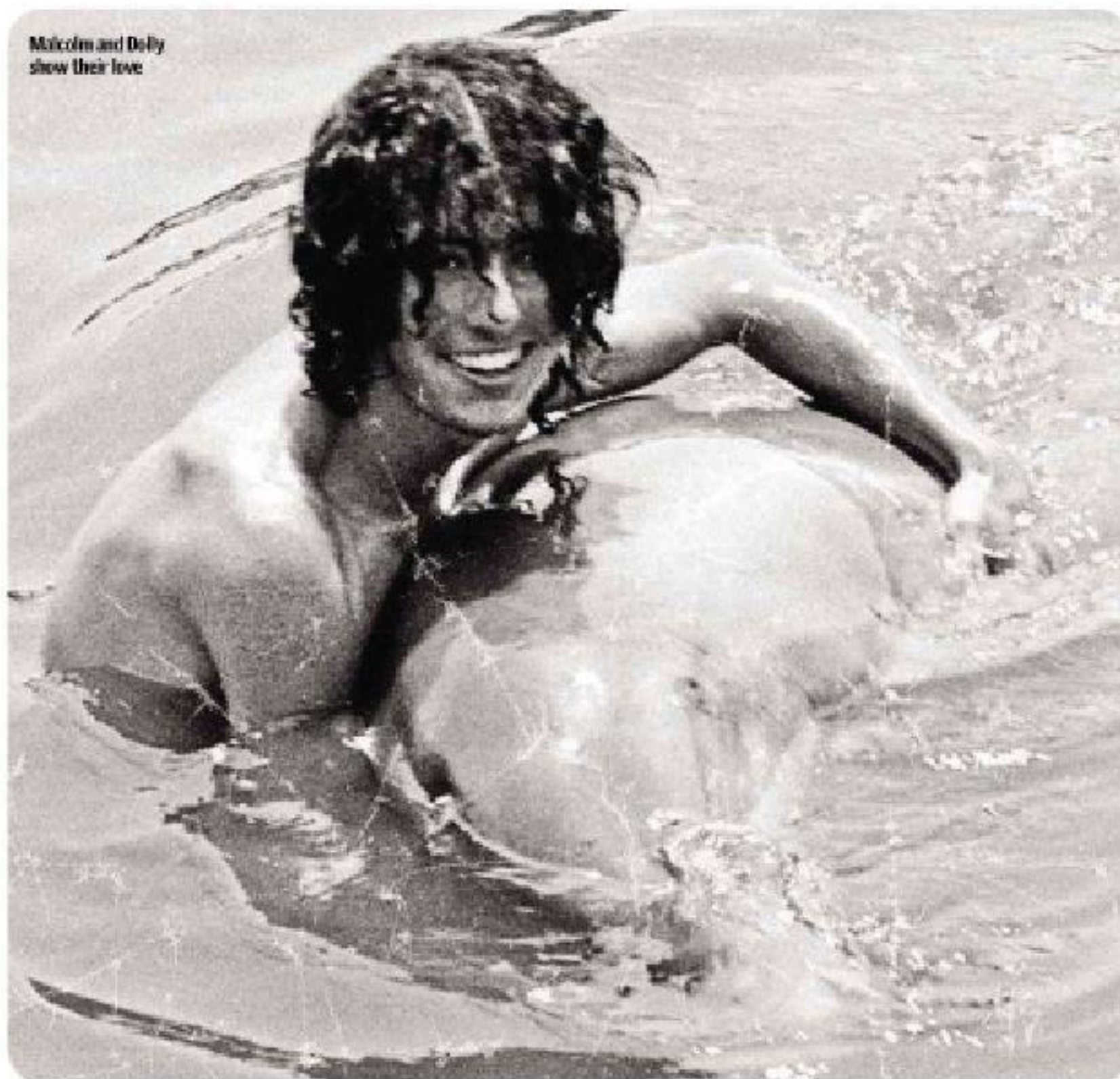
PICTURES: BARSCOTT MEDIA



Malcolm Brenner never dreamed his true love would be a dolphin. Now aged 59, Malcolm's journey to passion began in 1970, when he was a film and photography student in Sarasota, Florida. He'd enjoyed a brief sexual experience with a girl called Lorraine, but thought of himself as "just barely not a virgin". He didn't know what was in store for him when he went to Florida Funland on a cold day in December to take pictures for a book about dolphins that a friend was creating. Malcolm's wavy hair was swept back from his face with a headband, and he wore cheap sneakers. The dolphin was in a sea-level pen, and stared up at him with a single brown eye as they were introduced. Her name was Dolly.

"I was excited when I met Dolly, because I'd been interested in dolphins for a long time, and I'd never met one before," enthuses Malcolm. "She wasn't doing anything particularly interesting, but it was thrilling to be able to reach down and touch a live dolphin. They feel smooth, like firm, wet rubber, like touching someone in a wetsuit. I had no premonitions of what was going to happen – I didn't even know someone could take a dolphin as a lover."

The encounter would become the first of many over a nine-month period. Though ostensibly taking photos for the book, Malcolm had been fascinated with dolphins for years, and convinced a professor from his college science department to let him study dolphin



Malcolm and Dolly show their love

"It was thrilling to touch a live dolphin. They feel smooth, like firm, wet rubber"

communication for extra credit. As Malcolm got to know the Florida Funland staff, he enjoyed unlimited access to the graceful, grey creatures.

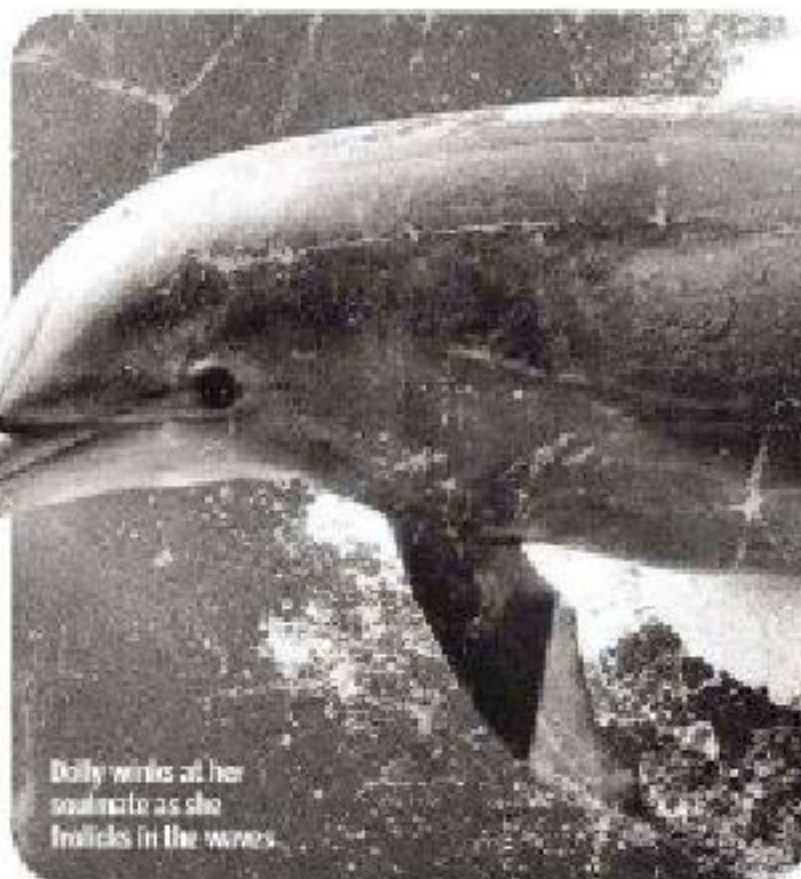
In at the deep end

The seven other dolphins at the park were grouped in pens near a main pool, where they did stunts such as jumping through hoops, but Dolly had a pool to herself. Her trick was to follow a trip boat in the sea and jump out of the waves to catch fish that were thrown overboard for her. Malcolm was amazed that even though she was free to roam the open ocean, she never swam away.

In March, Malcolm went swimming with Dolly for the first time. They met knee-deep in her pen, where Malcolm gently stroked her mottled skin, and the ridges on her snout and head. Dolly was unpredictable, and would disappear underwater to butt his knees, or go to the other side of the pool and then swim up quickly. Malcolm says it was "intimidating".

"Dolphins are much larger when you're in the water with them than when you're standing on a dock," he reveals. "You suddenly realise they're powerful predators, and they could hurt you."

The two played together, before Malcolm conducted the first of his communication experiments, calling Dolly's name to see if she responded. He believes that she was able to imitate her own name, and he was able to copy her sounds. This was their first 'conversation' of many.



Dolly winks at her suitor as she frolics in the waves

But when Malcolm got back in the pool a couple of weeks later, while a trainer tried to take some snaps of them together, Dolly wouldn't come near him. He tried to mentally cajole her to come closer. "I had a thought about how humans use their hands in foreplay and masturbation, and a couple of seconds later Dolly stuck her head out of the water and swam over to me, and started letting me touch her," says Malcolm, incredulously. "I started scratching her, and she rolled over when I got to her belly, so I was scratching her genitals. And of course that was embarrassing in the park, so I tried to discourage her by scratching her somewhere else,

but she just swam forward and rolled over again until I was scratching her private parts – she was very single-minded about it."

Under the water, Malcolm got an erection. And later that day, when no one was around, he got back in the pool with Dolly and picked up where they left off, touching her genitals and penetrating her – although it didn't last long. Their real first time would come later.

"At the time, I knew I was different in terms of my sexuality, but I wasn't ready to accept the fact that I'm a zoophile (someone who has meaningful, sexual relationships with animals)," says Malcolm. "I'd had sex with the family dog, and I'd tried to shut that out of my mind and focus on being a normal teenager. That was difficult to do, so when the dolphin presented itself to me, and I realised there was no-one else around, I thought 'I could take advantage of the situation to get some'. But it wasn't that easy – I was paranoid about being seen, and losing my access, and it was difficult physically because it was very cold."

Underwater love

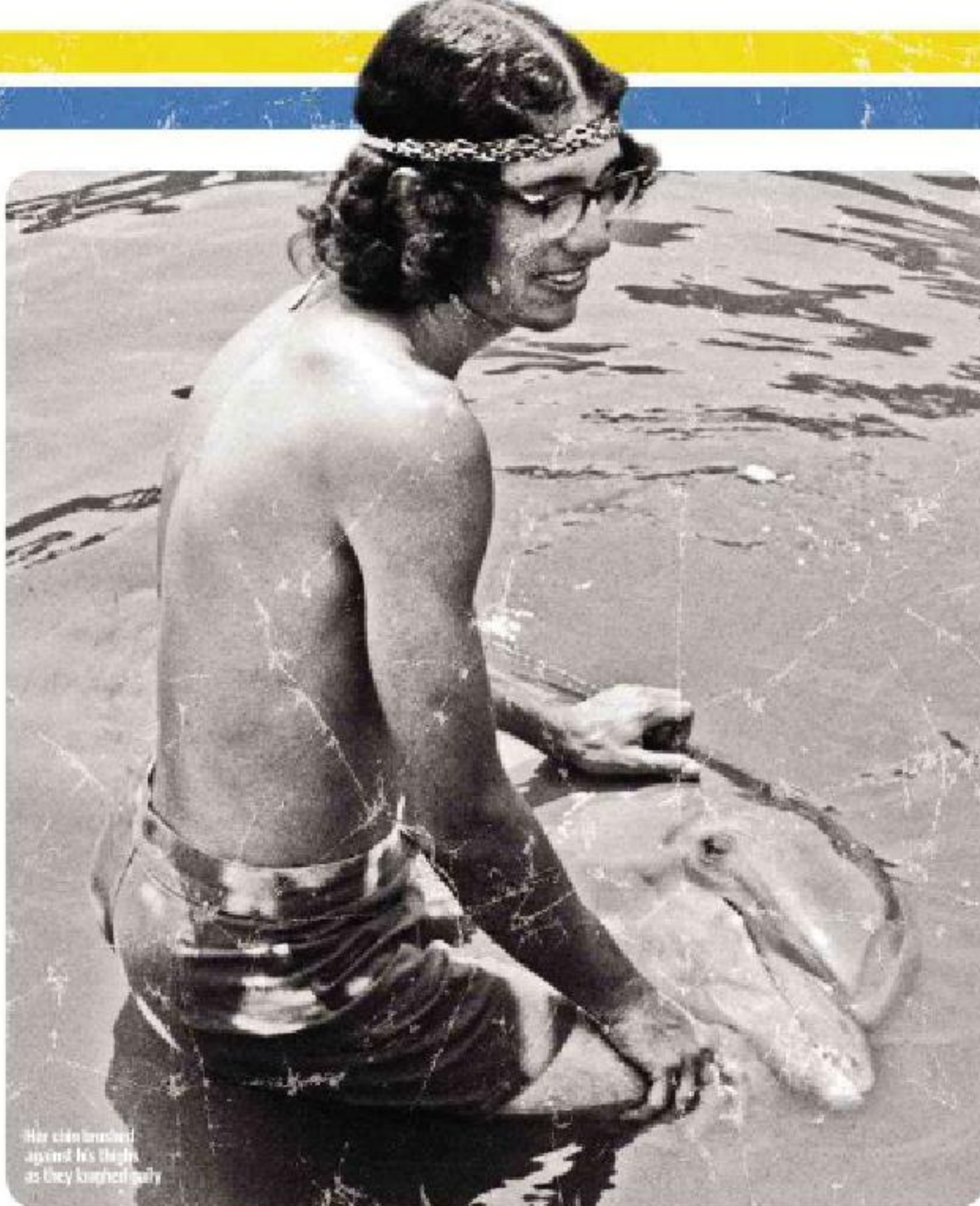
While Malcolm's faced criticism that he forced a dolphin into sex, he says that he knew Dolly wanted to go through with it. "She wanted to have sex, she made that pretty obvious," he says, frankly. "As well as soliciting my touch, she'd also been masturbating by rubbing her genitals against my shoes. But sex didn't work out that day. A zoophile is as concerned about his or →

her non-human partner as a person in a normal relationship is about their human partner, but someone who's into bestiality is just concerned with getting their rocks off. That day was an experiment for me in bestiality with the dolphin, and what happened later was loving. I think it was the same for her, too."

But Malcolm and Dolly would soon become more intimate. Malcolm had been hearing a voice in his head that he believed belonged to another entity. This voice first began when he was trying to roll a spliff at the beach. "The voice was observing and analysing the process of rolling the joint as if it was a narrator in a nature documentary, and I was the subject," Malcolm explains. "I discounted it at first, because I was high."

But the telepathic communication happened again when he was sober. One day Malcolm was sitting in his bedroom, when the voice entered his head. He began guessing who it might be, and asked if it was Dolly. "I had discarded all the alternatives, and when I said, 'Are you the dolphin?' The voice said, 'Ohhhhh, he got it! Smart human!' I felt like I needed help! I felt like I was going crazy, but it was just too tempting to want to discourage it. If I had a route into a dolphin's consciousness, then I was ahead of every other dolphin researcher in the world. There was no inkling of where it would lead me."

Malcolm went to study at The University Of South Florida for a term, and couldn't visit Dolly much, so the two began having regular telepathic talks. During one vivid experience, Malcolm lay on his bed, and thought Dolly was helping him to turn into a dolphin, his bones fusing together so he could swim. He thrashed about so wildly that



Her chin brushed against his thighs as they knifed early

"I could feel the excitement building between us and we climaxed underwater"

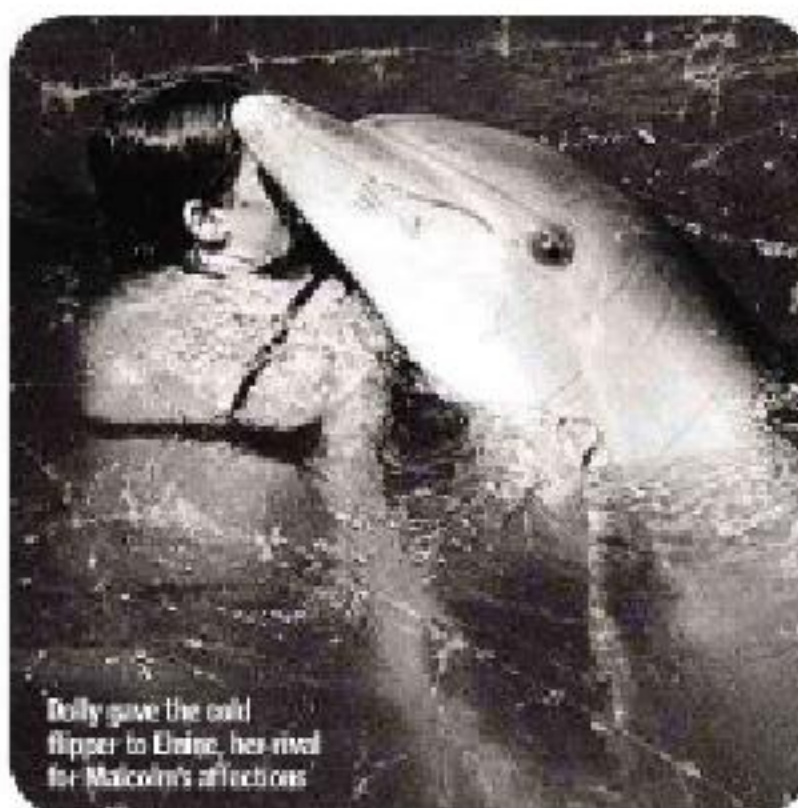
his broke his bed, and his roommate rushed in and found him naked on the floor. Malcolm told him that he'd been masturbating.

"It was like a fantasy with a dolphin guide," Malcolm remembers. "I was flopping my legs up and down on the bed and making quite a ruckus; I wasn't even aware of what was going on. In a sense I was still aware of the dorm room, and in the other sense I was very involved - I'm sure if anyone had been there, they'd have been rolling on the floor laughing their ass off at me doing it, but for me it was all-absorbing."

Motion in the ocean

Unfortunately, the couple's courtship soon hit a bump. Just before Malcolm had left for his term away, he'd met a girl he liked called Elaine, and had promised to take her to see the dolphins. But when Elaine got in the water, Dolly became aggressive. "That was the funniest part," says Malcolm. "Dolly immediately grasped what was going on, smacked her bony snout against Elaine's face, and shoved her away. You can imagine how I felt - 'Oh fuck, what have I done'. I was hot for that girl, and the dolphin destroyed that relationship pretty much in one swoop."

But Malcolm and Dolly made up, and their relationship intensified. During another telepathic talk, she took him on a guided experience out to sea. "There was a huge school of dolphins



Dolly gave the cold flipper to Elaine, her rival for Malcolm's affections

swimming around in a circle, like a funnel-shaped vortex, and they were mating," recalls Malcolm with amazement. "I'd shown Dolly a series of mental pictures about what humans do to control their sexuality, and she had this idea of showing me the way dolphins do it, to get rid of all the mental hang-ups I had about mating with her. She'd said, 'What's the problem, buddy? Am I not attractive or something?'"

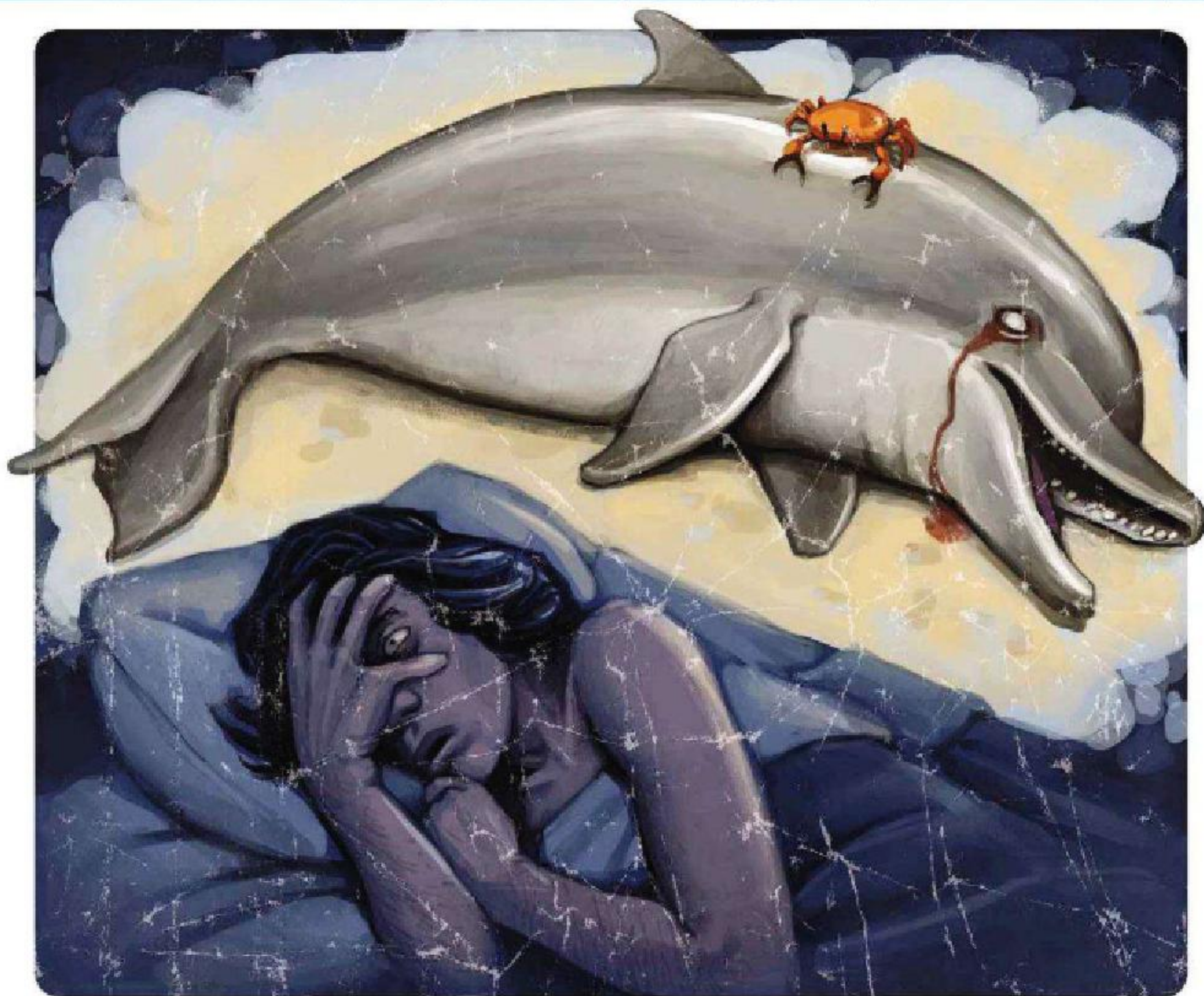
The next time the young lovers saw each other, they successfully consummated their relationship. "We started off with touching and

stroking, and Dolly let me ride on her back," Malcolm says. "As we went along, the play got more involved; I began trying to figure out how to penetrate her. It was difficult to hold an erection - although it was late summer, the water was cold. Then we found a position that worked, where she was swimming around the pool, and I was holding on to her. I could feel the excitement building between us. She took a deep breath, and I knew she was going to take me underwater, so I grabbed a breath, and we climaxed below the surface."

The experience was intense. "I've been married twice since then, and have a fairly good sexual resume. But I've never encountered anybody that could do anything like that," Malcolm reveals. "It seemed we were as deeply into each others' minds as we were into the physical relationship. The dolphin knew what I wanted, I knew what she wanted, all the barriers between us were down, and we were like a single organism."

Swimming in grief

But Malcolm's happiness wouldn't last. Florida Funland was closing down and Dolly was being moved to a park in Mississippi, while Malcolm was still away at university. One night, he had a terrifying dream that his dolphin friends were lying in coffins, dead. On his return to Sarasota, a friend told him that Dolly had passed away. "Time came to a screeching halt. I had to answer



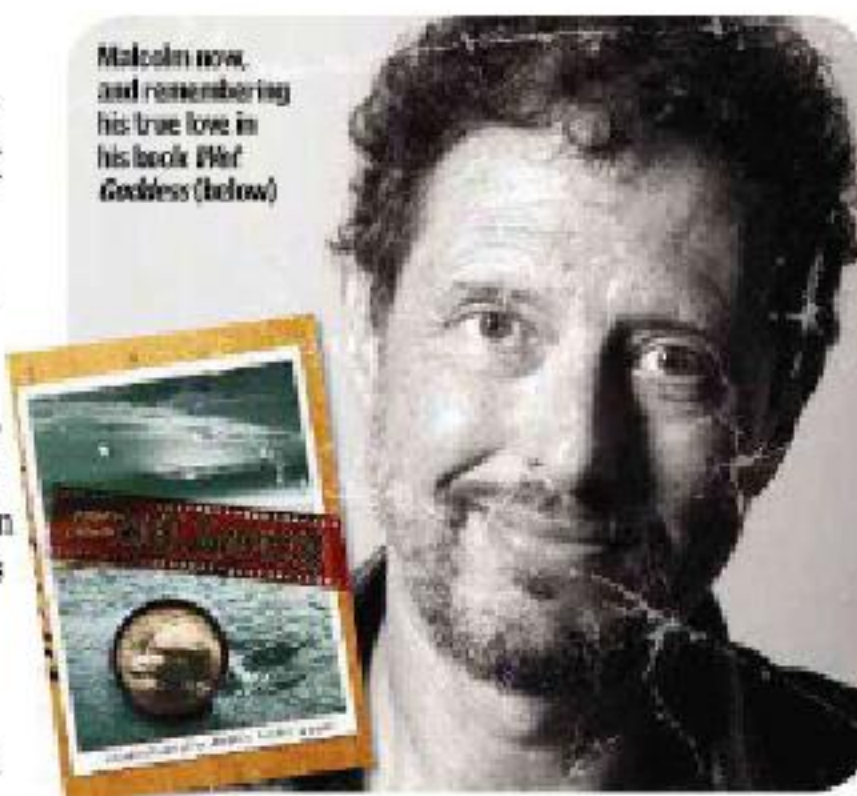
the question of whether I was going to break down, or push my feelings down as best I could, and I decided to do the latter," explains Malcolm. "But the next morning my emotions came back."

Malcolm wanted to find out what had *really* happened to Dolly, so he travelled to Mississippi to see her trainer, Beau. "Beau said Dolly had become depressed and stopped eating, so he gave her a shot of B vitamins, and she seemed to recover for a couple of days," he explains. "Then one morning, Beau found her lying on the bottom of the pool – she was dead. There were no marks on her, no evidence of a fight, or that she'd hit her head, so the only conclusion was that she'd held her breath until she suffocated."

It was the first time Malcolm had experienced grief, and he fell into a depression that lasted more than five years. "I contemplated suicide," he confesses. "I don't remember what I was doing then. I was trying to get on with my life while trying to cope with this terrible grief that I couldn't talk to anyone about."

But while Malcolm had *physically* lost Dolly, he was still communicating with her *telepathically*. "I was certain I was going crazy then," Malcolm says. "While it might be possible to have telepathic contact with a live dolphin, having contact with a dead dolphin gets you into spiritualism and other stuff I don't believe in."

Malcolm now, and remembering his true love in his book *Wet Goddess* (below)



One day, when I was tripping on mushrooms, I went body-surfing at the beach, and I felt she was right beside me. When I came out of the water we had our final discussion. I said, 'I love you and I would never do anything to harm you, but I can't have you around anymore, I'm dying.' And she said, 'I guess I have to go, don't I.'"

Sea of calm

Inter-species relationships aren't illegal in Florida and Malcolm tried to talk to his parents about his grief, but they weren't interested. "I was looking

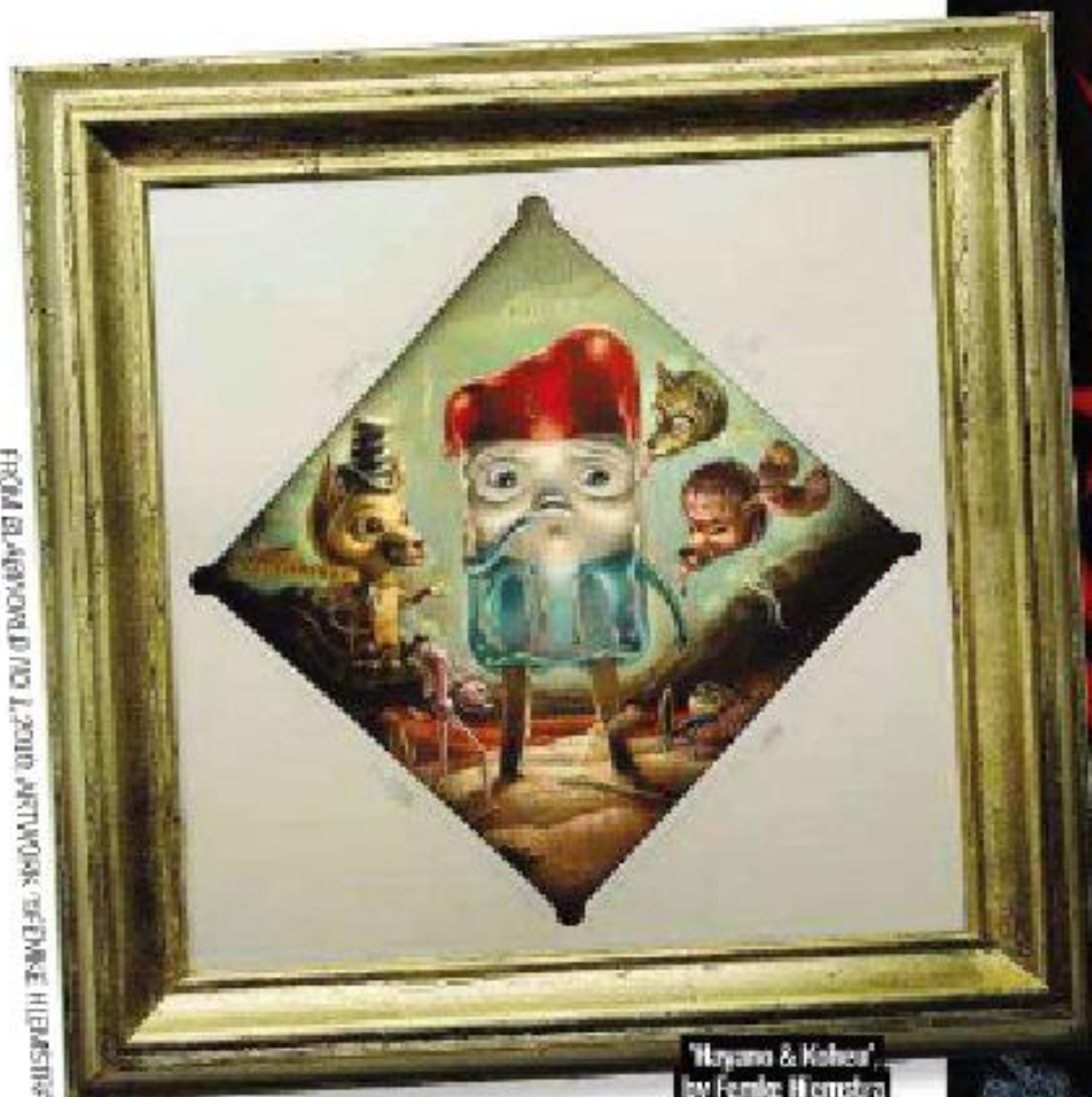
for validation and I mentioned it to my parents, who were separated at the time, and neither one of them wanted to deal with it, so they just let it drop," he says. "They didn't see grandchildren coming from that kind of a union. I think they'd rather have heard I was gay or something."

Meanwhile, Malcolm's college science professor ignored the sexual relationship outlined in Malcolm's dolphin communication report. "He was used to studying clams and crabs," says Malcolm. "He had no idea how to deal with this whacked-out kid from the liberal arts programme, who'd inveigled him into this dolphin study. It was obvious I'd done something with the dolphin, but was it science? No."

Malcolm is now a writer and photographer, and has written a book about his experiences, called *Wet Goddess*. "I felt a strong sense of obligation to Dolly that I couldn't fulfil for many years," he explains. "Being able to write about it has helped me to move on. I also wrote this book to build sympathy for dolphins, as I'm concerned about preserving them and their environment."

But despite coming to terms with his loss, Malcolm still grieves for Dolly. "I've never been in love with anyone as much as I've been in love with that dolphin," he says, quietly. "I think about her every day." ●

See more at Wetgoddess.net



'Mayan & Kokea',
by Felipe Hernandez

What will the end of the world look like? Perhaps there'll be a storm borne from angry, black clouds, or a horned being clasping a baby in a tentacled purgatory...

These are some of the visceral visions published in the first *BLABWORLD* book, the new incarnation of magazine *BLAB!*, which was founded by comics enthusiast Monte Beauchamp in the mid-1980s. Monte got the idea of commissioning a series of work on the theme of 'Artpocalypse' after getting stuck in a "terrifying" storm in his hometown of Chicago.

"As I ducked for cover, off in the distance I saw a funnel of garbage swirling about in the air, being sucked skyward," says Monte. "It was an eerie yet wondrous sight; one that segued into me thinking about the Rapture (the idea that Christians will be taken from earth to heaven)." Monte asked Vancouver-based artist Ryan Heshka to paint the scene (see overleaf), and the book concept spiralled from there.

Comic timing

BLABWORLD No. 1 not only contains themed works, but a selection of essays and objects such as figurines. Set up by Monte as a diversion from his then-day job as an advertising art director, *BLAB!* has come a long way since its first edition, which was intended as a one-shot about artists' reflections on comics.

"I'd always been intrigued by the correlation between the EC comics of the 1950s, such as *Weird Science*, *Mad*, and *Vault Of Horror*, and the underground comix of the 1960s, such as *Zap*," says Monte. "I pondered whether the counterculture could have ever happened if it weren't for *Mad*, which enticed

'The "Phew"
Rer', dollware

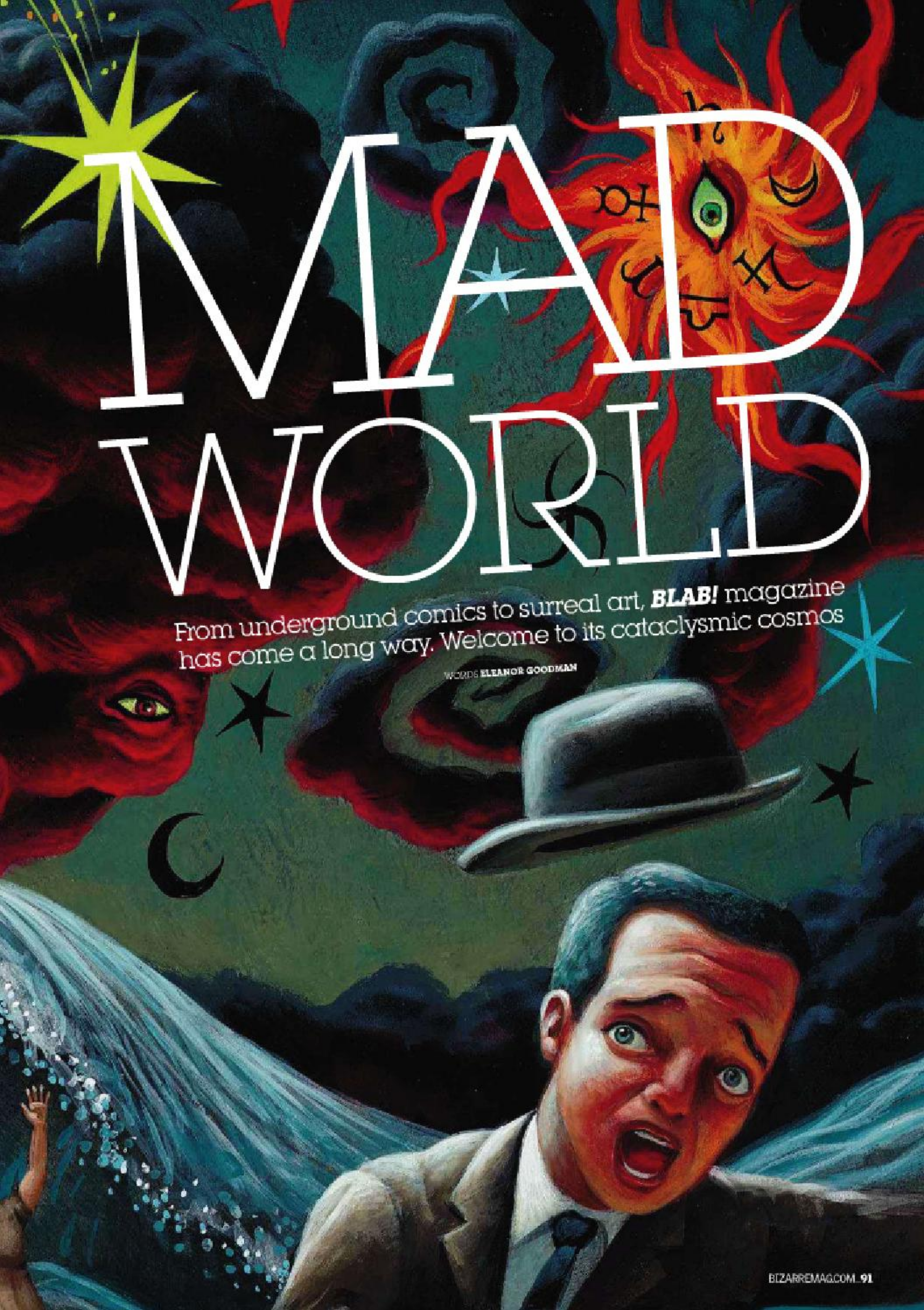
an entire generation to mistrust all authority figures.

So I contacted underground cartoonists to pen memoirs about the influence these controversial comics had on them while growing up."

The fanzine took off, and cartoonists Drew Friedman, Dan Clowes, Richard Sala and Kim Dietch joined the fold. →



'End Of The
World', by
Mark Ryden

A surreal, dark-toned illustration serves as the background. It features a large, fiery, multi-eyed face in the upper right, a green starburst in the upper left, a red face with a single eye on the left, and a man in a suit and hat falling into a blue, watery abyss at the bottom. The sky is filled with dark, swirling clouds, a crescent moon, and several stars of different colors (yellow, blue, black).

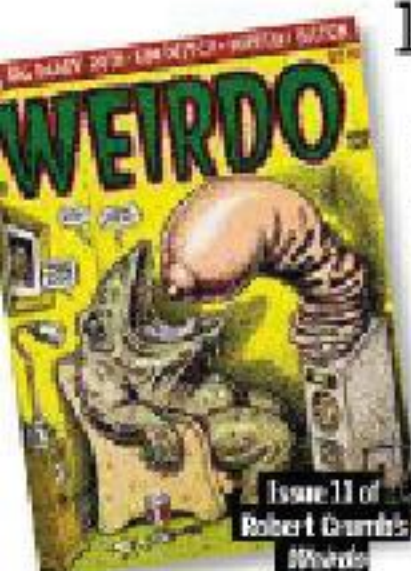
INMAD WORLD

From underground comics to surreal art, **BLAB!** magazine has come a long way. Welcome to its cataclysmic cosmos

WORDS ELEANOR GOODMAN



"I saw a funnel of garbage swirling about in the air, and it made me think about **the end of the world**"



By issue three, eccentric artist Joe Coleman, Spain from Zap Comics and underground artist Frank Stack were involved, and it became a professional comics digest, before morphing into a showcase of gallery art, comics, graphics and illustration. It's since featured work by many of *Bizarre's*

favourite pop surrealists, including Mark Ryden (see opening pages), Shag and Gary Baseman.

Painter pals

Monte chooses his contributors based on what inspires him. "My entire life has been immersed in the visual arts – it doesn't matter if it's an image on a foreign postage stamp, a weathered condom package, a depression-era matchbook cover, or an Otto Dix painting on a museum wall," he says. "The work has to really move me. I view each issue as an orchestrated whole, akin to that of a musical orchestra, where there's the first and second violins, basses, trombones, tubas, and so forth, but *BLAB's* instruments happen to be shape, line, texture and contrast, and so on."

Some of Monte's working relationships have turned into friendships, as with *Bizarre's* favourite peculiar painter, Joe Coleman. "Back in the day, when I was in New York City or when Joe was in Chicago, we'd make it a point to hang out," he reveals. "We share an intense fondness for artists such as (German painters) Otto Dix and George Grosz, Robert Crumb, EC comicbook artists Bernie Krigstein and Al Feldstein, and all sorts of oddball artifacts; things like pre-world war German-made Halloween candy containers and candle lanterns, and sideshow carnival banners."

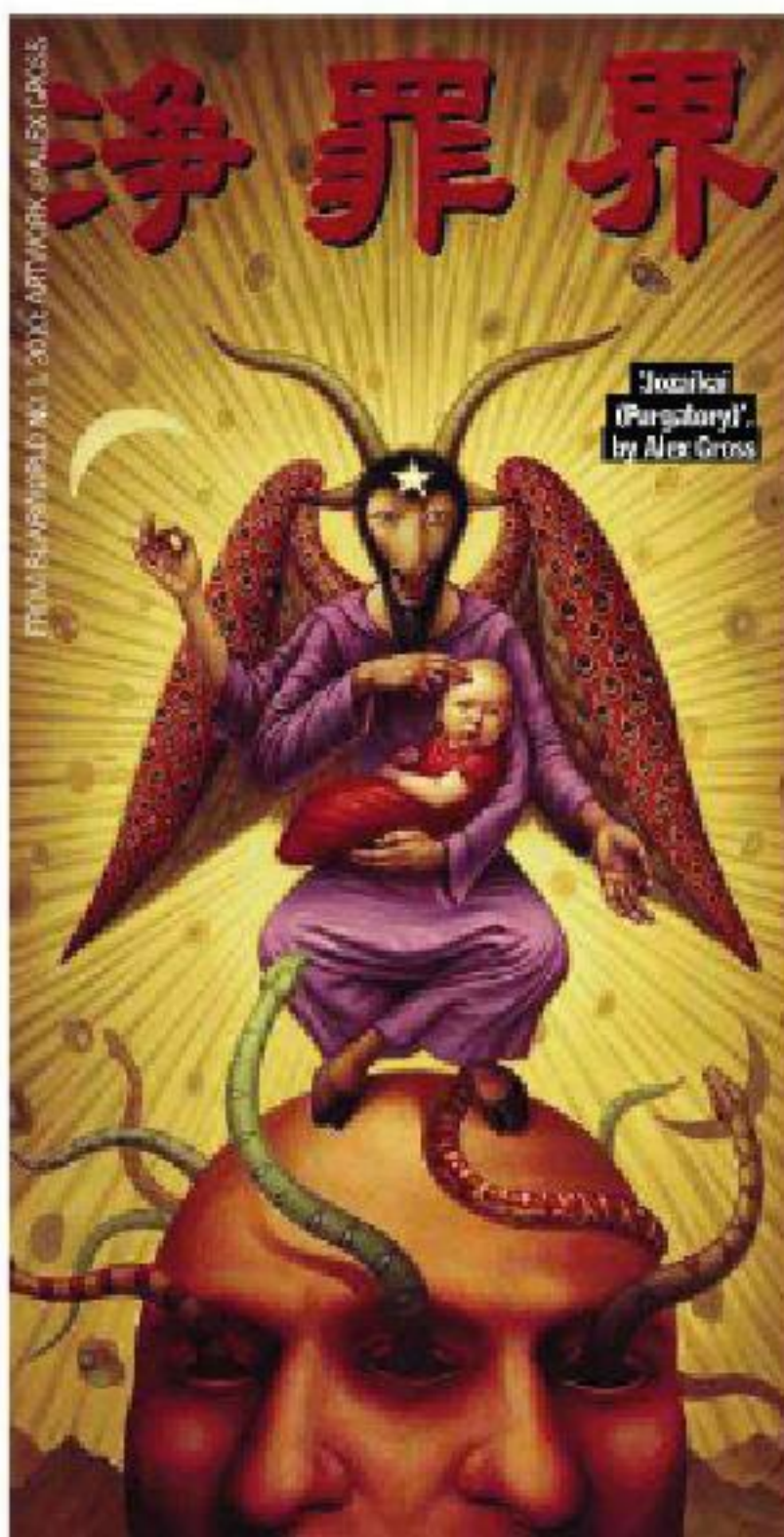
It's this sense of weird wonder that Monte hopes will filter down to the people reading *BLABWORLD*. "If *BLABWORLD* were to resonate with a first-time reader much like *The Wizard Of Oz* resonated with me, viscerally – where you don't know exactly why you like something, you just instinctively do – I'd be quite pleased," he muses. "Not only did *The Wizard of Oz* contain aspects of the grotesque – frightening, unnerving

elements that were psychologically abrasive – it also contained wondrous, rainbow-hued, imaginative elements: splendid characters imbued with engaging multi-dimensional personas, and colourful cinematography sandwiched between that of black-and white. So that's what I strive for – a menagerie of visual elements, both yin and yang."

Art in heaven

The first issue of *BLABWORLD* has those contrasts. For example, an essay about Robert Crumb's 1980s magazine *Weirdo* (left) is next to a piece about Nazi caricature art (previous page).

Art fans will be pleased to learn that *BLABWORLD* No. 2 is out in July, and its theme is similarly dramatic: the afterlife, or 'The Hereafter'. "My girl and I were riding a bus when we passed Chicago's Graceland Cemetery, where my number one hero of all time is buried – the legendary boxer, Jack Johnson," explains Monte. "And I began thinking about what a wondrous example he made of his life. It got me to thinking that if there is an afterlife, how is Jack doing now? Is he still boxing? Is he still consorting with women? Is he still racing cars recklessly about? So that's how the latest theme originated. Lately it seems that the direction for an issue of *BLAB* no longer is born in the studio; it comes while I'm out in the world, experiencing life." ●



BLABWORLD No. 1, by Monte Beauchamp, is published by Last Gasp and distributed by Turnaround, priced £17.99. See more art at blab-world.com.

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WORDS HOLLY GRIGG-SPALL
PHOTOS NAOMI HARRIS

At the *Naughty In N'awlins* swingers convention, held in a booked-out hotel in New Orleans' historic French Quarter, the presidential suite is temporarily re-named the Chocolate Room. Inside, there's a chocolate fountain, strawberries for dipping, and a group of African-American single men ready to gang-bang white women as their husbands watch from the sidelines.

These gang-banging men are lawyers, NASA scientists, accountants and bankers, and they call themselves the Mandingos. Their leader, Art Hammer, personally picks young black men who are happy to accommodate couples that enjoy interracial swinging. The Mandingos are just one crew on the scene, but they monopolise the market. The moniker comes from the name of an →

For some married couples, loving sex just isn't enough. Meet the gang who fulfil the hardcore fantasies of faithful wives, as their husbands watch on...

...they

Mandis

COME OUT SWINGING

Art Hammer
(centre, back) and his
teased-up Mandingos



Ooh, I say, it's
cold in here!

are the
ngos

COME OUT SWINGING

African-American porn star, known as the King Of Cocks for his foot-long penis, who in turn took it from the title of an African tribe, the Mandinkas, whose members were the most prized slaves on Southern plantations. "It's a brotherhood," explains Art, "it's about sharing. We're not here to make love to a woman, that's for her husband. We're here to fuck them and we do it quite well."

Art chooses an A-team of men who are all good-looking, well-off, and well-endowed professionals, but he can also provide the

occasional "thug-type" – a guy without the Ivy League education or manners – for couples looking for a rougher experience. Art also has a B-team that consists of those who don't quite fit his strict criteria, and they only get invited when he has difficulty filling the minimum quota of two men per woman required for the Chocolate Room of a convention, or his *Hot Chocolate* private parties. "A lot of women want to be pounded by multiple guys," Art explains. "Everything

we do is done with respect. We're all polite gentlemen who can also hold an intelligent conversation around the pool afterwards."

Desperate housewives

The Mandingos work the Chocolate Rooms of many conventions, which are open to any couples that want to go, but they're also available for private play dates and organised house parties, for which Art interviews every couple before letting them attend. In the last month the Mandingos have hosted a *Naughty Or Nice* holiday event and a *Greedy Babes Gone Wild* house party in Tampa, Florida.

Although this group sex fetish is particularly popular in America's southern states, there are also crews in New York and California that provide a similar service. "These women want caveman-cavewoman sex in a controlled setting," explains Art. They don't want to be asked – they want to be taken. These are good girls, who want to play the bad girl. They love us because we don't give them a choice, because if they have a choice they have to say 'no'. They get to stay good girls and fulfil their fantasy, with their husband's consent. They want to be spanked and they want to have their hair pulled. Then they can say to him, and to themselves, 'He made me do it!' You, as a Mandingo, have to know the moment when you stop treating her like a lady, grab her hair, pull her down, and tell her to suck your dick."



The flowery pictures helped them get to the mood for love!



A Mandingo takes a woman to her special place

A husband mops his wife's brow during a particularly hot session with the Mandingos

"These women want caveman-cavewoman sex in a controlled setting. They don't want to be asked – they want to be taken"

Art Hammer

Art and his gang know that couples have expectations, and take on the confident, controlling role that satisfies their needs. Details of what each woman wants are discussed beforehand as, although the wives demand to be dominated, everything must be consensual. "For private parties, some women want a rape scene," Art explains, "so we agree on a safe word. One female client said she'd never met a group of men who'd made her use her safe word. One of our guys smacked her around so hard it hurt me to watch, but she just kept saying it hurt, and he hit harder. She eventually used her safe word that day."

Proud partners

The husbands sometimes stay to watch, direct the action with suggestions, or sit by the hotel pool sipping a cocktail until his wife is done. "We get what we call 'cheerleaders,'" says Art. "Husbands who want to cheer on their wives. It gets like a competition – they want to be able to say their wife is the biggest slut around. The more she's getting, the more they're clapping."

One husband at *Naughty in Nawlins* explains, "It used to be disturbing when she was having a great time, and I'd feel threatened. When she plays with three guys now, I root for them. Big is good, skilled is better, big and skilled is best."

Sometimes husbands want to be in the room so they can take pleasure in being submissive to the younger, bigger man their wife wants.

Art calls these, "cuckold scenes".

Afterwards, the husband will clean his wife up, perhaps by licking the Mandingo's spunk from her face and body. "These are powerful businessmen, who can provide everything for their young, hot wife, but can't satisfy her sexually," explains Art. "The woman wants to be dominated – to serve you – but she'll order her husband to watch and ask us to humiliate him, physically and mentally. She tells him he can't fuck her the way she needs to be fucked."

These parties can leave the bedroom as the Mandingo takes the wife to a bar or club, where the husband is paying, and watching the proceedings from afar. They might go on holiday with a couple, and spend the time servicing the wife at the husband's expense. And occasionally Art will be asked to take a woman for the

weekend, give her a gang-bang, and send her home with photo and video evidence.

Do it like a dude

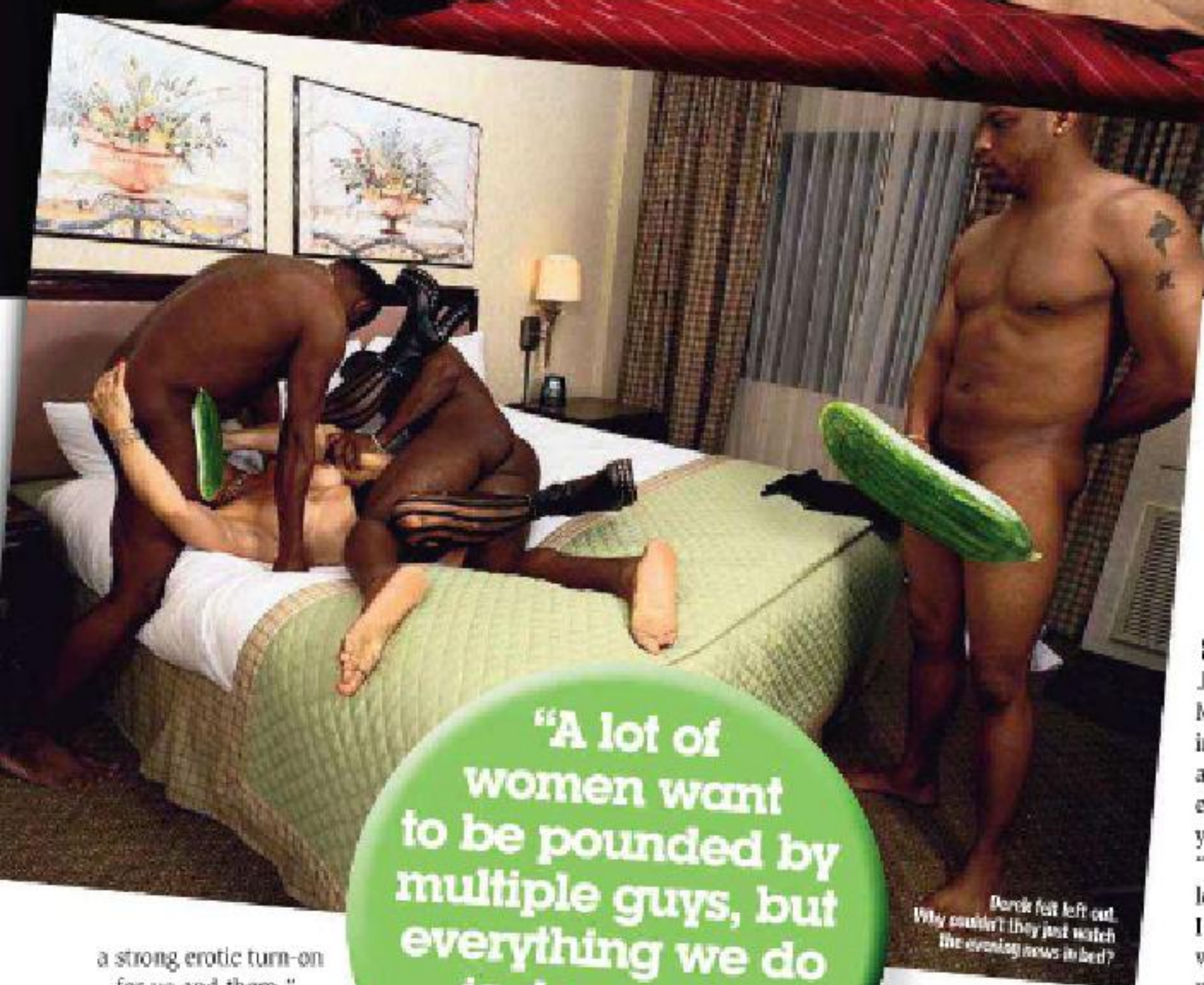
Many of the fans in the Mandingos' *Naughty in Nawlins* following keep their swinging preference a secret. For some, segregation between black and white people when they were teenagers meant they attended different schools and used separate water fountains. "In America, sex between a black man and a white woman is still a taboo. That racism persists," admits Art. "They don't want their friends to know they have this attraction, but they want to act it out in a safe setting, with their husband's approval. Racial inhibitions do come into this, but a big part of it is the visual delight, visual stimulation. The contrast in skin colour is →

John wondered when they were going home for dinner

COME OUT SWINGING



"Can you put the kettle on, gov? This is the sty world!"



Don't feel left out. Why couldn't they just watch the evening news in bed?

"A lot of women want to be pounded by multiple guys, but everything we do is done with respect"

Art Hammer

a strong erotic turn-on – for us and them."

Brian and Tangerine are regular clients of the Mandingos. They run their own swingers club, "Tangerine's Dream". Tangerine takes three or four men at once, and lets her husband know how much she's enjoying herself as he hands her a rum and coke, mops her brow, and brings more towels. "To me, 'chocolate' is a loving, gentle term," she says. "I like to see the darkness against my white skin. In my experience, African-American men are in better shape, have better stamina, and have sex

differently. They're good at gang-bangs.

They work as one, taking it in turns, with one guy being good at one thing, and another at something else. They're focussed on you and your pleasure, and it makes

a woman feel special." Brian adds, "These parties can be melting pots for smart, educated people having a great time. The men in gang-bangs can also be Asian, Native American, and Latino."

Before one session, Brian takes a couple of the Mandingos aside, and says: "My wife's not only

got her pussy and her ass, she's also got her mouth and her two hands. She can take five guys. The cool thing about this is that you guys tag-team it," Tangerine butts in: "I'm really good at hand jobs. I'm a pretzel, you can twist me into any shape you want. Be as rough as you like." Then they set up their iPod playlist, and Natasha Bedingfield's album *Pocketful Of Sunshine* soundtracks the scene.

Sweetest taboo

Jazzi, an old friend of Art's who's been attending Mandingos parties from the start, has her own insight into their popularity: "The Mandingos are very verbal – they tell you how much they enjoy your body, how beautiful you are, how wet you feel, and it makes your head swell," she says. "You feel like they really want all of you, that they love your big butt. I don't drink, I don't do drugs. I just like to get fucked. The Mandingos' fans, we practice getting big dicks in our mouths, and we carry around suitcases of Magnum condoms." Many of the women admit that much of the thrill of sleeping with the Mandingos comes from feeling that sex with an African-American man is wrong, but "once you've tapped into that taboo, it's hard to leave it behind," says Jazzi.

Art believes that by breaking the taboo, the Mandingos are bridging the gap between black and white people. "We're helping the situation, we're progressing it," he says. "More and more people want to join my parties. A few years back, there was only one convention with a Chocolate Room. Now every convention has one. Interracial swinging is becoming more acceptable." 

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Inking



Icon

No.5 Mo Coppoletta

Every month, *Bizarre* celebrates the world's finest tattooists. Only the best flesh artists deserve our **Inking Icon** accolade



The Smart Cookie

WORDS ALIX FOX
PHOTOS FREDI MARCARINI AND TOM BROADBENT

Italian ink artist **Mo Coppoletta** looks sharp and thinks even more sharply. *Bizarre* explores his remarkable business mind and luxurious sense of taste →

"My close friends and relatives are the things I cherish most in my life," muses Italian-born Mo Coppoletta, tattoo artist and founder of upmarket London inking parlour, The Family Business. "But speaking purely materialistically, my most prized items are my Lambretta scooter, my book and watch collections, and my clothes. I always dress in a crisply-ironed shirt, trousers and jacket, with the colour of my tie complementing – but not matching – that of my pocket handkerchief. Matching looks crass and cheesy."

Until Mo rolls up his sleeves, ready to ink a client with one of the old-school skulls and roses or Oriental koi carp for which he's best known, you'd have no idea that this dapper, suited'n'booted gentleman has a huge tatt collection of his own. From the first heart and dagger he had inscribed upon his shoulder, to the necklace of black rosary beads that he names as his favourite piece, all of Mo's epidermal decorations are hidden beneath his clothes.

"I'd never have visible parts of my body tattooed, as I like to keep my options open in life," Mo explains in an accent that remains largely 'prosciutto e mascarpone', with only a hint of 'pie and mash'. "Rightly or wrongly, tattoos on your fingers or neck are frowned upon by some people, and my ability to network and conduct professional dealings with different kinds of folk is one of the main reasons behind my success. I'll only ever accessorise my bald scalp with a neat hat, and my hands with a perfectly-mixed Old-Fashioned cocktail!"

The Italian job

Mo's outstanding business sense is one of the key reasons *Bizarre* considers him an Inking Icon. He has a business background: while studying law at university in Italy, he travelled through Europe



Mo tucks his tie into his shirt, and gets down to business

enough to work with him, after I moved to England in 1997, and also spent time at Evil From The Needle, in Camden. I always knew I was destined to go solo, though, and I finally set up The Family Business eight years ago."

Mo-numental success

While Mo's own tattooing style is certainly accomplished, and he garners immense respect for his ability to complete quality pieces in record time, his work is largely traditional. In contrast to other Inking Icons such as Xed Le Head (*Bizarre* 172), whose geometric designs are instantly

known as deluxe brands outside the usual tattoo community circles; Mo recently appeared as a guest on Radio 1's *Normie* show and has been interviewed by *The Independent*, *The Economist*, and *Dazed & Confused*.

So far, Mo's launched a series of limited-edition art prints, a jewellery range, and a coffee-table book packed with photos of his staff, himself, and his customers. The day after meeting *Bizarre*, Mo's set to travel to Geneva to discuss a top-secret project with a high-end accessories designer, and his long-term goal is to set up a restaurant and bar. Mo already knows what he likes – he modelled

"I'm nearly 40, and I'm bloody glad I don't live the same lifestyle as I did when I was 21. Some people need to grow the fuck up!"

buying and selling china, having been trained on how to spot precious wares by his father, an antique dealer. It was during these business trips that he was exposed to tattoos... and fell in love with them. "My travels soon became more for pleasure than for work," Mo grins. "I toured my favourite shops, got to know artists, and became well-known on the scene as an enthusiast, way before I actually decided to learn to be a tattooist."

Mo developed a particular admiration for the work of Alex Binnie, of famed London tatt shop Into You. "Alex is a true visionary, with an instinctive way of fitting patterns onto the body," Mo gushes. "I was lucky



recognisable, it's Mo's charming personality and groundbreaking approach to tattooing as a career that's put him on the tatt map, rather than his flashes. Signor Coppoletta isn't offended by this observation: "The

tattoo world is so incestuous these days, and everyone is so heavily influenced by each other, that in most cases even the best pieces could have been done by one of 20 top artists," he shrugs.

Instead, Mo's leading the pack in two ways: firstly, by establishing his parlour as an approachable but luxurious place to get tattooed, and secondly, by diversifying into other areas of commerce. "The Family Business" and 'Mo Coppoletta' are already

The Family Business on 5-star Mayfair hotel The Connaught because of its "perfect service".

"There's this stupid idea that it's somehow 'selling out' for a tattooist to diversify, and that wanting to be widely successful and do things in a nice, smart way is not what 'genuine tattooing' is about," says Mo. "I think that's simply an excuse for people to stagnate. Too many tattooists have become too comfortable and set in their ways – they look, talk and act like they did decades ago and, worse still, they take an odd pride in it. I'm nearly 40, and I'm bloody glad I don't live the same lifestyle as I did when I was 21! Some people need to grow the fuck up!"

With the entrepreneurial skill of Lord Alan Sugar, coupled with a sweetness to equal Sugar's surname, we wonder if Mo has any faults. A single guilty pleasure, perhaps? "Porn," he winks. Ah, *la dolce vita* indeed, Mo. Thefamilybusinessattoo.com



Tattooed By The Family Business, by Mo Coppoletta, is published by Pavilion, at £30



1



2



3



4



5



6



COPPOLOADA THIS!

The Italian stallion talks about his best designs

1 BODYSUIT

"Anthony's a dream client, as he always listens to advice on how his chosen designs should be altered to make them fit on his body effectively. Great tats are about clever placement, as well as good drawings."

2 NIPPLE ROSE

"Here's an example of nifty placement on Anthony's chest. I incorporated his nipple into the centre of a rose. It would've looked unfortunate in the middle of the Virgin Mary's forehead!"

3 SPACE PIN-UP

"This geeky customer spends a fortune in Forbidden Planet! His two sleeves combine pin-up-style ladies with specific elements from sci-fi comics. The rockets and ray guns had to look just so, but I had creative license on the women, as always! Ha!"

4 POSH SLEEVE

"Jasper's Swedish, but he wanted to reflect his family's hunting heritage with a sleeve inspired by the tapestries and antiques you'd find in posh English country mansions."

5 DRAGON

"Maki's back piece is a serious bit of ink, and took over 30 hours, but it's feminine and delicate as well as striking. Give a girl a tattoo that's too heavy and you can accidentally give her a sex change!"

6 DOVES

"Paloma Faith is a mate of one of my old receptionists, and I tattooed three doves on her back during several sessions. On each visit, she was more famous than the last! I've inked many celebrities, but everyone gets star treatment from me."

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WORDS **SORREL NEUSS**
PHOTOS **ROBERT CLARK/INSTITUTE**

IF YOU GO DOWN TO THE BOGS TODAY

You might find bodies rising from their graves, perfectly preserved in peat...

Beneath the sodden moors of northern Europe, where the ground sucks and squelches as you walk over it, the zombie-like remains of murdered souls are being disturbed. With black faces contorted in pain, nooses tied around their necks or with gaping stab wounds in their flesh, red-haired, leathery-faced corpses preserved in peat are emerging from their crypts.

Since the late 1800s, around 700 reported bodies, predominantly from the Iron Age (400BC-400AD), have been accidentally dug up by peat cutters in Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, Holland and Germany. Although most bog people died 1,600-2,400 years ago, they look as though they were murdered within the last decade. And when the best-preserved corpse, the Tollund Man (above), was discovered in Jutland, Denmark, in

1950, locals thought they'd found a recent murder victim. Found in a fetal position, with the hangman's rope around his neck, scientists first thought he might've been tossed into the bog for being gay or a coward. But it's impossible to tell.

Iron Age Europeans didn't write down anything about their beliefs and customs and, over time, many of the bog people vanished when they were disturbed, reburied or left to decompose. Alfred Dieck, a German archaeologist who catalogued historical references to them until his death in 1989, recorded 1,800 cases, but many of them turned out to be bogus because he hadn't checked that the information was true.

But many of the genuine corpses were prettified with manicures or posh hairdos before their slaughter, or mutilated, such as a corpse found in Ireland in 2003, which had cut nipples

and wreaths of twisted hazel stems threaded through holes pierced in its arms. Those weird signs led some scientists to believe that the bog people were misfits who'd been sacrificed to the gods in strange rituals.

The victims' stories didn't end with their deaths, though. The bodies mutated in their watery graves. Bogs don't contain oxygen and only a few plants grow in them. One – a moss called sphagnum – makes the ground highly acidic. Pickled in vinegary juice, the bog people's hair and skin turned orange and the bones of some corroded, leaving nothing but a haunting, leathery shell.

Shrouded in mystery, what really happened to these silent ghosts plucked from the sludge is anyone's guess, so let *Bizarre* guide you through the spookiest specimens... →

Silent Sacrifice

Tollund Man, Denmark

Hanged with a leather cord and cast into a Danish bog 2,300 years ago, it's thought the Tollund Man was a sacrifice to the gods. Found in 1950, with beard stubble and fingerprints intact, wearing a peaked hat and with a spookily serene expression on his face, the Tollund man inspired the Irish poet Seamus Heaney to write an allegory about sacrifice and exile during the height of The Troubles, in which he called him 'bridegroom to the goddess'. His undigested death-row meal of 30 different plant seeds was still in his stomach when he was dug up.



VILLAGERS SLASHED HIS THROAT WITH A SHORT KNIFE AND PUSHED HIM INTO A FLOODED PIT

Blood Offering

Grauballe Man, Denmark

Bearing a cavernous gash from ear to ear, the Grauballe Man's throat was cut with such force that the blade nicked a vertebra in his neck. Archaeologists in Jutland, where the 2,000-year-old corpse was found in 1952, think he was sacrificed to one of the fertility goddesses during a period of famine, believing that the gift would bring a good harvest. It's presumed that villagers took The Grauballe Man to the edge of a flooded pit, slashed his throat with a short knife, and pushed him into the bog.



Death Rider

Red Franz, Germany

This swashbuckling horseman survived being shot by an arrow and breaking his shoulder, but met his maker when someone slit his throat. Some 1,800 years after his death, Red Franz, who was found around 1900, near Neu Versen, still has a good crop of hair and a patchy beard, which was originally blonde but turned ginger in the bog. Bouncing between the land of the living and the underworld, he was interred in a cemetery at Hanover shortly after he was discovered, but a local museum dug him up again five months later. →



THEY THOUGHT SHE WAS THE DEVIL

Throttled Teen

Yde Girl, Holland

The bog-dredger who discovered Yde girl in 1897 thought she was the Devil when he saw that she had long, red hair on one side of her head, but was shaven on the other. The people who killed her 2,000 years ago might've thought that, too, because the 16-year-old was stabbed, and strangled with the cloth that's still around her neck. A CT scan of The Yde Girl's body revealed that she had scoliosis – curvature of the spine – and archaeologists believe she was sacrificed for looking different.

Half-man

Clonycavan Man, Ireland

Spotted in the industrial sieve of a peat-processing plant in County Meath, Clonycavan Man emerged from the sod three months before Old Croghan Man (left). Before he died, his nose had been broken, his skull was shattered, and his abdomen had been sliced open by Pagan thugs – but his legs and lower arms were only ripped off when the peat-cutting machine went through them. His hair, which was dyed orange by the bog water, was cropped short at the back and stiffened on top, using pine resin as a pomade.

Iron Giant

Old Croghan Man, Ireland

This 6ft 6in giant, who died 1,800-2,400 years ago, was found by peat cutters in County Offaly in 2003. Wounds on The Old Croghan Man's arms suggested he'd been attacked with a knife and stabbed in the heart. The 20-something's nipples had been cut and his arms pierced, then small wreaths of twisted hazel, called withies, were threaded through the holes. It's thought he was a royal sacrifice to the fertility god and the withies had magical powers that protected the king's territory.



Fine Fighter

Osterby Man, Germany

This dapper, 1,900-year-old man, who was found in a bog in far-northern Germany in 1948, might have been a warrior. His locks are wound into an Iron Age hairdo called a Swabian knot. Roman historian Tacitus wrote that a tribe called the Suevians wore their hair like this, and other young fighters copied the style. "They thus dress when proceeding to war," wrote Tacitus, "and deck their heads so as to add to their height and terror in the eyes of the enemy."



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2011 BELONGS TO CTHULHU!

HP Lovecraft's works of horror and science-fiction have inspired some of the world's most important writers, musicians and artists. And today he's more relevant than ever

WORDS GHAD FIFER AND CHRIS LACEY

In America (*The Book*), US comedian and host of *The Daily Show*, Jon Stewart, jokes that saying the words "Time Warner Company" backwards will summon the Dark Lord Cthulhu, a tentacle-faced sea monster. In a recent episode of *South Park*, Cartman befriends this same Cthulhu as he quests to rid the world of hippies. Speaking of quests, remember the book Bruce Campbell was looking for in *Army Of Darkness*? Something called *The Necronomicon*? Isn't that the same book you're supposed to find in the videogame *Fallout 3*? And what about *Arkham Asylum* from the latest *Batman* game... where did that name come from?

These are questions we hear every day – on the street, in the workplace... And the answers all revolve around one mystical figure: HP Lovecraft. Although he possesses a name so on-the-nose sexy that it could have only been concocted by a genius porno-scientist, the man is, in fact, a short story author, whose literary creations continue to haunt the darkest corners of pop culture.



Last summer, Universal Pictures announced it was going to produce a movie called *At The Mountains Of Madness*, a development that's sure to drag Lovecraft out of the shadows he's been occupying for the last 70 years. The movie is slated to be directed by Guillermo del Toro of *Pan's Labyrinth* and *Hellboy* fame, and produced by *Avatar-Titanic-Terminator* juggernaut James Cameron. It's an adaptation of a novella written by HP Lovecraft in 1931, and it's the best news that members of his devout and hungry fan base have heard for ages.

This isn't the first time that an HP Lovecraft story has been made into a film, but many of the old movies were low-budget exploitation flicks that don't closely follow the source material. Among the most famous of these is *Re-Animator* (1985), Stuart Gordon's delirious gore-fest about a crazed scientist who brings the dead back to life with horrifying and hilarious results. But while this and other adaptations can be fun, many Lovecraft fans feel that they don't truly capture the essence of the man's work. With luck, del Toro's magical touch will change all that... →

The life of Lovecraft

Howard Phillips Lovecraft (1890-1937) wrote horror and science fiction – about 60 short stories and three novellas – which were known in their time as ‘weird fiction’. These works were frequently printed in *Weird Tales*, a leading American pulp fiction magazine of the 1920s and 30s. Unfortunately for Lovecraft, he never saw success in his lifetime, and died of intestinal cancer and malnutrition at the age of 47. He’d lived as a pauper for much of his adult life and used to brag in his letters about surviving on less than \$3-worth (£1.90) of food a week. In recent years, he’s been lauded by Stephen King as “the twentieth century’s greatest practitioner of the classic horror tale”. But even though he’s now recognised by the literary establishment as a key contributor to American literature – rivalled only by his idol, Edgar Allen Poe – his work has only been widely applauded in the past three decades.

Lovecraft’s most famous stories – *The Dunwich Horror*, *At The Mountains Of Madness*, *From Beyond*, *The Colour Out Of Space* and *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*, among others – established a new type of gothic fiction, in which brooding Eastern European castles, werewolf-infested woods and Christian motifs of purity vs. decadence were overthrown



Lovecraft's own initial sketch for the legendary 'Old One' Cthulhu, a monster that's gone on to inspire countless artists across the world. Clearly Lovecraft was a better at writing than doodling.

in favour of a modern-day universe, menaced by alien creatures with unknowable desires.

Eschewing love interests, happy endings and, sometimes – as his critics are quick to point out – throwing away basic plot and character development, Lovecraft used a mannered, 18th century style of writing to call up old gods and devolved societies beyond human comprehension. His stories are filled with cultists and creatures that drive the protagonists to madness and death, and all of his tales deliver a basic message of cosmic horror: the more you know about the world, the worse off you'll be.

This horrifying concept is best expressed in the opening paragraph of Lovecraft's most celebrated tale, *The Call Of Cthulhu*: "The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age."

There's no benevolent god in Lovecraft's universe. There's only a giant, sleeping monster



A panel from the graphic novel adaptation of Lovecraft's classic story *Dagon*, part of *The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume 1* (see p115)

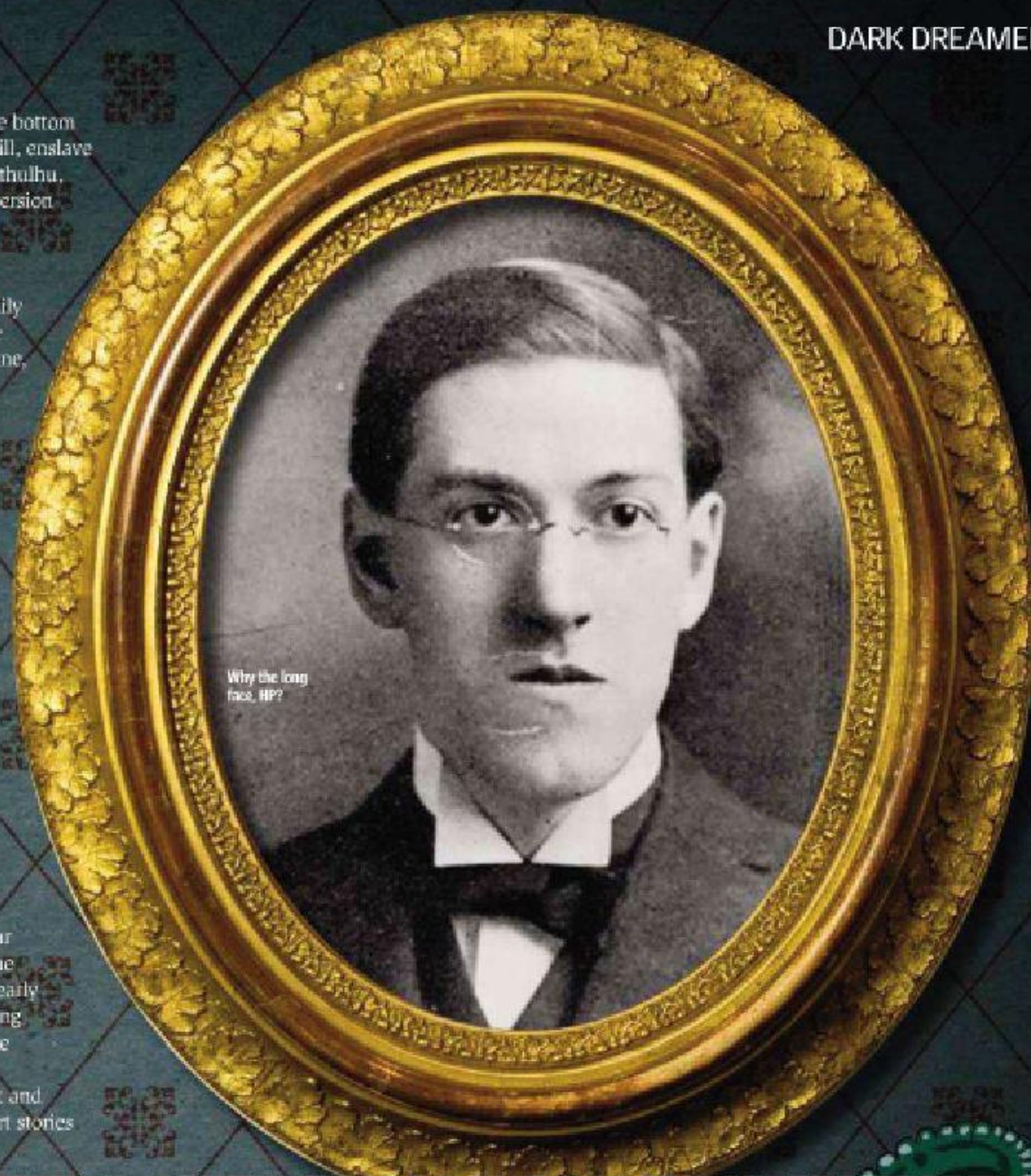
with bat-wings and a squid-head at the bottom of the ocean, waiting to awaken and kill, enslave and eat all of humanity. His name is Cthulhu, and you can now buy a cute, stuffed version of him in most comicbook shops.

Crazy, mixed-up kid

Lovecraft was born into a wealthy family in Providence, Rhode Island, where he stayed for most of his life (his tombstone, frequented by goths, reads 'I AM PROVIDENCE'). A reclusive child, Lovecraft immersed himself in chemistry and classical mythology, which distracted him from frequent tragedy. Lovecraft's salesman father suffered a bout of insanity and was committed to a hospital, dying when Lovecraft was eight. His grandfather died soon after, leaving his mother and aunts to deal with large family debts. Eventually the family lost their home and were forced to move into smaller quarters, and the writer continued to live with his aunts for most of his life.

Frequent illness prevented Lovecraft from finishing school, but he began publishing his own science journals in the year his father died. This propensity to self-publish drove him to get involved with amateur press societies and helped alleviate the extreme depression he suffered in his early 30s, after the death of his mentally ailing mother, who had ended up in the same institution as his father.

Although Lovecraft began as a poet and essayist, he soon tried his hand at short stories



LOVECRAFT'S INFLUENCE IS SEEN IN THE MUSIC OF METALLICA AND BLACK SABBATH

after being encouraged to do so by others in his writing groups. In turn, Lovecraft encouraged other authors and shared his work with them through copious correspondence, allowing them to use his creations and settings for their own work, such as his fictional town of Arkham, Massachusetts, with its witch-haunted homes and venerable Miskatonic University. Some of his most notable pen pals were Robert E Howard, who created *Conan The Barbarian*, and Robert Bloch, the author of *Psycho*.

After Lovecraft's death, writers continued to work with the settings and entities he created – a universe of cosmic horror, which is now referred to as The Cthulhu Mythos. Brian Lumley leaned heavily on Lovecraft for his *Necroscope* novel series, Clive Barker and Neil Gaiman have claimed he was their driving influence, and Stephen King's prequel to his career-launching novel *Salem's Lot* – the story *Jerusalem's Lot* – is a homage to Lovecraft's *The Rats In The Walls*.

And let's not forget Lovecraft's contribution to rock'n'roll. The writer has been inspiring musicians for decades, most notably Metallica,



whose songs 'The Call Of Ktulu' and 'The Thing That Should Not Be' are dedications to Lovecraft's imagination. Black Sabbath's debut album features a song called 'Beyond The Wall Of Sleep', named after an early Lovecraft story, and in the late 1960s, a Chicago band actually called HP Lovecraft were a seminal part of the psychedelic scene. Blue Oyster Cult, Iron Maiden, and even Vangelis have made music dedicated to ol' HPL.

One of Lovecraft's best-known creations is a fictional book called *The Necronomicon*. A rare, ancient tome, filled with spells and dark knowledge, the book pops up numerous times in his work. Lovecraft claimed that great weird fiction should be perpetrated with the elaborate design of a hoax, and so often listed *The Necronomicon* alongside titles of other real texts in his stories. The book was then used by other authors inspired by Lovecraft's work. →

DARK DREAMER

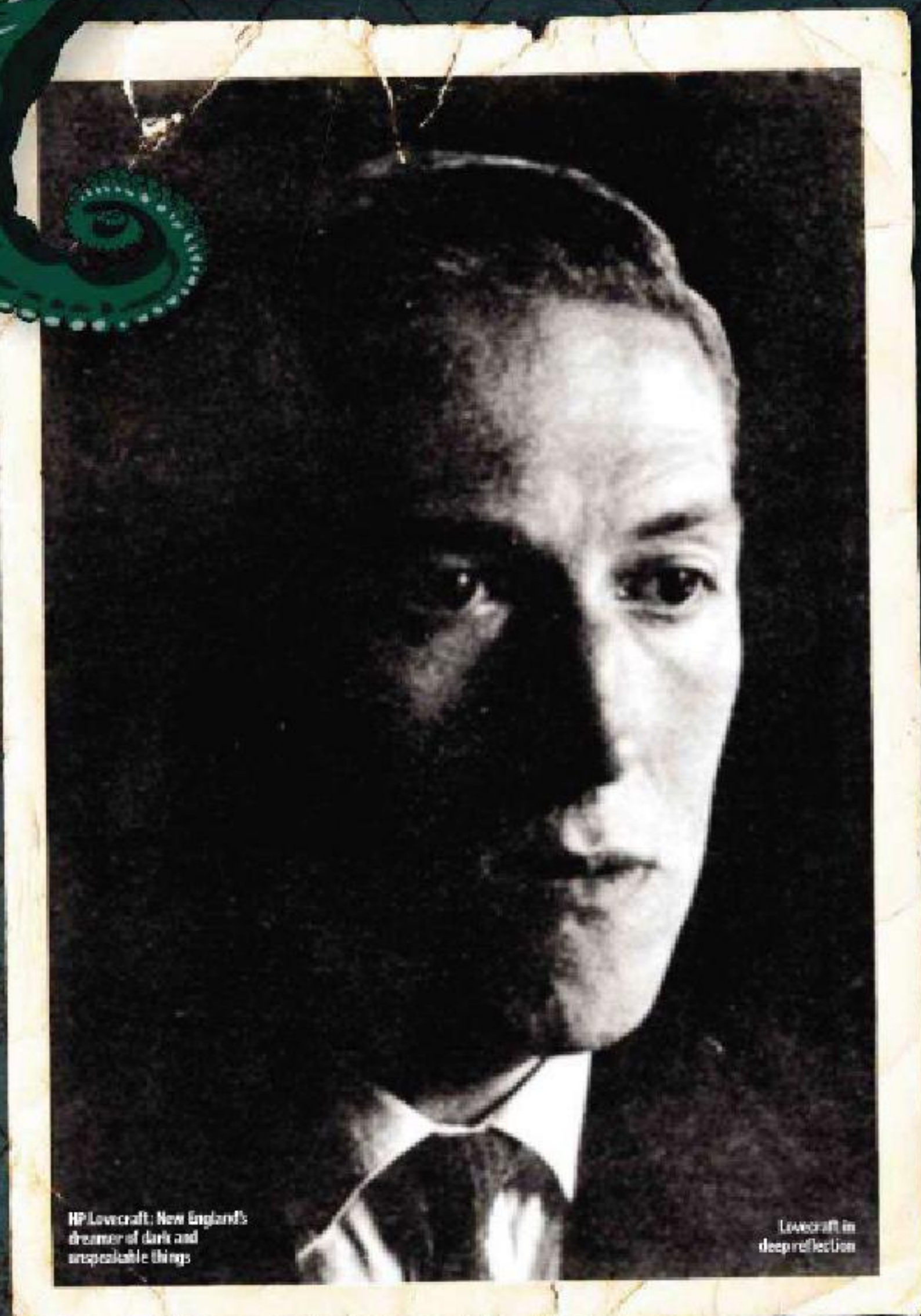
creating a misconception that persists today: that *The Necronomicon* is a real book. And the fact that it's the driving force behind Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead* series has only helped to solidify the delusion.

HP, not PC

Perhaps not surprisingly, there are also many myths circulating about Lovecraft himself, and rumours abound that he was a hermit and a gay cross-dresser, that he believed in his own creations, or was a terrible racist. Most of these tales are false; Lovecraft often travelled, he was married for a short time while he lived in New York, and he was an atheist who didn't believe in the supernatural. As for being a racist, well... that part is true. Although Lovecraft's attitudes softened as he grew older, his xenophobia – which drove much of his best fiction – also gave him some embarrassing personal opinions. While his descriptions of minority characters can be offensive, it's a facet of the author that most readers manage to overlook as they peruse the larger ideas in his fiction. As the character Renton recounts in Irvine Welsh's novel *Trainspotting*, "The train journey up wis uneventful; jist the wey ah wanted it. Some Fall tapes oan the Walkman, four cans ay lager 'n ma HP Lovecraft book. Nazi cunt, auld HP, but he kin spin a good yarn."



Another panel from the excellent *The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume 1*



HP Lovecraft: New England's dreamer of dark and unspeakable things

Lovecraft in deep reflection

RUMOURS ABOUT THAT LOVECRAFT WAS A HERMIT OR GAY CROSS-DRESSER

And that's why we still care about Lovecraft now: he could spin a good yarn. Hopefully, Universal Pictures will follow through on *At The Mountains Of Madness*, and it'll help more people discover the author that so many oddball artists and readers have enjoyed. But for now, *The HP Lovecraft Literary Podcast* will continue doing our small part to spread the word. 🐙



Chris Lackey and Chad Fifer are hosts of *The HP Lovecraft Literary Podcast*. For over a year they've been reviewing Lovecraft's work, discussing a story each week and using talented readers and creepy soundscapes to bring the stories to life. Tune in at iTunes or at HPPodcast.com



Lovecraft's classic *The Rat in The Walls* gets a graphic overhaul in *The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume 1*

A DAEMON SWINEHERD...

HIS LOATHSOME FLOCK...

AND RATS.

ONE YEAR OF LOVECRAFT

BIZARRE'S PICK OF THE BEST LOVECRAFT STUFF COMING YOUR WAY IN 2011...

MOVIES

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS



The biggest Lovecraft film news is that Guillermo del Toro, director of *Pan's Labyrinth*, is teaming up with the brains behind *Avatar*, James Cameron, to make a movie based on *At The Mountains Of Madness*.

A script is floating around on the internet – although this is sure to change – and all we really know is that Ron Pearlman has signed up to star in the flick, and that it'll be shot in 3-D. Once this film arrives, *Bizarre* predicts an avalanche of Lovecraftian cinema, and there'll surely be big budget versions of *The Call Of Cthulhu* and *The Case Of Charles Dexter Ward* in coming years.

THE WHISPERER IN DARKNESS

In 2005, Andrew Leman directed a silent, black and white movie of *The Call Of Cthulhu* that's become a cult favourite. And in 2011, along with co-writer/director Sean Branney and co-producer David Robertson, he's set to release a new movie based on another Lovecraft classic, *The Whisperer In Darkness*. Andrew spoke to *Bizarre*...



shopping for model biplanes on eBay, we found a surprisingly cheap real biplane. So I bought it, and Sean went to Colorado, put it on a truck, and drove it back to California where we filmed it. Even with the cost of hauling it across the country, we saved a lot of time and money compared to what it would've cost us to build one from scratch.

How close is your movie to the Lovecraft original?

We take Lovecraft seriously, and always approach adaptation with respect for the original material. But we've taken more liberties with *Whisperer* than we did with *Cthulhu* for a couple of reasons. Firstly, the story is relatively short, so to be made into a film without fleshing it out. Secondly, the set-up of the story all comes from correspondence – we didn't think audiences would be too excited about watching a couple of guys reading their mail, so we externalised a lot of the information that comes in those letters.

Why do you think Lovecraft is still relevant today?

Lovecraft's relevant because the worlds he created continue to spark the imagination, and the world he lived in is ever more romantic in this post-nuclear, internet age.

Cthulhulives.org

When is *Whisperer* coming out?

The film's in the final phase of post-production, and should be ready by mid-February. It's been submitted to festivals worldwide, and it'll be screened at the *HP Lovecraft Film Festival* in LA in September. A DVD/Blu-ray edition should be available this summer.

Why did you choose to make a movie based on *Whisperer*?

It's one of our favourite stories, and the Mi-Go are some of the best Lovecraftian creatures. We knew we wanted to make a 'talkie' after *The Call Of Cthulhu*, and *Whisperer* offered some interesting opportunities to explore sound.

The Call Of Cthulhu was made on a shoestring budget. Was it the same for *Whisperer*?

Whisperer had a considerably larger budget than *Cthulhu*. That said, it also had a preposterously small budget for a period film of this size and scope! One interesting cost-saving measure was our acquisition of a biplane. We wanted one for a scene, and anticipated that we'd have to build our own. But while

EVENTS



HP LOVECRAFT REANIMATED

Each year across the Atlantic there are dozens of events devoted to the work of HP Lovecraft, including *Cthulhupalooza*, the *HP Lovecraft Film Festival*, *MythosCon* and many others. In 2011 we'll see Lovecraft events appearing on this side of the pond, most notably the upcoming *HP Lovecraft: Reanimated*, which is being staged by *Bizarre*'s own Dr Blackthorn in association

with Wake Up! Productions. The first *HP Lovecraft: Reanimated* will take place on Friday 15 April in the Horse Hospital in London, the venue *Bizarre* uses for its free film club CUT! (see p125), and will feature a delicious blend of live readings, short films, comedy, performance and music, all with a dark, Lovecraftian twist.

Tumblr.com/holovecraftreanimated

MUSIC

There's no shortage of Lovecraft-inspired music, and 2011 will see a bitch-load more hitting the internet and airwaves. One of *Bizarre*'s favourite Lovecraftian bands is The Darkest Of The Hillside Thickets from British Columbia, Canada, who are releasing an album this year featuring songs about Erich Zann and the 'Arkham Massachusetts Tourism Jingle'. Lovecraftian metal band Auroch, also based in Canada, are worth keeping an eye on, and for something more subdued check out Misty Roses, who've referenced Lovecraft many times in their music and have releases planned for 2011.



Thickets.net; MySpace.com/theauroch; Mistyroses.com

BOOKS



As HP Lovecraft's stories are now out of copyright, there's currently a gold rush on his work, with many publishers crapping out collections of his short stories and the Apple iTunes store swamped with shoddy apps that collect his most notorious tales. But 2011

will also see a selection of excellent Lovecraft-inspired graphic novels hitting the shelves from publisher SelfMadeHero, which published INJ Culbard's sublime interpretation of *At The Mountains Of Madness* last year (see *Bizarre* 171 for a review). On 28 April SelfMadeHero is releasing *The Lovecraft Anthology: Volume I*, followed by *Volume II* in Spring, and *Volume III* around Christmas time. SelfMadeHero is also planning a book of *The Case Of Charles Dexter Ward* for October.

Selfmadehero.com

The **THING** in the MOONLIGHT

Let **HP Lovecraft** drag you into a dreadful dream about a rusty railway, where things go bump in the night...

THE STORY...

The Thing In The Moonlight is based on a letter HP Lovecraft wrote to sci-fi author Donald Wandrei, dated 24 November 1927, in which he recalls a nightmare. The story was fleshed out for publication by J Chapman Miske – but the majority of the letter and published story are identical. Weirdly, the story was first published in another mag called *Bizarre* – a 1940s fetish publication – in January 1941.

Morgan is not a literary man; in fact he cannot speak English with any degree of coherency. That is what makes me wonder about the words he wrote, though others have laughed. He was alone the evening it happened. Suddenly an unconquerable urge to write came over him, and taking pen in hand he wrote the following:

My name is Howard Phillips. I live at 66 College Street, in Providence, Rhode Island. On November 24, 1927 – for I know not even what the year may be now – I fell asleep and dreamed, since when I have been unable to awaken.

My dream began in a dank, reed-choked marsh that lay under a gray autumn sky, with a rugged cliff of lichen-crust stone rising to the north. Impelled by some obscure quest, I ascended a rift or cleft in this beetling precipice, noting as I did so the black mouths of many fearsome burrows extending from both walls into the depths of the stony plateau.

At several points the passage was roofed over by the choking of the upper parts of the narrow fissure; these places being exceeding

dark, and forbidding the perception of such burrows as may have existed there. In one such dark space I felt conscious of a singular accession of fright, as if some subtle and bodiless emanation from the abyss were engulfing my spirit; but the blackness was too great for me to perceive the source of my alarm.

At length I emerged upon a tableland of moss-grown rock and scanty soil, lit by a faint moonlight which had replaced the expiring orb of day. Casting my eyes about, I beheld no living object; but was sensible of a very peculiar stirring far below me, amongst the whispering rushes of the pestilential swamp I had lately quitted.

After walking for some distance, I encountered the rusty tracks of a street railway, and the worm-eaten poles which still held the limp and sagging trolley wire. Following this line, I soon came upon a yellow, vestibuled car numbered 1852 – of a plain, double-trucked type common from 1900 to 1910. It was untenanted,

that they were conductor and motorman. Then one of them sniffed with singular sharpness, and raised his face to howl to the moon. The other dropped on all fours to run toward the car.

I leaped up at once and raced madly out of that car and across endless leagues of plateau till exhaustion forced me to stop – doing this not because the conductor had dropped on all fours, but because the face of the motorman was a mere white cone tapering to one blood-red tentacle...

I was aware that I only dreamed, but the very awareness was not pleasant. Since that fearful night, I have prayed only for awakening – it has not come!

Instead I have found myself an inhabitant of this terrible dream-world! That first night gave way to dawn, and I wandered aimlessly over the lonely swamp-lands. When night came, I still wandered, hoping for awakening. But suddenly I parted the weeds and saw before me the ancient railway car – and to one side

“His face was a mere white cone tapering to one **blood-red tentacle**”

but evidently ready to start; the trolley being on the wire and the air-brake now and then throbbing beneath the floor. I boarded it and looked vainly about for the light switch – noting as I did so the absence of the controller handle, which thus implied the brief absence of the motorman. Then I sat down in one of the cross seats of the vehicle. Presently I heard a swishing in the sparse grass toward the left, and saw the dark forms of two men looming up in the moonlight. They had the regulation caps of a railway company, and I could not doubt but

a cone-faced thing lifted its head and in the streaming moonlight howled strangely!

It has been the same each day. Night takes me always to that place of horror. I have tried not moving, with the coming of nightfall, but I must walk in my slumber, for always I awaken with the thing of dread howling before me in the pale moonlight, and I turn and flee madly.

God! When will I awaken?

That is what Morgan wrote. I would go to 66 College Street in Providence, but I fear for what I might find there. ☹



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OUT OF THEIR TREES!

Enter the crazy world of tuba-cabaret troubadours Biscuithead & The Biscuit Badgers **132**

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WAKE WOOD

If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise

OLD SCHOOL BRITISH HORROR

is alive and well in this unsettling, occult nightmare about how far people will go to deal with the loss of a loved one.

The latest feature from the newly resurrected Hammer studios, it opens with a vet's young daughter being savagely killed by a dog. Mourning her demise, he and his wife move to the tiny Irish village of Wake Wood, where they become embroiled in Pagan ways after discovering the locals can raise the dead. Unfortunately, their kid's consequent return results in a supernatural hellen-skelter ride that culminates in gory chaos.

In his first foray into horror, director David Keating (who also co-wrote the screenplay) opts for tension over cheap shocks: slowly and confidently crawling under the skin thanks to his blend of atmosphere and emotion. Events ooze unease, as shadowy lighting and a muted colour palette combine with an eerie soundtrack to breathe life into the sinister village and its ritual-governed inhabitants. Meanwhile, the measured

pacing allows greater character development than usual for genre movies, increasing viewer empathy for the plight of the grief-stricken parents (*Queer As Folk*'s Aidan Gillen and *The Children's Era* Birthistle). Cracking support comes courtesy of Timothy Spall, in his most creepy role to date. But the flick's trump card is newcomer Ella Connolly, who is haunting and terrifying as the living dead girl.

For sheer nerve-racking intensity, *Wake Wood* is right up there with cult classic *The Wicker Man* (1973), which is high praise indeed. **BILLY CHAINSAW**

More terrifying than being stranded at a crusty forest festival with The Corrs playing on loop
★★★★

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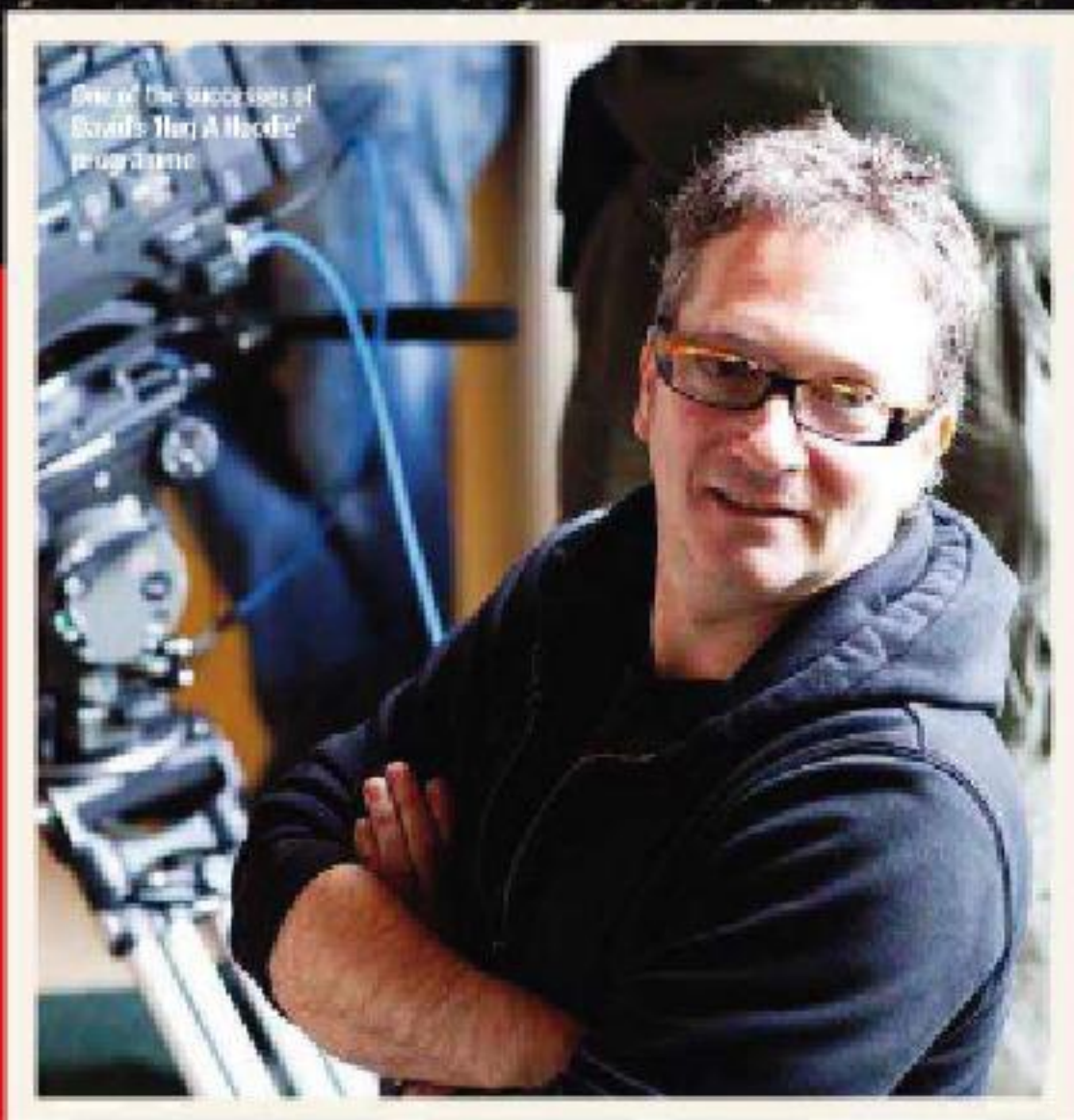
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One of the 'space ops' of David's 'Ben & Mac' programme

Q+A David Keating *Director/co-writer*

Did you research Paganism for the film?

We don't think that *Wake Wood* has a Pagan aspect, although I can see with hindsight how people might use that word. Co-writer/producer Brendan McCarthy and myself both had a sense of what the world of vets, farmers and blacksmiths is like because our fathers were both qualified veterinary surgeons, so we looked at what it'd be like if that culture was extended into a practical ritual that could bring back the dead. We ended up with the film's messy, gooey sequence. It was mystical, in a practical, rural kind of way.

Do you believe in the supernatural?

It's a tough concept for me because I'm pretty sure that there's much weirder shit

out there than you or I could ever imagine. I think we need to expand our view of what's 'natural' before we question the supernatural – and when I say expand, I mean explode it into tiny pieces.

Did anything weird happen while you were shooting the film?

One day, when we were shooting the awakening scene, we were holed up in an old farmhouse that had been empty for years. We were upstairs in a dim, candlelit room as it started to get dark outside, and when we came to the end of a take, there was a moment of silence and then... the whole floor shook – like the old house disapproved and was saying, "No, don't do it". It was chilling and people started yelling.

BIUTIFUL

Cheer up me ol' mucker, at least you're not fugly

DEATH, BIPOLAR DISORDER, and the supernatural prove a provocative combination in this weighty Spanish drama.

Javier Bardem (*No Country For Old Men*) bares his soul as Uxbal, a complex and contradictory man who can pass on messages from the recently deceased to the living. Uxbal splits his time between crime and ghost-whispering, but after being diagnosed with a terminal illness, he attempts to atone for his squandered existence. However, the diseased-

looking cinematography and intimate, hand-held camera-work establish a cheerless tone, and it's obvious that things will only go from bad to worse.

To call this latest film from 21 Grams director Alejandro González Iñárritu bleak is an understatement – but then that's what he does best. Delivering his finest work since *Amores Perros*, Iñárritu explores his customary dark and difficult themes with such compassion and understanding, that every moment in this film is mesmerising.



Along the way, flashes of weirdness provide a surreal contrast to the gloomy realism: for example, a hellish nightclub scene reflects Uxbal's mental disintegration, and a ghost appears on the ceiling.

While this is one of the most depressing and emotionally demanding films you'll ever see, it's also grounding and humbling, and it'll make you feel better about your own life.

Billy Chalmers

A whole boat-load of awesome if you love feeling at sea ★ ★ ★ ★

IT'S DEPRESSING, EMOTIONALLY DEMANDING, AND GROUNDING



"I know I shouldn't shave when I'm shit-faced"

ANIMAL KINGDOM

In this bleak, compelling, Australian crime drama, The mother of a 17-year-old boy dies of an overdose, and her relatives take him into their care. He's then plunged into a world of armed robbery, drugs, and crooked cops. This emotionally explosive debut from writer/director David Michôd is unrelenting, vicious, and so painstakingly executed that every frame oozes with unnerving authenticity. **BC ★ ★ ★ ★**



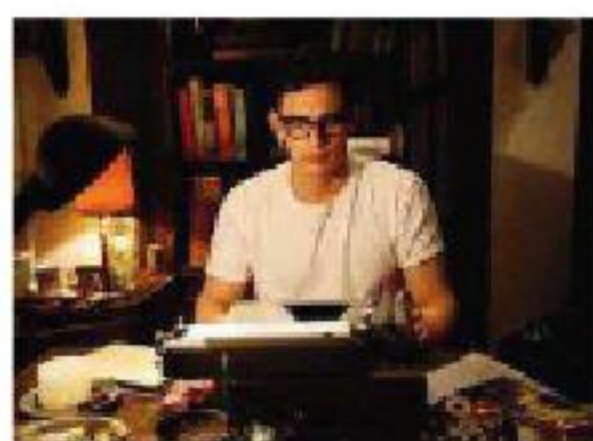
CELL 211

In this intense and brutal drama, a young guard caught up in a prison riot on his first day is forced to pose as an inmate to survive. He quickly gains the confidence of the mad pack's violent leader, which leads to conflicting loyalties with the prison authorities, his pregnant wife, and ultimately his ideals. It's edge-of-your-seat stuff that'll leave you breathless.

Sean Howe ★ ★ ★ ★

HOWL

This is an imaginative dissection of beat legend Allen Ginsberg's poem about self-liberation, which was deemed to be so disgusting that an obscenity case was brought against its publisher in the 1950s. *127 Hours* James Franco is superb as Ginsberg, and surreal animation captures the sexuality and power of his controversial text, but sadly the courtroom scenes lack dynamism. **BC ★ ★ ★**



INSATIABLE MOON

This offbeat, occasionally surreal drama is like a 'care-in-the-community' version of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. A psychiatric patient, who believes he's Jesus' brother, searches for his Queen Of Heaven, while attempting to stop the forced closure of the boarding home where he and his mad mate live. Although it's steeped in social commentary, this emotional film isn't preachy. **BC ★ ★ ★**

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ALIEN VS. NINJA

Beam me up, chop-socky



IF YOU'VE EVER wondered why the Japanese are the reigning kings of absurd genre movies, then this mega-gory, martial arts-and-monster slugfest will answer your question.

Although its title obviously piggybacks off *Alien vs. Predator*, don't expect anything as technically proficient as the Hollywood blockbuster.

This is a cheesy SFX flick, filled with fun rather than fear, in which a group of ravenous extraterrestrials crash-land in an isolated forest. Their initial contact with Earthlings leaves a posse of ninjas reduced to human jigsaws, and the few who survive vow to take vengeance.

But while there are extreme scenes, such as a guy getting half-eaten alive, and another torn in two, then stomped to a pulp, *Alien vs. Ninja* isn't a splatter film in the vein of *Tokyo Gore Police*.

Following the initial scene-setting onslaught, writer/director Seiji Chiba openly reveals his comedic intentions, obviously enjoying the fact that the mutant, newt-style aliens just look like blokes in gunk-spurting rubber suits. Meanwhile, the tool-up ninjas punctuate their impressively choreographed fights with deliberately corny dialogue. There's even some hilarious sexual innuendo

between a hot, ass-kicking female ninja and a particularly horny ET.

Ultimately, this is the kind of crowd-pleaser that'll have viewers both cringing and laughing, right through to the jaw-dropping showdown. Think *Power Rangers* on PCP, accompanied by a pumping, techno-metal soundtrack, and you'll start to get some idea of the adrenalin-rush thrills in store.

Billy Chainsaw

THINK POWER RANGERS ON PCP, ACCOMPANIED BY TECHNO-METAL

ET bones home and a posse of tool-up ninjas get their legs pulled off. What's not to like? ★★ ★★

FROM BABE TO HIJIOUS

Out of this world

Alien vs. Ninja's butt-kicking hottie Mika Hijiri is no stranger to offbeat Japanese fare. The stunner appeared in the live-action anime TV series *Kamen Rider Blade* (2004), in which she got smacked by the ugly stick to play a hideous mutant alien.



Mika's a sight for sharp swords



The bipped left left out

A BAY OF BLOOD

The murder of a property-owning matriarch kicks off a gruesome killing spree in Mario Bava's classic 1971 thriller. With its inventive, graphic kills – from a machete face-splitting to a double impalement – this notorious 'Video Nasty' laid the foundation for horror flicks such as *Freddy The 13th*. But even the relentless carnage and huge corpse-count won't prepare you for the brilliantly twisted ending. **BC ★★ ★★**



BLACK DYNAMITE

A sharp parody of 1970s blaxploitation flicks, *Black Dynamite* plays fast and loose with genre clichés, punctuating the high-kickin' martial arts action with elaborate zooms, visible boom mics and a hilarious wail-wah soundtrack. And while it won't mean much to anyone who hasn't overdosed on *Shaft* and *Super Fly*, it's still fun to see oft-overlooked martial artist Michael Jai White taking the limelight in this spoof. **DMC ★★ ★★**



MINDFLESH

Alien encounters, bizarre sex and lashings of gore: this imaginative sci-fi thriller is like a drug-fuelled clash between David Cronenberg and Clive Barker. A trauma-plagued London taxi driver opens a portal to another dimension, threatening the natural order of the universe. This unnerving nightmare has an off-the-wall plot, convincing acting, and psychedelic visuals. **BC ★★ ★★**



OPEN HOUSE

Director Andrew Paquin obviously called in a favour to get sister Anna and her husband Stephen Moyer (*True Blood* couple Sookie and Bill) in his debut, but they're killed in the first 10 minutes. The rest of *Open House*, about a couple who murder people and take over their homes, is shot well but drags on, and the murders are predictable. It's redeemed only by a creepy performance from Brian Geraghty (*The Hurt Locker*). **BA ★★ ★★**



She needed to copacetic her inner drawer

DREAM HOME

House-hunting is a freakin' nightmare



THE TRIALS OF the modern world send a desperate woman into psychotic instability, in this grisly, yet darkly comic chiller.

A tenacious telesales operative goes to great lengths to secure her perfect apartment. We're not talking about anything as simple as gazumping here, rather a power-tool assisted slaughter spree that leaves

a trail of stabbed, suffocated and disembowelled bodies in its wake.

Although this is probably the most gratuitously violent Chinese flick since *The Unfold Story*, it isn't just exploitation; it's a scathing satire on Hong Kong's transformation into an island governed by commerce-hungry, morally bankrupt people.

Renowned for his comedy dramas, writer/director Pang Ho-Cheung can now add 'master of suspense and splatter' to his CV. Combining highly stylised visuals with an intriguingly

fractured narrative, he flips between the killings and the incidents behind the protagonist's meltdown. The claustrophobic end result is like Dario Argento at his Grand Guignol best, and lead actress and producer Josie Ho gives a highly emotional performance that makes the viewer feel both terror and empathy.

With brains as well as claret, this cautionary tale will appeal to gore-hounds and arthouse fans.

Billy Chalmers

Like Varg Vikernes coming home to find Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen's painted his bedroom magnolia ★★★★★

Q+A Josie Ho Actor/Producer



Josie checks her shoulder for zits

Why did you want to star in and produce *Dream Home*?

Because it's insane, sad, and funny – it's a perfect satire. The property situation in Hong Kong is so ridiculous we wanted to make fun of it.

How did you get yourself in the right state of mind to play such a violent killer?

Getting into the 'killer zone' is easy for me, because I'm a naturally violent person. The only difficult part was working out how to get close to my cast. I didn't know them well because we don't rehearse as much as actors do in the West. So sometimes it was hard to grab people, hit them and knock them really hard. But once I'd got over that part, it was all good.

Has the violent side of your personality ever got you into deep water?

Yeah, I was in a few fights when I was younger.

Have you ever been arrested?

Not yet!

What effect do you hope *Dream Home* will have on people?

The theme of the film is that nowadays people will do anything to achieve success, and we really want people to ask themselves if it's right to cross the line to get what you want. **Were Hong Kong audiences shocked by the ultra-violent content of the film?**

They were shocked. But sadly, they weren't as shocked as I hoped they'd be!

THE MOVIE MOLE

Digging up the best film gossip

One of the Bogdanoff brothers strikes again



Sly struggles with his pull-ups these days



Currently filming in South Africa, the second attempt to bring **Judge Dredd** to the big screen is due for release next year. Karl Urban is playing 2000AD's futuristic law-enforcer, and Mole has discovered he's facing off against Lena Headey.

Meanwhile, Sylvester Stallone's team of movie alumni are heading back into action. Bruce Willis has signed up for a sequel to **The Expendables** that Sly is currently penning, and Mole has heard whispers that Jean-Claude Van Damme is joining the party, too.

The long-mooted prequel to **Alien** is dead, though. 20th Century Fox has announced (thus saving Mole any digging) that instead, the guts of the project – including the script – will form the new sci-fi movie, **Prometheus**. It'll be directed by Ridley Scott and star Noomi Rapace.

As production wraps on **Pirates Of The Caribbean: On Stranger Tides**, Mole has been feasting on the scraps of the ideas being chucked together for the next film. Johnny Depp has already indicated he'd be keen on **Pirates 5**, and Terry Rossio has signed up to write it. Er, isn't this where it all went wrong last time?

James Bond is finally dragging his backside back into action now that the financial woes of the MGM studio have been resolved, sort of. Bond will be back in November next year, played by Daniel Craig, with American Beauty director Sam Mendes calling the shots. Expect the film to be tedious.

Finally, for those of you fearing the mooted **Ghostbusters 3** might not happen, Mole has learned that Bill Murray – who has yet to sign up for it – could kill the project. Sniffing around, it seems that Sony will pull the plug on the film if Murray refuses to play. Do it, Bill. Do it.

DEN OF GEEK!

The square-eyed experts at Denofgeek.com look at the rest of this month's DVD releases



The Doctor's trying to make up for his tiny tin

It might not be the right time to watch it, but the Doctor Who Christmas special, **A Christmas Carol** (★★★★), is still great TV drama. Skillfully working Charles Dickens' festive tale into a strong one-off, it even got away with casting classical singer Katherine Jenkins. Blimey.

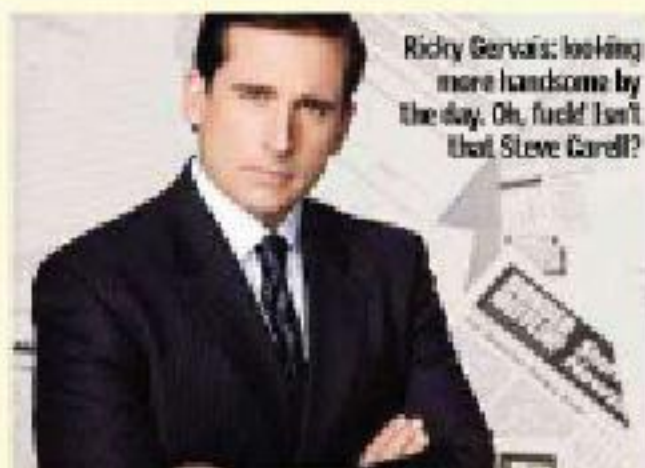
Looking for proof that Hollywood comedies are in the gutter? Then check out **Dinner For Schmucks** (★), a remake of the 1998 French flick *The Dinner Game*. Steve Carell plays a taxidermist who's been invited to a special dinner, hosted by Paul Rudd, just to be ridiculed. There are few good jokes, so it's a meal worth skipping.

This isn't a good month for Steve Carell, who also stars in **The Office: Season Five** (★★★). While the US version of the show once offered a strong template for remaking British comedies across the pond, it's obvious that the network tried to make too many episodes in a short space of time. It's still chuckle-worthy, but doesn't compare with earlier seasons of the show.

Following *The Expendables*, Bruce Willis' other all-star 2010 action hit, **Red** (★★), unites him with John Malkovich, Helen Mirren and Morgan Freeman, in a big-screen take on the Warren Ellis



Helen Mirren as supergran



Ricky Gervais: looking more handsome by the day. Oh, fuck! Isn't that Steve Carell?

comicbooks. Sadly, despite some promising sparks at the beginning and a good effort from the cast, this film slowly splutters its way to the end.

Finally, one of the overlooked gems of 2010 arrives on disc. **World's Greatest Dad** (★★★★) didn't do well at the box office, but it deserves to be seen by more people. Starring Robin Williams in his best role for ages, this is the darkest comedy of the past year. It's deliciously well done, too, and it's best you know as little about the premise as possible. That's probably why hardly anyone bothered to see it. Sigh.

To find out what's going on in TV and movieland, and for plenty of nerdy ranting, go to Denofgeek.com

THE LAST VICTIM

The pen is mightier than the squirting flower



FANS OF TRUE crime docu-dramas will go nuts over this riveting journey into the mind of killer clown, John Wayne Gacy, who was executed in 1994 for

the rape and murder of 33 young men.

Based on Jason Moss's non-fiction book, this is a stark recollection of how the author began corresponding with the incarcerated nutjob as part of his college thesis. Posing as a troubled young street hustler from a dysfunctional family, the then 18-year-old quickly forged a bond with Gacy that almost destroyed him.

While several films about Gacy have already been made, what sets Svetozar Ristovski's slow thriller apart is its focus on the killer's psychological make-up, rather than his heinous acts.

Tapping into his deranged brain proves far more disturbing and involving than a bunch of gory re-enactments, filling you with a sense of dread that increases as the tension between the two characters mounts.

Of course, a narrative based on the long-distance relationship between these complex men, and the mind games they play, relies heavily on the key actors' performances, and it's here that the film excels. William Forsythe (*The Devil's Rejects*) is menacingly powerful as Gacy, while the transformation of Jesse Moss (*The Uninvited*) from an arrogant student into a person with homicidal tendencies is as credible as the whole film. **Billy Chaisaw**

A killer thriller that makes Krusty The Clown look like Ronald McDonald ★★★★★



"You're supposed to say, 'Break a leg!'"

UNTIL THE LIGHT TAKES US

Suicide, slaughter, church-burning and Satanism: this riveting, low-budget documentary is the final word on the chaotic world of Norwegian black metal music. Focusing on Mayhem's Dead, Burzum's Count Grishnackh, and the filmmaker's tour guide, Darkthrone's Gylve Nagell, it's a surprisingly intimate overview of the subculture with some revealing outtakes. **ac ★★★★★**



GNAW

A dark, tongue-in-cheek British cannibal flick that wears its love for *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* on its gore-soaked sleeve, *Gnaw* is a competent backwoods slasher that plays its scares and blood-fletting bang on cue. But with a derivative plot, lazy writing, uninspiring villains and predictable slayings, there's little here to rival genre classics, and nothing you haven't seen a million times before. **DMC ★★**



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**BAND
OF THE
MONTH
BIZARRE**

Children Of Bodom
pottering in their
basement, yesterday

CHILDREN OF BODOM

Fast from start to Finnish

RECKLESS, RELENTLESS FOREVER



THIS SEVENTH offering from the Finnish metallers picks up from their previous album, *Bloodbath*. The

songs sound a bit templated – made up from rock-star energy choruses with a fret-bothering solo two-thirds of the way through – but the riffs are still fun. 'Shovel Knockout' sounds satisfyingly weighty, 'Pussyfoot Miss Suicide' has an element of sleaze balanced by keys, and 'Northpole Throwdown' invokes folk metal. It's not a heroic effort, but it'll make you dance around pretending to be a guitar hero. *Eleanor Goodman*

Easily absorbed and instantly gratifying, like vodka slammers for the ears ★★

Q+A Alexi Laiho *Singer*

Your new album is called *Reckless, Relentless Forever*. What's the last reckless thing you did?

I got into a fight – it was my fault, though. I'll never start a fight – I don't do that shit. But when I drink, I just don't care. So this dude came up to me, straight into my face, and said, "Have you got a cigarette? I'm going to search your pockets, and if I find a cigarette, I'm going to kick your ass." My instinct was to punch him in the face. I'm not violent, but I have to fucking stand up for myself. Shit like that, it happens. He was limping away afterwards...

You made a video with professional skaters for 'Was It Worth It'. Did they teach you any tricks?

No, but Chris Cole told me a lot of stories. One time he went down 15 or 20 stairs, landed, and smacked the side of his head on the concrete. His vision went sideways, and stayed like that for three days...

That'd freak me out. And then one time, because he's crazy, he fell off some rails and landed on the back of his head and went blind for a day. My God!

It's a good marriage between the pro skaters and the heavy metallers, because we all do fucked-up shit.

Have you had any feedback from the artists you covered on your previous album *Skeletons In The Closet*?

We know the Slayer guys, especially Kerry King, but he never said anything about 'Silent Scream'. I hope that he never hears it, because he's Kerry King! Andrew WK contacted us, and he definitely loves Children Of Bodom. The funny thing is that we covered 'She Is Beautiful', and it went gold in Finland, so we actually sent a gold disc to him. I also played the song with him in Wisconsin. We opened up for Dimmu Borgir on the middle floor of the venue, and Andrew was playing on the bottom one, so I went downstairs and jammed. I was trying to keep up with him because he's fucking insane, but in a good way. He's got more energy than 100 people put together.

You're friends with Kat Von D. Do you hang out with her in Los Angeles?

She's friends with my girlfriend, so I do. LA's one of my favourite fucking spots to hang out. In 2004,

I was in LA for a photoshoot and I drank a lot. I was hanging around with a girl who was supposed to take me to the airport, but we had lunch at the Rainbow. And all of a sudden, I started to get the alcohol twitches, and I thought I was going to fucking die, and I slurred, "Can you get me a Bloody Mary?" And I had five Bloody Marys, and then I felt great! Shit, well, what are you going to do?



THE DEFILED

Dirty great hooks

GRAVE TIMES



FROM FESTIVALS

to Jägermeister vans and shit-pits across Europe, five-headed, inked-up metal beast The

Defiled have been writhing across stages for several years. The raw passion of their live shows has been polished for this debut album, but the sound's lost none of its energy. All soaring vocal hooks and killer riffs, it's as if they've reanimated the corpse of nu-metal with metalcore blood, and a jolt of industrial electricity. Their EP *1888* was based on Jack The Ripper, and *Grave Times* addresses a similarly dark array of subjects, including organ-stealing and the plague. Meanwhile, 'Call To Arms' – with lyrics co-written by singer Stitch D's wife, *Bizarre* cover star Nina Kate – is an anthem to vigilante justice and an exercise in controlled chaos. It's a spirited start. **Eleanor Goodman**

Dead good ★★★★★

Q+A Stitch D *Singer*

Have you had any strange tour experiences?

When we toured with the Deathstars, we all got injured and couldn't walk by the end of it. Our drummer, JC, jumped off the tour bus roof on the first day and shattered his heel. We had to carry him on stage and he had no idea whether he could play or not, but somehow we got through it. Once we played a festival in Germany and he wandered off. We found him up a tree, asleep.

You've also toured with Static-X. Did you hang out with them?

We had to share dressing rooms with Static-X. It was a bit weird, because we went for a wander in Sheffield and Wayne Static was walking ahead of us with a Tesco's carrier bag in each hand, and all these chavs were shouting at him. It was strange to see as he's sold millions of records. He also had a tendency to walk around naked,

and we'd say, 'Jesus Christ, put it away!' The tour manager was an idiot, too – he'd drill a hole through an apple and smoke weed through it.

Have you got any drunken tales you'd like to share with *Bizarre*?

The tour we just did was messy because there was gallons of free Jägermeister. Static-X were quite tee-total. Sonic Syndicate were unbelievably tee-total. I know them quite well, and they all try to be sex, drugs and rock'n'roll in their videos, but they wouldn't even have a drink.

You have a day job at a sex shop.

What's the weirdest experience you've had with a customer?

We used to have a DVD player at the back of the shop that just played porn, but we had to take it out within a month. People don't have any shame; they'd come in and watch it, and put their hand down their pocket, and I'd drag them by their ear and say, 'Get out! What are you doing?'

VARIOUS

BEFORE THE FALL

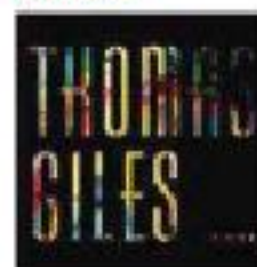


Fall frontman Mark E Smith may be a grumpy bastard, but he has great taste in music. And as this

collection gathers many of the best songs covered by his legendary band – including tracks by The Sonics, The Kinks and The Monks – it's a sublime treat and one of the best rock'n'roll compilations around. **DMC ★★★★★**

THOMAS GILES

PULSE



Fusing electronica with prog metal, the debut album from Between The Buried And Me frontman Tommy Rogers

(Giles is his middle name) is a mental, experimental joy. With only one nod to his band – the heavy 'Medic' – the rest ranges from soft, Porcupine Tree-esque sounds to unsettling piano passages and bleepy dance. **SB ★★★★★**

PJ HARVEY

LET ENGLAND SHAKE



Rich in historical drama, battle tales, and England's 'stinking alleys', PJ Harvey's eighth studio album

unwinds like a sweeping, mysterious tapestry of England's hallowed lands. Autoharps and war bugles conspire with delicate chants and reggae samples, creating an astonishing set of songs. **SB ★★★★★**

TOM MANSI & THE ICEBREAKERS

PERILS A PLENTY



In the mood for some danceable rock'n'roll? Then give *Perils A Plenty* a spin. The slower songs are a bit pub-

rock, but weirdest track 'Donkey, Punch And Judy' is an excitable tribute to British seaside towns – not a sex act – and the band are clearly loving every minute of every song. **SB ★★★★★**

GAY FOR JOHNNY DEPP

WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU, EVENTUALLY KILLS YOU



This New York crew's short, sharp shock of hardcore to the head is as hard to take as their first album, but their

song titles are still good. We like, 'No, I'm Married To Jesus. Now Keep Your Fucking Hands Off Him', and the tongue-in-cheek 'Pink Flag'. **SB ★★**



Stitch D:
Too rock'n'roll
for sleeves

The Badgers
play a set

BISCUITHEAD & THE BISCUIT BADGERS

Badgering your ears...

INTERSPECIES DISCO



HAILING FROM

Leeds, these four music hall vaudevillians, boasting the kind of whacked-out

band name suggestive of many-a-night eating shortbread and frolicking through marshland and/or doing an buttoad of drugs, are actually a lot of fun. Largely consisting of knees-up, tuba-led compah ditties on diverse subjects such as cheese, glove fetishes and Elvis practising Kung-Fu, *Interspecies Disco* is good for a few chortles, and is a solid homage to music hall acts of lore. It also features probably the best (and only) song written about land hermit crabs.

Claron McCauley

Like a Chocolate Hobnob dipped in craziness
★★★★



Q+A Dean Murray *Singer and ukulele player*

First things first – who the fuck are Biscuithead & The Biscuit Badgers?

Well, my fellow band member Bob (piano) is a fan of the Indian zodiac and, as you probably know, the badger is the 58th sign of the Indian zodiac representing September, spirituality and biscuits – hence the name. And, essentially, the material comes from me being bored with doing songs that contain meaning and heartfelt emotions. I wanted to do something that was funny in a way that was a bit stupid. So many bands seem obsessed with the idea of being emotionally overwrought. We can be emotionally overwrought too, but mainly about things like cheese. I think it's about time there was joy in the charts. Everyone seems so pompous and self-regarding these days.

Your songs address random subjects, such as Elvis' kung-fu mastery and glove fetishes. Where do you take inspiration for your songwriting?

Most of the songs just come from stupid ideas we have, or from things people said in conversation. We each have our own obsessions, too. For years I wanted a land hermit crab as a pet. It was never to be, but that's where one song comes from. We do a song about amino acids as well, and that was inspired by Bob's interest in the biochemistry of bacteria. We're currently running a song competition on Facebook, for fans to come up with random ideas for tunes.

Has your type of comedy music hall ever resulted in a gig disaster?

There have been a few stinkers – people who don't like fun often

pose a problem. When we played at Yorkshire's Rough Beats festival last year, a woman called Tracy wrestled me to the ground while I was singing. As I was lying there, pinned to the stage, I wondered what direction my life was heading in. I decided it was the right direction. We'd love to play Glastonbury or be the first band to play in orbit around Earth, or maybe on a submarine. We're easily pleased, and it's always nice to play somewhere Sam can set his tuba on fire. The danger aspect of it rules it out at most gigs, unfortunately.

How important is a spiffing moustache to writing vaudeville-inspired comedy songs?

There are a lot of proper good moustaches around these days, not like Magnum PI – he has a big moustache but it doesn't really do anything. It's just there. I think the dedication and attention to detail required to grow a really good moustache can set anyone on the right road. Perhaps it should be mandatory as preparation for life's challenges such as parenthood, planning a career or becoming a baker.

Biscuithead.co.uk

ADVENTURES BEYOND BARROW HILL

BRACKEN TOR



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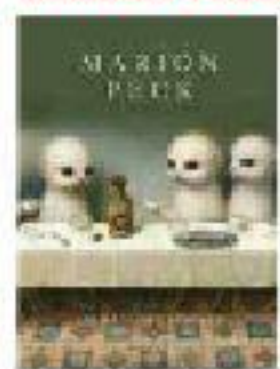
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ANIMAL LOVE SUMMER

The wistful world of Mark Ryden's missus

MARION PECK



FOR A BOOK brimming with garish clowns, doe-eyed puppies and children cuddling their pets, a deep sense of sadness pervades the first major collection

by pop surrealist Marion Peck.

While a herd of impossibly cute animals scampers towards a seaside house, a woman stands on a low balcony and stares sadly into space, oblivious to the adorable menagerie and absorbed in her own private grief. In another of Peck's paintings, two rosy-cheeked peasants chuckle and dance to jaunty accordion music as a headless chicken

— blood gushing from its neck — darts past, and a boy in the distance stares quizzically at a disembodied arse trapped in a farmer's pen.

While the occasional boss-eyed princess or leering snowman with perky nipples will raise a wry smile, what will live with you longest are Peck's melancholy portraits of children wearing elaborate bonnets and old-fashioned dresses. Their innocent faces, pained by expressions of loss and sorrow, make the dewy-eyed moppets look old beyond their years.

Comparisons to Peck's husband, alt-art legend Mark Ryden, are unfair, but inevitable. Although her paintings lack the depth and wild imagination evident in her spouse's work — Peck's sense of humour isn't quite as sharp as Ryden's

— *Animal Love Summer* still features flashes of brilliance throughout, especially pieces such as 'Fuck You', in which an elegant royal casually flips the bird at the viewer, and the haunting 'Leviathan', where a huge, hulking something lurks beneath the water as a naked swimmer paddles past.

Some of Peck's pictures from the early 1990s look predictable and pedestrian. But her recent work, towards the end of the book, is wry, provocative and always stunning, marking her as one of the most exciting alternative artists in the world today. **William Brien**

A perfect introduction to Marion Peck's melancholy microcosm ★★★★★

BOOK
OF THE
MONTH
BIZARRE



'Kittens'

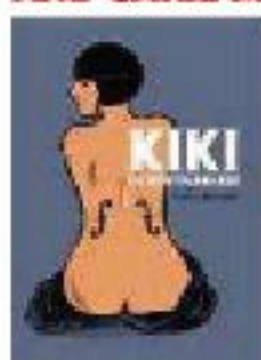




KIKI DE MONTPARNASSE

European art legend gets the comicbook treatment

JOSÉ-LUIS BOCQUET
AND CATEL MULLER



ALTHOUGH THE name Alice Prin may not mean much to most people, there are few who won't recognise her arse-crack.

The subject of Man Ray's 'Le Violon d'Ingres' – his famous photograph of a woman's curvy back, made to look like a violin by the addition of strategically-placed 'f holes' – Alice Prin was a French artist, model and singer in the 1920s. Her desire for sexual freedom and refusal to

compromise made her one of the first emancipated women of the twentieth century, and an enduring feminist icon.

Originally published in France in 2007, this is the first time *Kiki de Montparnasse* has been made available in English, and it's a treat from cover-to-cover. Carefully charting Prin's stratospheric rise through the groovy social scene in the Montparnasse area – the hub of intellectual and artistic life in Paris – the most striking part of her story is the friendships she developed with the most important artists and thinkers in Europe at that time, including Pablo Picasso, André Breton and Marcel Duchamp. The creators of this biography

use these friendships to explore the personalities of a wide variety of famous names, and make art history fun with a generous splash of sex, nudity and hardcore boozing.

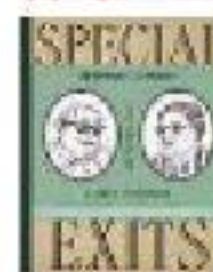
Educational and entertaining, passionate and tender, Catel and Bocquet's portrait of Alice Prin is an intriguing read, and another innovative release from the publishers who recently treated comicbook fans with *Gorzo*, a biography of that old rascal Hunter S Thompson. **David McComb**

**An incredible true story,
beautifully presented and
elegantly written ★★★★★**



SPECIAL EXITS

JOYCE FARMER



A graphic novel chronicling the humdrum lives of the author's ailing elderly parents, *Special Exits* isn't one for comic

fans who dig zombies, Lycra-clad crimefighters or tentacle sex. But with its leisurely pace, confident art style and deeply touching story, this memoir will tug at your heartstrings, and it's become a favourite with underground comic legend R Crumb.

Allen Holsey ★★★★★

CASTLE WAITING: VOLUME II

LINDA MEDLEY



Shirking the snarling monsters, epic battles and balls-out masculinity of most fantasy comics, *Castle Waiting* focuses squarely on the lives

of its female characters, delivering a drolly humorous, women-centric fairy tale. Even though the art style and characters are great, the story often meanders and drags, and its gentle comedy will leave *Bizarre* readers yearning for something edgier.

Stephen Rice ★★★★★

My favourite book

By Rob Zombie

Crazed horror director and heavy metal legend

A CHRISTMAS CAROL
CHARLES DICKENS



"I don't know that I have a favourite book, but I've read *A Christmas Carol* many times. One of these days I'd like to make an adaptation of it. It's always made as TV movies, and done cheaply, and now there's the animated version with Jim Carrey, but I'd like to make a very dark version..."





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MARVEL VS CAPCOM 3: FATE OF TWO WORLDS

A wet dream come true for videogame and comic nuts

PS3 Xbox 360

IF *STREET FIGHTER*'s IRON-THIGHED Chun-Li swaggered into a bar and called Iron Man a poof, who'd win the inevitable scrap that followed? And if Spider-Man caught *Devil May Cry*'s dapper Dante giving his missus the eye, who'd emerge victorious in their brutal car park brawl? For anyone who's ever lain awake fretting about these fantasy match-ups or any other potential clashes between the colourful universes created by Marvel and Capcom, this game is all you need for a restful night's kip.

Featuring the biggest names from Capcom's classic videogames and Marvel's most famous comicbooks – from *Resident Evil*'s Wesker and *Okami*'s Amaterasu to Captain America, Doctor Doom and The Hulk – *Marvel vs Capcom 3* is a dream come true for devotees of the last edition, who've been waiting over a decade for the franchise to make its explosive return.

So what's different this time? Nothing and everything. Although the developers haven't lost sight of what made the series an international mega-hit – and have



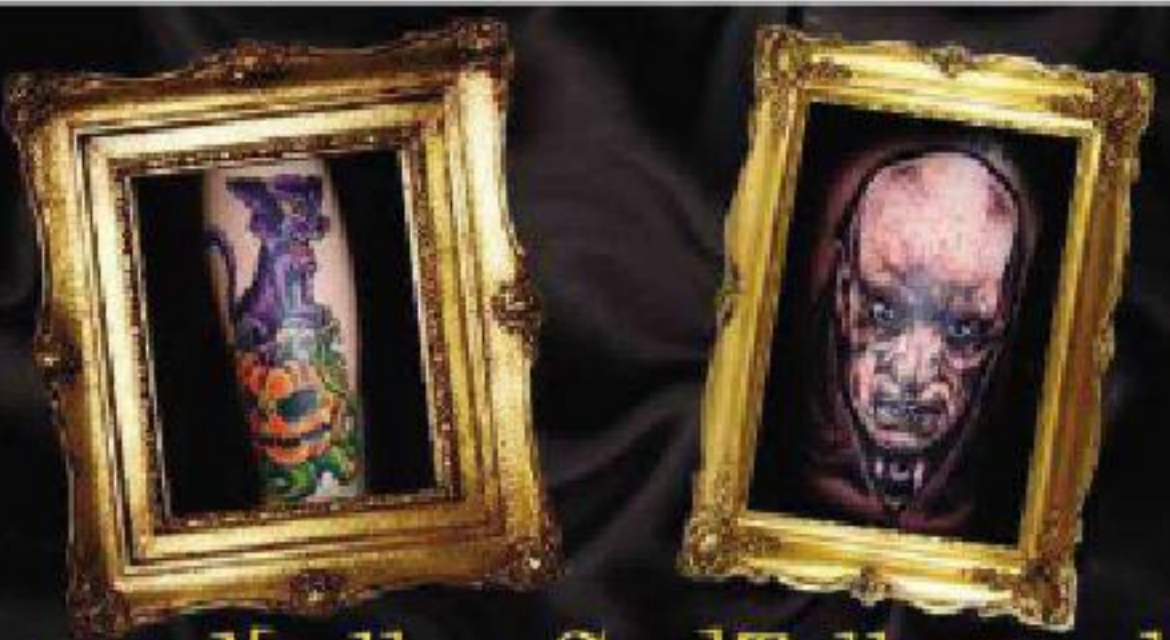
retained the hectic action, dazzling special effects and huge roster of fighters that send fans into a lather of excitement – *Marvel vs Capcom 3* works hard to embrace casual players. Its makers have streamlined the original game's complicated controls and introduced a three-button set-up that feels more logical and is easier to get to grips with. Even better for newbies, though, is the engaging 'Simple' mode. It strips the combat down to the bare essentials and lets you master the frenetic fistcuffs at your own pace, allowing the greenest gamers to hold their own against the fiercest beat 'em up fanatic.

A difficult game to score, how you feel about *Marvel vs Capcom 3* completely depends on what sort of gamer you are.

For hardcore battle fans, who worship *Street Fighter*, this is an ocean-deep brawler. Its insane action will leave your thumbs blistered and your brain spinning, and its wide variety of characters, which all control different, stunning graphics, bring your favourite heroes screaming to life.

But for anyone who can't be arsed learning hundreds of moves to get the best from the game, this unashamedly geeky, distinctly old-school brawler is likely to leave you cold. **David McComb**

A hardcore brawler that makes concessions to casual players, this is still one for the fanboys ★★★★★



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HARDCORE ACTION

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GRANNY KNOWS BEST

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LADY S.I.S.E. WANTS TO FEMINIZE U NOW!

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PHONE SLUTS LIVE SEX

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CALLIN - JOIN IN! LIVE CREAMPIES & FACIALS!

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KXX POSH MISTRESSES!

LICK MY POSH FINGERS CLEAN

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FANTASY DOME

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Fetish Fanatics

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1 IN THE PINK! 1 IN THE STINK!

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CUCKHOLD HOUSE!

CUM IN AND JOIN IN! REAL LIFE FUCKING!

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LET ME GET YOU OFF! THE INFAMOUS MATURE MAVIS!

60+ AND XXX!

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DAILY CLASSIFIED DOMINA TRIX HUMILIATES

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WEAR MY PINK FRILLY PANTS?

LIVE Sissy SEX!

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GRANNY SEX CHAT LIVE OLDER & DIRTY

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ESTATE GIRLS ARE WICKED!

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GAG A GRANNY LIVE 1-2-1

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DIRTY GIRLS! DIRTY SEX CHAT! DIRTY THOUGHTS!

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LIVE ROLEPLAY! GAGGED FOR SAYING NO!

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REAL TRANNY WHORES LIVE 1-2-1

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GRANNY LIKES IT HARD

CALL NOW!

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NO SAFE WORDS FOR THE Sissy! CALL & CHAT

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THE GRANNY CLUB HARDCORE LIVE CHAT

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Sissy 1-2-1

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PUBLIC DISGRACE! I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING 2 SPANK U WITH! GUESS WHAT?

CALL ME!

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SUCH A Sissy FULL TRANSEXUAL!

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XTREME HUMILIATION I WILL IGNORE YOU!

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BAZAAR SKIN

DOMINATION

LIVE 1-2-1 WITH YOUR PERSONAL DOMINATRIX

0908 141 2016

46p/min

0909 534 8636

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SEX CHAT

BUSTY DIRTY BABES

0908 141 2017

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GRANNY

W*ON GRANNY LIVE

0908 141 2018

46p/min

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SISSY

I'VE JUST CAUGHT YOU WITH MY PANTIES!

LIVE SISSY CHAT

0908 141 2019

46p/min

0909 534 8637

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GRANNY

GRANNY WANTS YOUR C*CK

0908 141 2020

46p/min

0909 534 8638

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SISSY

BE MY DRESSED UP DIRTY DOLLY

0908 141 2021

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SEX CHAT

BACKDOOR MADDIE

CALL FOR HARD CORE ACTION

LIVE 1-2-1

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HEAR ME moan

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YOU MAY CALL HER NOW

HASTY DUNGEON SEX

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LIVE ROLEPLAY!

GAGGED FOR SAYING NO!

0908 141 2025

46p/min

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GIRLS OF SIN

ANYTHING GOES

0908 141 2026

46p/min

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HORNY NYMPHO

LIVE MILF

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46p/min

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HI BOYS! LIVE 1-2-1 ADULT CHAT

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46p/min

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LOVE LINES

LIVE 1-2-1

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SUBMIT AND SERVE

LIVE 1-2-1

0908 141 2064

CALL NOW!

46p/min

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LIVE DISCIPLINE

1-2-1 WITH MISTRESS

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TRANNNY GRANNY

R U CURIOUS?

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PRIVATE LIVE DOMINATION

JUST U AND ME!

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JUST PUT MY TEETH IN

COME TO GRANNY

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*3 free messages available from 12.00pm each day, 0908 calls cost 46p per minute, 0909 calls cost 10p per minute. 0909 calls may be sent, live calls are recorded.

SLIP INTO MY WARM PANTIES

YOU FILTHY LITTLE SLUT

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*3 free messages available from 12.00pm each day, 0908 calls cost 46p per minute, 0909 calls cost 10p per minute. 0909 calls may be sent, live calls are recorded.

PREPARE FOR THE SISSIFICATION

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